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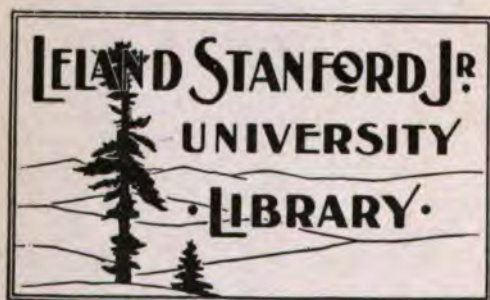


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PRESENTED BY THOMAS WELTON STANFORD,













THE HON. JAMES SERVICE.  
PREMIER OF VICTORIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. LINDT MELBOURNE.

# ONCE A MONTH:

An Illustrated Australasian Magazine.

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CONDUCTED BY

PETER MERCER, D.D.

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VOL. II.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1885.

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MELBOURNE:  
WILLIAM INGLIS & CO., 37 & 38 FLINDERS STREET EAST.  
DUNEDIN: VOGEL STREET. LONDON: 38 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.  
LONDON PUBLISHERS: GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO., ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.  
1885.

MELBOURNE:  
WILLIAM INGLIS AND Co., 37 AND 38 FLINDERS STREET EAST.  
1885.



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# ONCE A MONTH.

No. I.

JANUARY 15, 1885.

VOL. II.

## GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. II.

THE HON. JAMES SERVICE,  
PREMIER OF VICTORIA.

"And statesmen at Her council met,  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet."  
—*Tennyson.*

"'Tis a many-gifted man,  
Sound in judgment, quick in plan;  
Making way, where others see  
Stern impossibility."  
*Aristophanes: The Demagogues.*

Edmund Burke, in his magnificent speech on Fox's India Bill, in 1783, startled the House of Commons by this averment, drawn from his own experience:—"I have known merchants with the sentiments and the abilities of great statesmen; and I have seen persons in the rank of statesmen with the conceptions and character of pedlars."

The annals of British colonisation present many illustrations of the first part of this epigrammatic remark. It might safely be affirmed that the creation of the now world-encircling British Colonial Empire has been the work mainly of men who were born in the rank, not of statesmen, but of traders; but who, when circumstances called their latent faculties fully into play, developed the best qualities of practical statesmanship. Amongst this class of men stands, conspicuously, James Service, the present Premier of Victoria.

In tracing back the history of one of these self-developed statesmen, it is notable how comparatively trifling the details of his early life appear. No doubt, something must be allowed for hereditary descent. It is hardly conceivable that a man who "nobly breasts the force of circumstance," and makes for himself a name in the world by sheer force of innate ability, can have sprung from an absolutely commonplace stock. That irrepressible energy which raises him high above the common level is, unquestionably, at least to some extent, a transmitted quality. It would be to "enquire too nicely" whether his father before him evinced the like quality, or if his mother were a woman of uncommon force of character. Enough that the fine energy, whose manifestations the world now witnesses, has always been in the stock—latent, it may be, for a generation or more—but still present there. All which, in relation to the subject of our present sketch, just amounts to stating that James Service is one of those hardy Scotchmen of the best type—than whom a braver or more enterprising race Britain never boasted—who seem to be capable of "going anywhere or doing anything," as the great Duke said of the soldiers in his Peninsular army.



An Ayrshire man—and, therefore, a close countryman of the immortal Bard—born in Kilwinning, famous as the head-quarters of Scottish Freemasonry, in 1823, James Service received the education common to lads of the mercantile class in his native land. It is the very best of all kinds of education, in that it fosters and develops the manly quality of self-reliance, and goes straight (as one may say) to the practical affairs of life. It is not at all unlikely that if James Service had been brought up in a ducal mansion and sent to Eton, and then transferred to Oxford, and so turned out upon the world a finished gentleman and a classical scholar, the world would never have had reason to suspect him of possessing a capacity for governing men. No doubt such a man would have made his mark in any position into which circumstances might have thrown him. But, all the same, it is in the struggle with adverse conditions—it is in the self-discipline that comes of the strenuous endeavour to rise—that the capability for governing men is developed. The early Scotch training of the Kilwinning lad was the initial course of probation through which it was necessary the future Premier of Victoria should pass.

At the age of 23, James Service went to Glasgow, and there for seven years followed zealously his mercantile pursuits. Of him it may be said that he is a *born* Scotch merchant. His skill in all that relates to trade, commerce, banking, and finance on a large scale, is probably equal to that of any other living Australian. In each of these departments of practical life he has proved eminently successful, and his success has always been the legitimate result of his own steady labour and tried ability, never of mere fortunate accident or lucky speculation. Every step of the ladder of promotion had to be climbed. Adverse circumstances had to be faced and overcome. Opportunities had to be recognised and grasped. Hard, unintermitted daily work had to be done. Of himself and his career James Service might say, with Edmund Burke, "I was not nursed and dandled in the lap of fortune, and into high place and office.

*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me."

In 1853 the rush to the Australian goldfields was at its height, and James Service resolved upon trying his fortune in the new El Dorado. Arriving in Melbourne he set up in business in Bourke-street west, and for thirty years he has continued to be a Melbourne merchant. Except to a man himself, however, of what interest are the details of his business transactions from year to year? Let it suffice to say, that from the outset James Service's mercantile career in this country was earmarked (as the lawyers express it) with success and prosperity. There were periods of trial, and anxiety, and of variable fortune, no doubt: it is the common lot. But steadily the house of James Service and Company has progressed, until to-day it occupies a position second to none in the seven southern colonies, in respect of a world wide reputation for solidity, probity, and every mercantile virtue. The extent of the firm's transactions is only limited by the discretion of its head. A truly able merchant adopts, in the conducting of his business, the principle which the historian Gibbon strongly commends in the Emperor Hadrian: he limits, rather than extends, the boundaries of his dominion, with a double purpose of concentration and economy. Amongst his fellow-merchants James Service stands in the position of an acknowledged leader. The number of banking directories, and directories of public companies, of which he is either member or chairman is (as in the case of his business) limited only by his personal discretion. When a citizen reaches this stage in his private career, to enumerate his various offices and transactions becomes almost trivial. James Service, in a word, as the world counts success, has been an eminently successful man. He is, of course, reputed to be very wealthy; and this fact is only stated in order that it may be added that neither his success, nor his reputed wealth, has had the slightest effect in diminishing his energy or lessening his zealous activity in the public service. James Service is just as hard a worker, day by day, in his double capacity of merchant

and Minister of the Crown, as he was when, thirty years ago, he began his career in Victoria.

But it is mainly in his public capacity that we have to deal with the Victorian Premier in these pages. Of him it may be said, to begin with, that he was the founder of the system of local self-government in this colony. At least, if he did not actually frame the plan, he was the first to show the way to its practical realisation. When the New Constitution came into operation thirty years since, Captain Andrew Clarke—now the world-known General Sir Andrew Clarke, Inspector-General of Defences for the British Government—was Surveyor-General of the Colony. At the first election under the New Constitution he stood for the constituency of Emerald Hill, which then included Sandridge, and he gained his election. James Service was then a resident and a leading man in the constituency. One of Captain Clarke's first measures in the new Parliament was the Local Government Act, which was founded on the Canadian Act. Naturally, the framer of that Act was intimately associated with his leading constituent; and, no doubt, he obtained from him many valuable practical hints. When the Act became law, there arose an agitation and a struggle—which at length proved successful—to sever Emerald Hill from the municipality of Melbourne. As James Service was the leader in this movement, and a foremost man anyway, he was, almost of right, chosen the first Mayor of the new suburban municipality. Emerald Hill was then a small place compared with what it is now; but James Service's clear-sighted judgment discerned its capabilities. Guided by his wise counsels, the citizens set strenuously to work; and in a very short time Emerald Hill was pointed to with pride, by the author of the Local Government Act, as the model municipality for the whole colony. Unquestionably, and by universal admission, Emerald Hill owes its singular prosperity more directly to James Service than to any other man, living or dead. The flourishing South Melbourne of to-day might fitly be named *Serviceville*—which is not, by the way, a very euphonious name.

This training in municipal affairs formed the fitting introduction to active political life. It was quite a matter of course that James Service should come forward as a representative man; and that, in this capacity, he should be sent into the Assembly. His first appearance on the floor of the House dates from 1857, and he has been ever since a distinctly marked leading politician in Victoria. It is true that there have been intervals of absence from the Colony, and even of forced exclusion from Parliament, through an occasional defeat at the polling-booths. But the exact chronological detail is of no consequence for the purposes of this sketch, neither is it worth while noting the various party contests in which a prominent politician has taken part. It is sufficient to say that, from the outset of his career, the present Premier has always lived in the public eye as, at any time, a possible chief. To define precisely the personal qualities which stamp this conviction of a citizen's manifest destiny on the public mind would be an interesting, although a difficult, task. Men in the mass, in their selection of leaders, act more with the instincts and intuitions than with the reasoning faculty. They discriminate their favourite, and will not consent to lose hold of him. "That man will be Premier some day," is a popular remark which carries in it all the force of an infallible prophecy. It is a remark that has been made of James Service a thousand times, and even when he was absent from the Colony. At the very time that the combination of circumstances arose which led up to the formation of the existing Coalition Cabinet, James Service was away in Europe; and people awaited his return with the most assured conviction that he would set everything straight, and take the leadership as of right, when he came back again. There were scores and scores of worthy citizens well able to take a part in political affairs, and some of them certainly qualified to administer the public affairs with ability and discretion. But, for all that, nobody stepped forward into the arena to claim the foremost position. Everybody said "Service is the man. Wait till *he* comes." And

the country *did* wait. James Service came as expected, and walked straight into the arena, and tried a tussle with the leader in possession, and overcame him, and stood forth before his fellow citizens as the unchallenged protagonist.

The coalition with Graham Berry saved this country from infinite injury to its interests, and even from actual danger to its security. The party feuds ran high during the memorable period of the "tack" and the deadlock, and in the last days of the unreformed Council. In the former of these strifes, James Service took a prominent part, and he sustained severe hardships, both personal and political, through his manful adherence to his principles. But when the storm had passed away, and calmer counsels prevailed, the courageous combatant regained his rightful place, and was included in the Cabinet. As Treasurer in the Kerferd Administration of 1874-5, James Service made his mark as a financier, and people recognised in him the "Coming Man." He came in as Premier in March 1880, on the fall of the second Berry Administration; but his reign was one of only a few months. The wave of public feeling was violently oscillating just then, and the time for coalition was still in the future. The extreme point of recoil in public feeling was reached when the O'Loghlen Ministry fell, in March, 1883. Then James Service's opportunity came. He saw, and every sensible man in the colony saw, that the only way to save the country was by fusing the two opposing parties into one, through a frank and friendly alliance between the two leaders. The Coalition Ministry came into power in March 1883, and its rule of nearly two years has been one of literally incalculable benefit to this country. Its advent to power marked the death of faction, the reconciliation of the two Houses, the extinction of political corruption, the abolition of all causes of grievance for any section of the people, the annihilation of all abuses, and the placing of the administration of public affairs, here in Victoria, on a stable and permanent basis of practical statesmanship. If this colony owed no more

to James Service than the admirable legislation and good government of the past twenty-two months, these alone would entitle him to its everlasting gratitude.

One can scarcely limit one's language of admiration and praise when speaking or writing on this subject. Such measures as the new Civil Service Act, the Act appointing the Railway Commissioners, the new Land Act, the Railway Act of the past session, the Mining on Private Property Act—carried at length after twenty-six several attempts and failures—and the financial administration during the whole period, are amongst the noblest gifts that a Government can bestow upon the nation it governs. The public clearly discern the stamp of the clear-sighted and foreseeing mind of the Premier in every clause of these invaluable measures. His informing spirit it is that has shaped and guided the results of the deliberations in Cabinet, and dominated the proceedings in Parliament. The Service Ministry of 1883 is, beyond all question, the very best Ministry this Colony has ever known. Its own works "praise it in the gate." As to the point of personal government, it is sufficient to say that the Premier's record stands clear and stainless. No human being—and he certainly has not one political enemy—would think for a moment of even hinting an imputation on the strict integrity, the frank honesty of purpose, the inflexible and impartial justice of James Service. And as to activity in his high office, the Premier is simply diligence personified, as everybody knows.

To add the last word to this summary record of public services, it must be told that the Premier of Victoria stands forth before the world as the first amongst Australian patriots. He has taken the lead from the very outset in the great movement for forming, first, a grand Australian Federated Dominion; and, secondly, a still grander British Pacific Dominion. He is the leading spirit amongst the Australian Premiers, and his resolute energy of purpose never for a moment flags. He sets the example to the willing, stimulates the irresolute



and wavering, and shames the half-hearted into decision. Had James Service the power of carrying his own designs into action, the grand Australian Federated Dominion would even now be a realised fact; Germany would never have laid her grasp on New Guinea, nor France on the New Hebrides; the intrusion of French felony into these colonies would be a thing impossible; every aspiration of the most ardent Australian patriot's heart would be fulfilled. And the prophecy may safely be ventured that these high ends will yet be accomplished, in spite of the "cold obstruc-

tion" of Downing-street. At the same time, their fulfilment will be to the vast advantage, not in any manner or degree to the loss or detriment, of the glorious old fatherland. The connection between Great Britain and her dependencies in the South will not be broken in our time. But—let the supposition be allowed for a moment—if it *were* to be suddenly severed, and if the new Australian Federated Dominion were thrown upon electing its first President, the unanimous choice of the people of Victoria would certainly fall on JAMES SERVICE.

D. B.

---

### THE NEW CHUM PARSON'S DRIVE.

He wasn't like Parson Mac, you know,  
I told you about some time ago;  
He was new to the bush, and yet he thought  
He knew all about it, and wouldn't be taught.  
The saddle had made him stiff and sore,  
And he made a vow that he'd ride no more,  
So they gave him a buggy the worse for wear,  
And Armstrong lent him his old gray mare.

The first day out, the wheels were slack,  
And spilt the oil all along the track;  
He found at night his axles hot,  
And covered with black like an old iron pot.  
So he made the stableman cut that night  
Some washers of leather and fix them tight.

Next morning he'd got three miles away  
When something seemed wrong with the poor old gray,  
She got in a sweat, couldn't pull a shred,  
And at last stood still and tossed her head.  
He jumped out, led her a bit, and found  
The buggy was sliding along the ground;  
The turn of the wheels had screwed them tight,  
And the nuts wouldn't move, let him try as he might.

He was just to be stuck up there, he feared,  
When round a turn the coach appeared;  
He hailed the driver and asked for help—  
"Why, what's up, mate? Stand still, you whelp!"  
(This last to a wheeler) young Charley cried,  
As the reins to a passenger he shied.  
"Hain't you got a wrench? Why you must be green—  
Never mind, here's mine—O, all serene!

What fool packed your wheels like that? the muff—  
Half of that leather was quite enough.  
There, now you're right—*Adoo!* that's French—  
Next time you come out don't forget your wrench!"

By and by the bush became so thick,  
To the track he was on he was forced to stick;  
Though the ruts were dry, they were axle deep,  
And among them the mare could only creep.  
At the very worst place, to his great delight  
A nice plain track forked off to the right;  
He took it, and on for miles he went,  
Till the afternoon was nearly spent.  
The track from the river was bearing away,  
But he never thought how the country lay,  
Nor looked to the sun—he hadn't the sense—  
Till pulled up sharp by a new wire fence.  
*There* was the fencers' deserted camp,  
At the end of the pine-ridge, near a swamp.

What must he do? Should he turn right back,  
Or run down the fence, and recover the track?  
He kept to the fence, but he couldn't drive fast,  
'Twas sundown before he found it at last.  
Had he passed the station? he must take care—  
There was a hut—they could tell him there.  
Yes, there was a hut, but deserted quite—  
Still, he could camp in it till daylight;  
Somebody then might pass that way,  
And tell him where the station lay.  
In the tank was some water, though none to spare,  
So he unyoked the old gray mare,  
Gave her a drink, and got out a feed  
They had put in the buggy in case of need  
Tied her up, and went inside,  
Dead beat with his long and hungry ride.

Down he sat on the old slab bed,  
Leaned on the wall his weary head,  
Nodding, and dozing, and half asleep,  
Till he felt his legs begin to creep—  
In a minute he seemed to be all alive,  
As if he had got on an old ant-hive—  
They filled his boots—they tickled and stung—  
Till out at the door like mad he flung,  
Dancing—no need for a fiddle or harp—  
A polka-mazurka—key F sharp!  
Then, to get rid of his swarming foes,  
Pulled off his boots, and shook his clothes,  
Spent in the chase near half the night,  
And sat in the buggy until daylight.

'Twas after eight o'clock next day  
Before a soul came past that way,  
Then a swagman strolled along the track,  
And told him the station was three miles back;  
So he came in at last more dead than alive—  
And that was the end of the Parson's drive.

## JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

## CHAPTER V.

AT BEECHFIELD.

One of Gilbert's most dangerous accomplishments was the facility with which he imitated other persons' hand-writing. Added to this, was the fact that his ordinary hand was so like Geoffrey's that only close observers knew the difference. A very little care, a very little cleverness, and the letter sent to Mr. Forrester was indistinguishable, save perhaps to an expert, from one in Geoffrey's own hand-writing. Then the receipt: well, this was written on a printed form, and regularly stamped; here, few alterations had been necessary. A cipher had been added to the figure five in one place; in the other, the word "five" had been so cleverly altered, without erasure, into "fifty," that it defied detection to any but a careful and practised eye. Thus Sir Wilfred had received his receipt in due form for the right amount, and the Hospital had received five pounds. The forty-five pounds remaining—what a paltry sum for which to run so great a risk!—had probably gone towards the satisfying of Gilbert's creditors. Why he had committed so mad an action Geoffrey could not tell—detection was certain, disgrace following on detection, infallible.

Unless—as, with a terrible pang of pain, Geoffrey acknowledged was possible—he had contrived to throw the blame upon his brother, and counted on his brother's generosity and strength to bear that burden in his stead!

After that throb of bitter pain, came a moment of black, blind rage, in which he cursed his brother's cowardice, and half resolved to speak the truth and leave him to his fate.

Then two pictures rose before his mind with the sudden vividness of a landscape illuminated by a flash of lightning. In one a pale, sickly-looking

little boy was trying to walk a few steps with the help of a crutch and of an elder boy's arm. A brown-eyed, sad-faced woman was kneeling on one knee beside them, her hands outstretched towards the cripple, as she said, in tender, tremulous tones—"You will always help him, Geoffrey? you will always take care of him, will you not?"

That was the first picture.

In the second, he saw a man's anguish-stricken face and feeble form supported by an elder brother's arm and shoulder. The agony of dread in the wide-open dark eyes came vividly to his remembrance. He could almost hear the hoarsely-muttered words—"You won't betray me—you won't tell *her*? Forgive me," and the sound of his own voice in answer—"I forgive you, whatever it may be."

He had tied his own hands. Better so, perhaps. He could not bring Gilbert to disgrace. He could not lay the father's head low in the grave with grief, or break the heart of the fair young wife, or see his brother die before his eyes in some wild paroxysm of dread and shame. And all these things might happen, as he well knew, if he cleared himself. And what had he to lose? The only woman he loved had rejected him; his father would be glad to see him out of the way, if he could go decently, without the exposure of a public trial and condemnation; he had lost his brother by worse than death. He was a ruined man; let them do with him what they would.

His face wore a strange, grey pallor as at last he raised it from his hands, but it was resolved and firm. He met his father's eager glance with stony calmness.

"I have nothing to say," he said, quietly pushing back the papers.

A groan broke from Sir Wilfred's lips.

"Do you mean that you—you—forged that receipt?" he said, his voice sinking to a hoarse whisper.

"I am not bound to criminate myself. I cannot answer," said Geoffrey, starting up from his seat.

He felt that he could sit no longer in his father's presence.

There was a pause. Then Sir Wilfred leaned again over his desk, and spoke in hoarse, half-trembling tones, as though he thought that they might be overheard.

"A refusal to explain is tantamount to a confession. Forrester is in the next room. He brought down your letter this morning, scenting something wrong. He says he—he must prosecute if the matter is not satisfactorily explained. What am I to say to him?"

"I cannot help you, sir. Does he want me to go with him to London?"

"Good heavens, how can you talk in that way?" said the father, with a look of disgust and passion, which Geoffrey met with steady composure. "Is the shame nothing to you? Is the disgrace you bring upon your name nothing? Are you so lost to honour that it is nothing to you that you may have to stand in a felon's dock—that I shall be known as the father of a forger and a thief—that your sister will never hold up her head again for shame? Is it nothing to you to think of the grief and pain you will give your poor brother Gilbert? Have you no care for him, if you have not for yourself or me? I thank God that your mother is not alive to see this day."

If he expected to sting Geoffrey into a retort, he was disappointed. A look of unutterable pain had crossed his son's brow, but he neither looked up nor spoke. White as his father had never seen him look before, white and stricken as if by a sorrow too great for words, but passive, gentle, unresentful still, and silent as the grave.

Sir Wilfred made one last appeal. It was hard for him yet to believe that a son of his had done this shameful thing.

"For God's sake, Geoffrey," he said passionately, "give me one word of explanation—of excuse. Have you nothing to say for yourself?"

A light flashed into the man's grave brown eyes, a spasm of pain made his mouth twitch beneath its heavy moustache, but after that moment's struggle he answered steadily—

"Nothing."

Sir Wilfred rose, trembling with agitation, his hand raised, his face convulsed. "Then you are no son of mine. I disown you from this day forward. . . . I have one son left—only one."

His hand fell to his side; he swayed to and fro, until Geoffrey feared that he would fall, and made a hasty step forward to assist him. But the movement recalled Sir Wilfred to himself; he waved off the proffered help with a look of scorn, rested with his hand on the table, until a little strength seemed to return to him, and then moved with slow and uncertain steps to the door. Here he paused and looked at his son.

"You will remain here," he said, "till I come back."

Geoffrey bowed his head. He had hardly the will or wish to try to effect his escape during his father's absence. Means of escape were, however, plentiful. The door was unlocked—the passages open. But it seemed scarcely worth while to try. Hopeless pain and bewilderment had taken away his energy. He sat down by the table and hid his face upon his folded arms, not so much absorbed by the consciousness of his own danger as by the thought of Gilbert's weakness. Well, if he could save him at the cost of his own honour, of his own life, he would do it.

He did not know how long was the time that he spent alone. It was, in fact, less than an hour; it seemed like a week to him. At last the door opened, and he stood up, erect, calm, half expecting to be confronted with the functionaries of the law. But to his surprise Sir Wilfred entered the room alone, and shut the door behind him.

The father's aspect was changed. The paroxysm of wounded pride, almost of wounded tenderness, had passed and left him cold as ice, hard as polished steel. He seated himself at his desk before he spoke, and the sharply-chiselled utterance of each

word, the biting precision of every sentence, stamped its meaning deeply upon the listener's heart.

"I have saved you from prison. For the sake of my family, my children, I do not wish to see you in the dock, where you ought to be. For Gilbert's sake I went as near deception as I could without absolutely dishonouring myself. I did not show the man the forged receipt. He has received an apology for my mistake, and gone away with a hundred pounds for his charity in his pocket. But I have the receipt still, and your letter."

He paused, and fixed his cold, glittering eyes on Geoffrey's face.

"If you want me to save you from disgrace you must agree to my terms; otherwise, I will expose you to-morrow."

"I will do what you wish, if I can," said Geoffrey, trying to shake off the incapacity for speech which seemed to hang upon him like a nightmare, but speaking hoarsely and unsteadily.

Sir Wilfred went on, with a pause between each new proposition, to which Geoffrey silently assented. "You will quit my house to-night, and never show your face here again in my lifetime. You will throw up your commission, and leave England as soon as possible. If you were to change your name I should be the better pleased."

"No," said Geoffrey, with a sudden and bitter flash of wrath, "my name, at least, I will not surrender."

"Keep it, then. I shall hear it again no doubt in some story of disgrace and crime. The title will be yours too. But this I demand—this is essential—you must join me in cutting off the entail."

"That the estate may be settled on Gilbert?"

"Yes, on Gilbert," said the father, with some emotion. "On Gilbert, who, cripple as he is, has never stained his name with anything approaching dishonour. I may live to be thankful that you lamed him, if it is his lameness that has preserved him from dishonesty and vice. It is he who must come after me at Charnwood; his children, not yours, who must grow up to call the land their own."

Geoffrey turned away, involuntarily

clenching his hand, and biting his lip until it bled.

"I will do what you wish," he said, in a muffled voice. "Let Gilbert have everything—everything. Need we talk of it any longer? Have a little pity on me, father, and let me go."

"Go then," said Sir Wilfred, coldly.

"Go, and let me never see you again.

Remember that if you break my conditions, I shall place the papers at once in Forrester's hands, and let him make what use of them he will. The story will then have publicity, if nothing else. I shall tell as little as possible to anyone, so long as you agree to my terms and live out of England. For the rest I will see Pengelly, and he can let you know if any business has to be transacted. Leave your address with him. I am quite willing to make you a half-yearly allowance, unless you further misconduct yourself."

Geoffrey responded with the first touch of natural resentment he had as yet allowed himself to show—resentment mingled with an agony of pain. "I shall not touch a penny of your money, sir, nor will I trouble you any longer with my presence. I wish you good afternoon. I presume that my portmanteau and other little matters can be sent after me to the station?"

He had been driven into bravado at last, Sir Wilfred thought; yet he was not without admiration for the bold bearing and undaunted eye with which Geoffrey took his leave. Once or twice the shock had almost overwhelmed the young man, but his pride, his courage, the curiously-patient endurance of wrong which had characterised him as a boy, had come to his aid in this last ordeal, and carried him safely through it.

Sir Wilfred was left alone. The key was turned in the door as Geoffrey went downstairs.

Captain Vanborough gave a few brief orders to the old man-servant with as tranquil a voice, as calm a face, as usual, and yet old Martin was not to be deceived by this specious attempt at indifference. "His face was as white as death," he said afterwards. And, indeed, it was hardly likely that a man should pass through so trying a scene as the one that had just occurred and

look exactly as though nothing at all had happened. Then he turned his back upon his father's house and strode away.

Bitter grief and a burning sense of wrong were strong upon him. He knew not whither he went, or what he did ; his only desire was for some silent spot where no man could cast his dishonour in his face. For although, at present, only Sir Wilfred knew that he was even suspected of a crime, he felt as though the whole world were ready to point the finger of scorn at him. And that this should be Gilbert's doing was the sharpest sting of all.

It was not until nightfall that he became calm enough to consider what steps he ought to take, and nightfall found him some miles away from Charnwood, lying face downwards on a bed of fern in a lonely copse. As he sat up and saw the last rays of sunlight gilding the ivy-wreathed boles of the fir-trees amongst which he had lain, he felt as if he had awakened from a hideous dream. The pain was still there, but the first agony was past, and he could bear it.

Where was he? On looking round he recognised the place. It was a plantation adjoining the grounds of a Mrs. Tremaine, whose son was Geoffrey's oldest and dearest friend. Nigel Tremaine had always ranked next to Gilbert in Geoffrey's heart as friend and comrade ; he might hold the first place there now ; there was nobody else to fill it. But perhaps he would not care to keep any place in it at all ?

Captain Vanborough turned his steps slowly towards his friend's house. It was a cheerful-looking building of red brick, overgrown with Virginian creeper and westeria, and flanked by pleasant lawns and flower gardens. A terrace ran along the front of the house, and two or three of the long windows that opened upon it were already ablaze with light. An occasional burst of laughter, the sound of merry voices, the snatch of a song, were wafted across the lawn to Geoffrey's ears as he stood in the shadow of the laurels. Bright, mirthful girls were Nigel's three sisters—Emmie, and Fan, and Nora. He was glad that Clarice was amongst them. It was good that she should be

withdrawn sometimes from the gloom and shadow of lonely Charnwood ; it would be better still if that should come to pass for which he knew that Nigel hoped—that Clarice should leave Charnwood altogether and keep house happily with him at Beechfield. If indeed this new misfortune should not prove an obstacle—and a glance at his friend's face, when the story was once told, would set that doubt at rest one way or another for ever.

Vanborough walked up to the house, keeping in the shade as much as possible, for he did not wish to be observed. The library window, he knew, would open from without by a slight pressure if the bolt were undrawn, and he thought the servants would not have fastened it so early. The stable clock struck nine as he stood at the window—like a burglar, as he said to himself with a bitter smile—and found it yield to his hand.

Once there, he rang the bell. He knew that old Anthony, the butler, would respond to it.

"Why, bless me, sir, how you did frighten me to be sure. I knew that missis and young master and all was sitting in the drawing-room, and I thought it could be none but old master his very self. Why, sir, how bad you do be looking ! Won't you have something, sir ? I daresay you haven't dined, and there's half a meat pie, just as you like it, not to speak of cold beef, which was always a favourite dish of yours, Mr Geoffrey, and——"

"Thank you, I don't need anything ; I am very well," said Geoffrey, forcing a smile. "Now, Anthony, will you do me a kindness ? Get Mr. Tremaine out of the drawing-room and ask him to see me, without letting anyone else know. I have come upon important business, and I want to see him alone."

Old Anthony bustled away upon his errand, after lighting up a large candelabrum on a side table. When he was gone, Geoffrey stepped to the table and blew all the candles out but one. He fancied that his face told his tale too plainly in the brilliant light.

Quick, manly steps along the passage, soon announced his friend's approach. Nigel Tremaine entered, a man of seven and twenty, half a head shorter than

Geoffrey, fair and pale, with frank blue eyes, as bright and keen as tempered steel. Perhaps he felt some surprise at Captain Vanborough's sudden appearance, especially in his present plight; for he had a jaded and harassed look, while the long tramp and subsequent repose in the copse had left traces of disorder upon his clothes and bearing which were a little startling at first sight. But Tremaine seemed to see none of these things; he simply came up and offered his friend his hand with a word of greeting.

Geoffrey only responded to the salutation by a slight shake of the head. Then Nigel said—

"What is it?"

"I've done for myself at last, Tremaine," said Geoffrey with the mockery of a smile.

Tremaine leaned over the back of a chair and looked at him attentively. "How?"

"I am ruined — disgraced — dis-nourished. That's all."

"I'll see you through it," said Nigel quietly.

"Thanks. You can't. And you would not say so if you knew all. I have come to bid you good-bye. I had rather you heard the story from me than from Sir Wilfred. And to ask you whether, under the circumstances, you think I may see Clarice?"

"Why shouldn't you see Clarice! And may I ask you why you want to say good-bye to me?"

"Because," said Vanborough, with a low fierce energy of tone with which he seemed to desire to reduce his interlocutor to silence, "because I am going to leave England as soon as I can arrange my affairs; because my father has forbidden me his house; because I owe it to his forbearance that my name will not appear in to-morrow's papers as 'committed for trial' on a charge of forgery."

"I don't care a rap what your father says or does," said Nigel, ruthlessly cutting short his friend's explanation, and searching his face keenly with his fearless blue eyes, "and I never did. He has believed false reports about you before now, but I am not aware that I ever agreed with him on those points."

"He has all the evidence against me. I tell you that but for his suppression

of one of the documents, I should have to undergo a fourteen years' sentence at Portland."

"Why do you have it suppressed? Why not bring it out to the light of day and clear yourself?"

"I can't."

"Or won't?" said Nigel, softly. Then he left his leaning position, went to his friend's side, and placed his hand upon his arm. "Evidence? Absurd!" he said, in almost a light tone, though his blue eyes flashed fire from under their thick lashes. "How long have I known you? Five-and-twenty years or thereabouts. If, after those years of close comradeship you can look me in the face and tell me that you—*you*—have stolen money from your father, or from anybody else—why, all I can say is that I shall never trust man or woman more. Out with it, Geoffrey, old man; I should like to hear you plead guilty to a charge of that sort."

Geoffrey looked him in the face, seemed about to speak, then dropped his eyes, abashed and confounded.

"I can't deny it, Nigel."

"Possibly not. Do you dare to affirm it?"

Again the silence, but this time Geoffrey's eyes did not sink.

The look bent upon his friend's face was almost pathetic in its mournfulness but it was clear and open as the noon-day. And now he did not refuse Nigel's proffered hand.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," said Tremaine, walking about the room a few minutes later, in half-simulated fury, with a view of raising his visitor's spirits, but keeping meanwhile a watchful eye on Geoffrey, whose depression had struck him as unnatural, "it is perfectly preposterous to see the way in which you let yourself be trampled upon. Sir Wilfred ought to be ashamed of himself. To have known you as I have known you all these years, and then to think that you could be guilty of such utter meanness—not to be certain that you would cut off your right hand rather than — Geoffrey, my dear old fellow, this will never do."

For Geoffrey was sitting in an arm-chair, his elbows on his knees and his hands over his face, sobbing like a child.



Nigel went to the door and locked it, then took a carafe from a sideboard and held a tumbler of water to his friend's lips. He did not say anything at all, and in a few minutes his silence restored Geoffrey to calmness. He started up and went to the window, muttering something about making a fool of himself, and that it was all Nigel's own fault for never taking things like other people.

"Yes, I suppose you would have borne it better if I had turned you out of the house," said Tremaine drily. "When did you dine? You haven't dined, of course. Had any lunch to-day?"

"What on earth does it matter? I'm not a woman, who can't exist without three meals a day. Yes, I lunched."

"And where were you last night?" Nigel asked, cautiously trying to find out when and where the trouble all began.

"In London. Gilbert was ill." Something in the tone struck curiously on Nigel's ear. He flashed a keen glance at his friend which Geoffrey did not see. He was shading his eyes with one hand, and leaning against the window-frame. "I sat up."

"You were sitting up with Gilbert?"

"Yes."

"And you expect to keep your strength and courage on that regimen? You will certainly not see Clarice before you have dined," said Nigel, ringing the bell.

"You talk as if I were a fool."

"It has always been the object of my life to prevent your becoming one. Anthony, Captain Vanborough would like some dinner."

"I've laid it, sir," said the butler triumphantly. "I knew he would want it from the looks of him. And his room's ready upstairs."

"Even Anthony's against you," said Tremaine with a smile. "Show Captain Vanborough to his room then, Anthony. You can see Clarice after dinner, you know. She is staying the night, and so, by-the-bye, are you; there is no hurry."

Vanborough looked back, half-inclined to protest, but a smiling gleam from Nigel's eye silenced him. He

followed Anthony upstairs, and Mr. Tremaine walked into the dining-room to await his guest's return.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FAREWELL!

Nigel Tremaine allowed no allusion to be made to the events of that day while his friend was dining. They talked about politics and French cookery, of a trip that they had made together the year before to Norway, and of foreign countries in general. Vanborough began his meal with an utter loathing for food of any kind, but after the first few mouthfuls his appetite revived, and he found that Tremaine's advice had been marked by his usual good sense.

"You'll come into the drawing-room, now," said his host when the meal was ended.

"Thank you, I would rather not, if you don't mind. I must be off to London and Aldershot as early as possible to-morrow, and I should be more comfortable at the inn."

"You can sleep here quietly then, without seeing anybody but myself. I must tell my mother you are here, but I won't say anything to the girls. Their chatter would annoy you to-night."

"To tell the truth, Tremaine, I don't like staying in your house when I know it would injure you so much with Sir Wilfred. You ought to stand well with him, you know."

"If Sir Wilfred thinks I shall abandon you because he has done so, he is mistaken."

"But your mother and sisters. I feel as if I were here on false pretences. In a few days all the neighbourhood will be speculating as to the cause of my quarrel with my people."

"And if we stand by you we shall carry a little weight. People will think there can't be anything so very bad, you know," and Nigel smiled in his friend's face. "Vanborough," he added emphatically, "you are awfully weak—weak as water. You all are."

"Clarice, too?"

"Well—Clarice. I think Clarice has more strength of character than some of you. But I don't know which is the weaker, you or Gilbert."

Geoffrey made no answer. "Does Gilbert know of this?" said Nigel presently. They were still sitting opposite one another at the table.

"I don't suppose my father has communicated with him. I have not."

"Shall you see him in London to-morrow?"

"I shall scarcely have time. Besides, he is too ill to be bothered."

"Ill? What's the matter with him?"

"That reminds me. I told my father a little, but not the whole truth, about his illness, and I do not want to alarm Clarice. I think you had better know all." And then, in a few words, he gave an account of Gilbert's state. "Now, when I am away you can look after him a little, perhaps."

His voice was calm, but his lips looked dry and his eyes restless. "I will do my best," said Nigel coolly, "if I am in England."

"Are you thinking of leaving England?"

"I am, rather. I want to see the other side of the world. We might go together."

"I wonder if anybody ever had a friend like you?" said Vanborough, looking at him across the table.

"Am I not a man, and a brother—almost, if not quite?" said Tremaine with a smile.

A thrill ran through Geoffrey's strong frame. He answered "yes" very quietly, after a moment's pause, and then sat silent.

"Let us go back to the library," said Nigel at last. "Shall I send Clarice to you?"

"If you please. But don't go away. We should both like to keep you with us."

Vanborough was standing by the library table, grave and pale, but quite self-possessed, when his friend entered, leading Clarice Vanborough by the hand. The two were not exactly "engaged," but they were on sufficiently friendly terms for Nigel to feel it natural that he should possess himself of Clarice's hand at a moment of distress or hesitation. His singularly fair face and bright blue eyes formed a strong contrast to her dark, but delicate beauty. She was like Gilbert and her father in feature; she had the

same inscrutable dark eyes and a cloud of dusky hair, but she was on a small scale; her head scarcely reached above Nigel's shoulder. She had a taste for rich materials and colours in her dress, for a sort of sombre magnificence of attire sometimes, which made her look, as her lover said laughingly, like a tiny duchess. She wore on this occasion a dress of thin Persian silk, soft and filmy in texture, deep golden in colour, with a bunch of heliotrope and ferns fastened at one side of her throat, jewels in her ears and at her neck.

Geoffrey turned to her as she entered and hesitated as to what he should say. But Nigel had been preparing her while they crossed the hall together. She disengaged herself from him and laid both her hands in her brother's.

"We believe in you, Geoffrey," she said quietly.

"Bless you for it, my darling. I don't ask you to believe in me, you know," he added inconsequently.

"You never ask anything for yourself—not even trust," said Clarice, smiling a little and leaning against his shoulder. "But we shall give it you."

"Don't you think you had better hear Sir Wilfred's story first?" said Geoffrey.

"I shall have to hear something of it I suppose."

"It is not necessary that you should believe it," said Nigel.

"Dear Clarice, I can't tell you much," Geoffrey continued, sadly. "I simply will not explain certain points which constitute evidence against me. I prefer not to tell you whether I am guilty or innocent. The evidence is overwhelming; you must draw your own conclusions." He put her away from him as he spoke and folded his arms. "It is a sad story, and a bad one. I cannot say that I am—blameless."

His voice dropped—his eyes sank. For a moment the three were silent. Nigel's face betrayed no sign of emotion—it was cool and careless as usual; but his left hand suddenly closed upon a hollow metal pen-holder with which he had been playing for a minute or two, closed upon it so tightly that the veins upon his hands stood out in high relief, and the

knuckles turned white. A quick red flush rose to Clarice's cheek—she breathed hurriedly once or twice, and then turned very pale. The tears stood in her large dark eyes as she stretched out her hands once more to her brother.

"Geoffrey," she said, "I don't think I could believe that you have committed an act of dishonesty if the whole world rose up and told me so. I think I should not believe you even against yourself."

Nigel Tremaine put down the penholder and smiled. He had crushed the pretty toy beyond repair and never looked at it again.

"We three against the world," he said almost gaily. "Never fear, Geoffrey, we shall right you yet."

"God forbid!" said Geoffrey, with a start and a look so like horror that even Nigel stood amazed. Then, more slowly, and with great earnestness—"Bear me witness, you two who trust me, that I declare most solemnly that I have no desire to justify myself. In as far as evidence proves me guilty I am willing to bear the punishment. Remember that if you try to investigate the matter further you will only do harm to myself, to yourself, and to others. Promise me to attempt nothing of the kind, Clarice."

"Don't, Clarice," cried Nigel, audaciously. "Promises are very awkward things sometimes."

Clarice looked at him, then at her brother, and smiled. Clearly she was not inclined to promise anything of which Nigel did not approve.

"You make my burden the heavier," said Geoffrey, with a faint sigh.

"No," said his friend, affectionately, "we only do not pledge ourselves to refrain from lightening it when we see occasion to do so."

One more question was asked by Clarice—"Does Gilbert know?"

"We have not told him yet."

"Oh, Geoffrey! how distressed he will be by all this trouble."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, with a curious passive gentleness, "I think he will be distressed." But the look of pain upon his face deepened so greatly that Clarice could not bear to say another word.

The two men sat smoking together until late, talking over Geoffrey's prospects and plans. Tremaine referred to his proposition of going abroad; Vanborough told him he ought not to leave his home and property. "Do you think Clarice would like it?" he said at last.

"Yes," said Nigel, "under the circumstances, I think she would."

And then the question dropped, for Geoffrey began to speak of the Argentine Government, and of the land there granted to colonists, which formed a fruitful topic of discussion.

But for Tremaine's help, Geoffrey told himself afterwards that at this period he would have gone to utter ruin. It was Tremaine who set him free from various embarrassments with creditors, made him decide upon South America as the place where he was most likely to succeed, and interested himself about the requisite outfit, and the sale of his chargers. Vanborough remonstrated in vain. "My dear fellow," Nigel said, "if you won't treat me as Clarice's prospective husband (which she has half promised to constitute me in good time), do at any rate treat me as a friend. I am only doing what you might have expected Gilbert to do—if he were fit for it."

"I shall never be able to repay you, Nigel. I shall not inherit Charnwood, you know."

"I don't want repayment. But how about Charnwood? Isn't it entailed? I thought it could not be alienated without your consent."

"I gave my consent."

Nigel drew a long inner breath. "Good heavens!" he said in a half-whisper, and then was silent.

"It will benefit Clarice," said Vanborough.

"In that case," said Nigel, coolly, after a little pause, "we may consider ourselves quits."

"Exactly so."

And then the two friends smiled at each other, and said no more about money.

Gilbert and his wife had gone down to Charnwood. Geoffrey made no attempt to communicate with them. Nigel Tremaine sought out the younger brother, and told him his own views

concerning Geoffrey's present position, but the young man refused to discuss the subject. Clarice wrote that she had been forbidden to mention Geoffrey's name, and when Nigel called again, he was refused admittance. Sir Wilfred transacted all business with his elder son through the medium of Mr. Pengelly, his solicitor, and, when once he met Geoffrey at the very door of the London office, refused to acknowledge the younger man's grave, courteous, and silent salutation.

His debts paid, his commission resigned, his passage taken for Buenos Ayres, Geoffrey had yet one more task to accomplish. On his last night in England he travelled down to Charnwood alone. He took one last kiss from Clarice at their mother's grave, one last look at the shadowy groves and grey walls of Charnwood. And it was to Clarice's care that he confided a letter which she was to place in Gilbert's hands, at such time as he should be alone and she saw fit.

"Don't let any one else see it," he said. "It is my last farewell." And Clarice promised that Gilbert should receive it safely.

Then Geoffrey pursued his way through the village to Darenth's farm. Here a stolid labourer with a scythe over his shoulder, like old Time, told him all he wanted to know.

"Mistress Joan, she was away tending the sick folks still. They was mending noicely, thanks to her. Noa, she hadn't been hill that he'd heern tell of. She was comen' back next week. An' Luke was away; gone to Afriky, or some such parts as them."

As soon as the sun was down he stood by Spence's cottage. One of the windows had been left open for coolness. Some one was reading aloud; was it Joan's voice he heard? Geoffrey crept nearer.

Yes, Joan was reading in her deep musical voice, reading the Bible to one of her patients. Geoffrey fancied that her voice was less calm than usual; there was a pathetic cadence in the tone, a sighing utterance of the words, as if she had recently been weeping. He listened beneath the window for a few moments, then moved away with a heavy sigh. "Good-bye, Joan," he

muttered half aloud, "I wonder if you would be sorry if you knew."

He plucked a sprig of sweet-briar that grew beside the door, and placed it carefully in his pocket-book. He noticed, as he turned to go, that his watch-chain had been caught by one of the thorny stems, and he spent a minute or two in disentangling it. Then he went on his way to the railway station, and said a last good-bye to Charnwood.

Early next morning Joan came out to breathe the fresh, sweet air, and fetched water from the spring. Her face was paler and thinner than of old; her eyelids were slightly reddened, as though she had passed part of the night in tears. But although she turned one wistful glance towards Charnwood Manor, she did not loiter on her way. With firm strong hand she filled the pails, placed the yoke over her shoulders and returned to the cottage. And there, in pausing to open the door, her eye was attracted by something bright that glittered beneath the sweet-briar bush. She stooped and picked it up. As she held it in her hand, a flood of colour rushed to the very roots of her hair, and her eyes once more grew dim. Where had she seen that little worn gold coin before? It was one that used to hang on Geoffrey Vanborough's watch-chain, one that he had once wanted to give her in remembrance of himself. It was not beneath the sweet-briar last night, of that she was sure. Had he been near her, and she had not known? She pressed her lips to the coin and kissed it passionately, then cried a little in a dumb, grieved way as she went about her daily work. She would take the coin to Miss Clarice as soon as she was free to leave the cottage, and in the meantime she was glad to feel that she had something that had once been his.

Geoffrey Vanborough did not discover his loss until next day, when he had embarked with all his goods on board the vessel bound for Buenos Ayres. Then he remembered the fact of his being held fast for a moment by the watch-chain and sweet-briar, and wondered whether she would find the little coin at the doorstep and know that he had been there.

He was standing on the deck at sunset, watching the shores of England die away into purple twilight, when some one spoke in his ear.

"A pity we cannot see it to the very last, isn't it?" said a voice he knew.

Geoffrey started away a few steps. "Nigel!" he said, in a tone of astonishment not unmingled with anger, "how did you come here?"

"In the same way that you did," said Nigel, enjoying his friend's mystification with a sparkle of fun in his blue eyes. "And for the same purpose; I am bound for La Plata, like you."

"This is absurd. What did Mrs. Tremaine say—and Clarice? Did they know?"

"Of course. They were in the plot. I should have told you, but you grew so restive at the thought of dragging me away from my native soil, at last I did not like to mention my intention. Don't be afraid; I shall not stay long with you—just long enough to see you settled and to find out for myself what South American life is like, and then I shall take a report of your welfare to Clarice. Now why should you shake hands with me at this juncture? If you had done it two minutes ago I might have taken it as a welcome; but then you looked ready to knock me down. Have a cigar."

Geoffrey tried another remonstrance, but was cut short by a fresh volley of whimsical sentences, which, he knew well, were intended to stop all argument. So he gave up the attempt in despair.

"I have another treasure for you," Nigel continued presently. "You wouldn't try to find a man to go with you as helper, servant, fellow-labourer, you know, so I took one into my service in the hope that I might transfer him in time to yours. You know him already."

Nigel looked at his friend rather sharply as he answered.

"Luke Darenth," he said.

Away went Geoffrey's cigar into the sea. Then he plunged his hands into the pockets of his great coat and stood silent.

"I suppose you think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty," said Tremaine, in his lightest manner, "but

you will find out the wisdom of my proceedings in time. He is honest, faithful, trustworthy, and not without shrewdness. If he doesn't get on he can go back with me. But I'm merely assisting him to emigrate; he may get land for himself as well as you, and be as independent."

"I made no objections," said Geoffrey.

"Didn't you? Oh, well, if you will make no further ones, I will tell you the whole history of his coming with me from beginning to end. It has a fine feudal flavour about it, I must say."

They seated themselves on a coil of rope apart from the other passengers, and there Nigel began his tale.

"I went up to the Hillside farm about a fortnight ago, simply on a matter of business, and there I sat talking for some time to the old man and his son. By and by I noticed that they were leading the subject round to you. Were you going to be long away, and so on. I said you were going to America, and would probably make your fortune by sheep-farming, and then—as a pure joke, I assure you—said, 'You'd better come too, Luke. You're just the man Captain Vanborough wants to help him.'"

"To my surprise they took the matter rather seriously."

"They began putting questions about the land and the sheep, and one or two about you. I think they had an idea that there was something unprecedented in the fact of their future baronet going out to earn his bread with his own hands. I rode off at last, and thought no more of the matter. But next day I was walking from Charnwood when I came to that lonely little cottage where they've had fever —"

"I know it," said Geoffrey, abruptly.

"And there was my man in converse with one of the most beautiful women I ever saw—his sister. She had been nursing these people through their illness, and her brother had come to consult her over the garden gate. She would not let him even enter the garden. The brother stopped me at once. 'If you'd please mention to my sister, sir,' he said, 'what you were saying to me the other night about Mr. Geoffrey, I should be glad.'"

Vanborough had turned aside so that his face was in shadow, but Nigel felt that he was listening intently.

"I repeated to the sister what I had said before, and then she said, 'Would my brother be of use to Mr. Geoffrey, sir?'"

"Of great use, I told her. And then, 'Is he going out to a new country all alone?'"

"I said I was going with him for a few weeks, and that if Luke cared to come with me and see whether he liked the place, he might do so. She turned to him then and said, with a curious sort of urgency—'You will go, won't you, Luke? and you'll serve him as our family has always served his family for generations back? It would never do for a Darenth to desert the Vanboroughs.' And, to cut a rather long story short, I thought the sentiment so pretty and deserving of encouragement that I looked after the fellow's outfit as well as my own, and brought him with me."

Geoffrey made no response at all. "Well," said Tremaine after a pause, "I can't say that I see much gratitude to your loyal retainers."

"Retainers!" said Vanborough impatiently. "They are not retainers of ours in any sense at all." Then, after a still longer pause, he continued in a low tone, "I'll tell you what that girl is—the best woman on earth, as well as the most beautiful, and the one whom I had asked to be my wife, not forty-eight hours before the—*the crash came*; and she rejected me."

"Rejected you?" said Tremaine, with a note of surprise in his voice. "That's odd."

"Why?"

"Because I could have sworn that if she cared for anybody she cared for you."

"Too late now," said Vanborough with a sigh.

"Not at all. Write to her."

"My dear Nigel," said Vanborough very gently, "do you think I would ask any woman to share a dishonoured life like mine?"

He rose and went to the side of the deck, where he watched the dancing waves for some time; while Nigel smoked another cigar and meditated

on love and life like a philosopher. And presently Vanborough went and sought out his new companion, and shook him by the hand, treated him in so pleasant and friendly a way that Luke's heart was completely gained, if it had never been gained before. But was he not Joan's brother?

Let us leave the great ship in mid ocean, like a white-winged bird upon the deep, and turn again for a moment to the low-lying green groves of Charnwood. Here the interior of the old grey house seemed strangely wrapped in gloom. The white-haired father shut himself up and mourned or raged over his son's disgrace in bitter silence; the brother roamed the house and grounds like an unquiet spirit. Instinctively the two women of the household drew together, but never spoke to each other of all they hoped or feared for the future or the past.

Some days passed before Clarice found an opportunity of placing Geoffrey's letter in Gilbert's hands. He avoided her, and it was difficult to catch a moment when Merle was not at his side. But at last she found him alone in the gun-room, and gave him his little packet silently.

"What is it?" he said, trying to force it back upon her.

"A letter," Clarice answered. "I was to give it to you when you were quite alone."

His face blanched a little. "How did you get it?"

"Geoffrey left it for you. I saw him on the night before he sailed."

"What business had you to see him? You know that intercourse with him had been forbidden. You should respect your father's wishes." Gilbert spoke savagely, but Clarice answered with a dangerous lighting of her eyes which silenced him.

"I at least cannot give up my brother and my brother's love, at my father's bidding."

Gilbert turned his back upon her with an impatient gesture. She left him alone.

Half an hour later, Merle came into the house with her hands full of flowers, and, passing by the gun-room door, looked in to see if Gilbert were still there. There indeed he was, stretched

upon the floor in one of the fainting fits, the chance of which always made her so unwilling to leave him alone. A piece of paper was crushed in his hand, but as he recovered and was removed from the room it fell from his nerveless fingers to the floor. One of the servants, a country girl who could not read, came in presently and began to re-arrange the room, which had been disordered by Gilbert's attack and removal. The crumpled piece of paper fell into her hands.

At first she swept it carelessly into the dust-pan, then remembered that she had been told not to throw away paper, so rescued it with some haste and tore it accidentally in twain. Honest Betsy Blane stared at the torn fragments with a strong inclination to cry. The housekeeper had threatened

her with dismissal lately for carelessness, and she would certainly enforce her threat if she found that Betsy had been tearing her master's papers. There was no fire, or into that the paper would have gone. She looked round for a place of concealment. A letter-case hung against the wall crammed with papers. Into its innermost recesses, behind half a dozen old circulars and envelopes, far out of sight, Betsy thrust the letter that Geoffrey had written to his brother. There it might lie for days and weeks, and even months; there indeed it might well stay until Time had done its mouldering work, and nothing should remain but two mildewed scraps of paper covered with illegible characters, or even a little heap of dust.

*(To be continued.)*

#### HOLLY BERRIES.

Holly berries, holly berries,  
 Red and bright and beaming,  
 Through the dusky evergreens  
 Like sprays of coral gleaming;  
 Ye have power to fill the heart  
 With memories of glee;  
 Oh, what happy thoughts can cling  
 Round the holly tree!

When I see the holly berries,  
 I can think I hear  
 Merry chimes and carols sweet  
 Ringing in my ear.  
 Christmas, with its merry cheer  
 And happy hearts I see:  
 Oh, what joyful thoughts can cling  
 Round the holly tree!

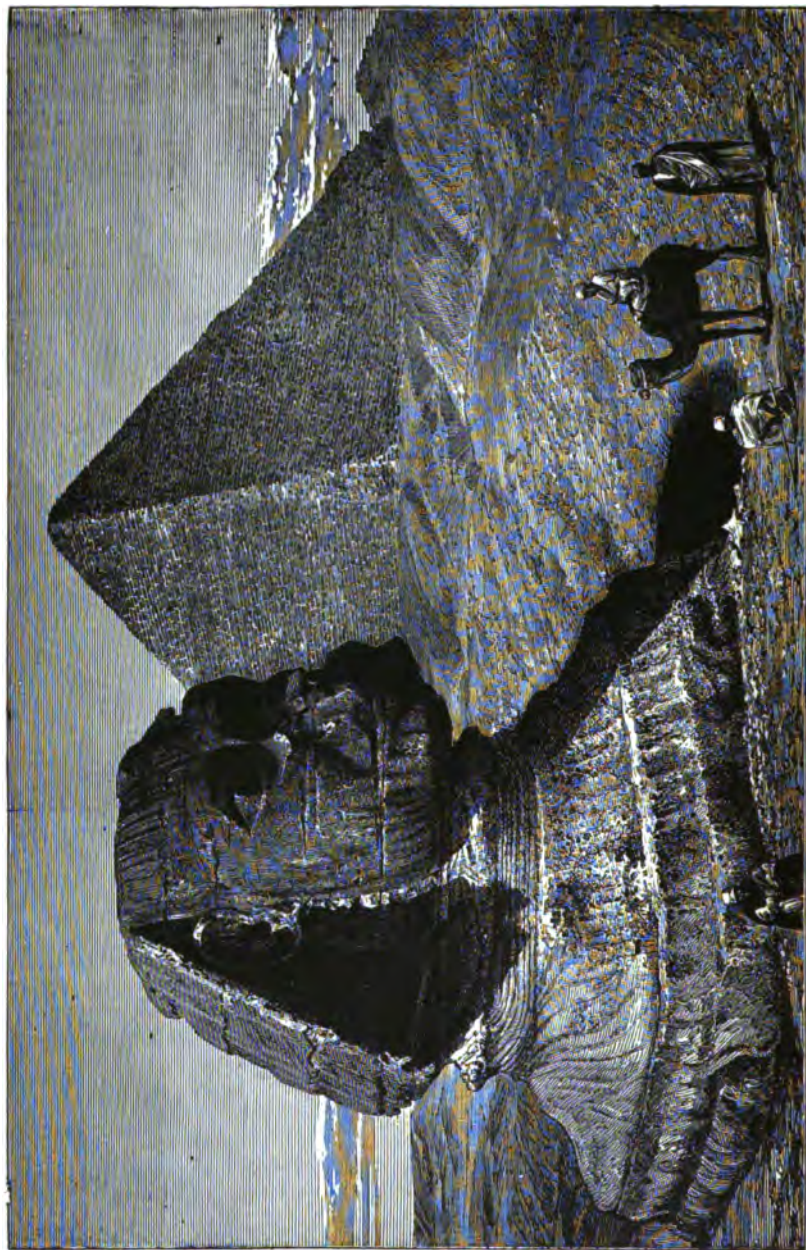
Love the glowing holly berries  
 For the joy they bring,  
 And the holy memories  
 That round the holly cling;  
 Let them grace our happy homes  
 With their crimson light,  
 Mingling with the sombre fir,  
 And the laurel bright.

Holly berries, holly berries,  
 Red and bright and beaming  
 Through the dusky evergreens  
 Like sprays of coral gleaming;  
 Ye have power to fill the heart  
 With memories of glee:  
 Oh, what happy thoughts can cling  
 Round the holly tree!

*C. M. P.*







PYRAMID OF CHEOPS—SPHINX, &c.

## ALL OVER THE WORLD.

## [AN AUSTRALIAN'S HOLIDAY.]

## PART II.

## THE WESTERN WORLD.

As explained in beginning of last month's article, (Part I.), the titles of Eastern, Western, and Southern worlds are arbitrarily used, and merely for classification purposes. In that Eastern world article, I included a call at Greece, which is strictly speaking European. I had, however, to leave it again for Eastern shores, crossing over to Alexandria for a collection of Oriental curios, left there on shipping thence to Joppa, as before told. As Alexandria is but four hours' railway journey from Cairo, I there voluntarily took the place of a guide to that city with an Australian friend, who averred that he would only go up Cheops' pyramid on condition of my so going with him.

Returned from such zealous service, a short steamer-voyage of four days from the shores of the Eastern world at Alexandria, lands me at Brindisi, where, regarding as nothing the call so previously made at Athens, I again tread European ground after a quarter of a century's absence from it. The feelings on so doing must be left to imagination, and untold in such hurried notes as these. Most prominent of things seen at Brindisi is the tall monument of ancient date, recalling the landing, and death there, of Virgil. By the side of the Adriatic, the rail takes me for four hours or more *en route* to Naples. It then trends away inland, and I traverse Italian ground for five hours more, passing on the way through a tunnel under the Apennines, until I am, late in the gloaming, landed in Southern Italy's capital. I recognize by many signs, but mostly by the swarms of beggars in Naples, that I am in the old world

again, and feel as one awakening from a long dream.

Naples and its surroundings afford more sight-seeing than any other Italian city—Rome included. Its famous bay and the many islands in it have to be visited. Its shores are all classical land. Sorrento the sunny, and Paestum the ancient, have to be seen, as have also Cumæ, Baiæ, and other suburbs, including the Elysian fields and Lake Avernus. Paestum's ruins are almost as grand as are those of Baalbec, and we see in it the fate to which Rome is doomed—it has been desolated by that malaria which surrounds Rome, and is yearly encroaching within it. No human being can remain in the air of Paestum after nightfall, when the malaria covers it as a mist. In a sulphurous cave at Cumæ I see a dog asphyxiated by fumes that rise four feet from the ground and rise no higher. To stand there is harmless, but to lie down is fatal, wherein is found the secret of the malarious ground in Java, the nature of which was for years wrongly attributed by the natives to trees that grew upon it. The neighbouring volcano there, as that of Vesuvius here, explained the similarity of the poisonous carbonic acid fumes from the earth.

There is Pompeii, and Herculaneum also, to be seen by the visitor to Naples, and the famous volcano to be ascended. On its side the tourist will drink of the wine grown among the cinders of Vesuvius—the famous Lacrymæ Christi—the most memorable wine to be tasted in all wine-growing Italy. A fortnight will be found fully occupied in daily excursions about Naples, and its classical surroundings.

At Baiæ will be seen the remains of a colosseum, open-air theatre or circus, second only to what will be seen in that way at Rome.

To Rome itself is the next stage of the journey. This famous city is most wonderful only to those who visit it from the westward. The untravelled British and the Americans are therefore most impressed by its sights. Any one who has first gone through the Eastern world—Ceylon, India, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Greece, sees but little that is novel in Rome. To him it is but a museum of things Oriental. He has seen the like of its obelisks in Egypt, grander ruins in Baalbec, and the like of its temples and statuary in what has been left behind by Roman conquerors in Athens and its neighbourhood. The greatest novelty to be seen in Rome by the traveller from the East, is the surprising new and clean appearance of the interior of St. Peter's—so different in that aspect to all expectations of an ancient cathedral. The vastness of this interior is not appreciated upon a first visit, but grows upon one in the necessary repetitions.

From Rome I pass on to Florence and its beauties, of which its river—the Arno—is not one. It is as disappointing in that way as is the more famous Tiber—a narrow, muddy coloured river, not wider than the Yarra. Turin is next on the road, but I am here hurried onwards by special news that bids me not to linger longer by the way. Mont Cenis tunnel is approached by a series of smaller tunnels preparing one gradually for the half hour's journey through this great passage under the Alps. A call at Lyons is the only stoppage I make *en route* to Paris. Arrived there I take the rail to Amiens, and stay only to see its famous Cathedral. Thence onwards I pass to Brussels. The visitor to Brussels is bound, if he be British born, to visit the field of Waterloo. To do that, a day's stay is only necessary, the excursion being one of about fifteen miles out. From Brussels I pass on to Antwerp and make a visit to its famous cathedral and the priceless pictures it contains. Above this cathedral rises the highest spire in Europe. From the top of it

the sacristan's daughter, who accompanies me up it, points out the sights of most interest. Upwards of a hundred and thirty church spires can be seen from this grand eminence. At foot of this cathedral tower and facing its doorway is seen the famous well surrounded by the ironwork and handywork of Quintin Matsys, the world famous blacksmith of Antwerp.

Passing onwards from Antwerp I voyage down that river which Goldsmith calls the "lazy Scheldt," and between its low-lying, uninteresting banks go out to sea, and cross over the British Channel, and so to Dover, and see once more the "white cliffs of Albion's shore." Two hours of a railway run and I am again, after a quarter-century's absence, in my native village—that London, which I find, notwithstanding its vast size, has been spreading about more, and growing faster than any of the mushroom-grown cities of Australasia. The flaring gin-palaces at nearly every street corner, in their plate-glass and brass work brilliantly lighted at night, are to me the most distinctive of London's characteristics and its greatest deformity. Nowhere else in the world—including America and Australia—are to be seen, as I see in these places, bars as crowded with women as with men. The working man's wife seems, unfortunately, to frequent them as much as does her husband.

Determined to see Great Britain at large, I must, I find, make the most of my time by sleeping in trains, and taking meals at railway stations, the which I determined upon doing with a bag and Bradshaw's Guide by way of luggage. I go to Dorking to see seven counties as the view from its Leith Hill, and thence onwards to Brighton. This "London by the seaside" is spoilt altogether by over-building, and so, to me, is disappointing. Passing onwards by cross roads I get to Ramsgate and Margate, and return thence to London again.

As I have no time to make more than mental notes, which a long memory will help me to retain, I take care to have and to keep a receipted account from every hotel or railway station at which I stay to sleep or to eat and drink.

These I shall require some day as aids to memory of the scenes visited.

I now run down from London to Oxford and its colleges, and thence to Cambridge. That is done as a sort of duty and respect, as a man visits his old maiden aunts. I go next to Stratford-on-Avon, which was as a visit of pleasure and interest. If extra pity be wanted for any human being, it is needed for the stiff old matron who shews Shakspeare's house and takes the sixpence for doing so. Her visitors number between one and two hundred per week. She tells the same tale to each one—and takes fully twenty minutes over it. She repeats it no doubt in her sleep; I suggested to her that she should train an Australian cockatoo to repeat the wondrous, and same-worded story. From Stratford I drove to Warwick and its Castle, taking the road by the Avon side. It was not a visitors' day at Warwick, but I had blank cards for such occasions, and fine names are an open sesame to some places. Travellers will defend the practice, on the score that the end justifies the means. Warwick Castle seen, I go a stage further to Kenilworth, and then to the other old ruined castle at Ashby-de-la-Zouch—a good day's work.

From Ashby, I passed to Gresley to visit a Staffordshire potter once in Australia. On the way I see a sign-post with "*To Melbourne*" thereon! Nothing could be more surprising. Crossing out of Staffordshire, I passed to old brick built Melbourne, in Derbyshire, a town of 5000 people and a clean old-fashioned place, very different in everything to its Australian namesake. At the New Inn there, where I lunched, I found that the landlord had to my astonishment never heard of another Melbourne!

From Gresley I went down the line to Coventry, and saw its wonderful St. Michael's Church and other memorable sights. From there to Birmingham, thence to Burton-on-Trent to see the city of bitter beers, Allsop occupying one half the town and Bass the other. Both have branch lines of railway from the breweries connecting with the main line. From Burton I passed to dull, dreary Derby, and from there to Mat-

lock and Haddon Hall, an old Elizabethan stone mansion, and then on to Chatsworth and its famous gardens. Thence to the Peak of Derbyshire and its scenery, and then to Manchester. This last city has done wonders with its New Town Hall. It is built in the medieval style with endless statues all around it in niches. I forget its exact and enormous cost. It is, with its bells, something for Manchester to swear by for the future. The stinking river that divides Manchester from Salford, is something for everybody to swear at.

Manchester to Liverpool was the next stage. Liverpool looked troublesome to the tourist, but proved not so difficult to see, there being tramways nearly everywhere. I go down its eleven miles of docks from "Brunswick" to "Canada," and then cross to Birkenhead. From the wharf there, the Mersey and the line of docks on its opposite shore is well seen and a great sight. Being at Birkenhead, I run on to Chester and drive through its antiquated streets, and in some places walk through its colonaded side-walks. The racecourse of this place is the finest I have seen in England, and but a smaller edition of the Flemington one. It cannot be good for "gate money" however, as all the races can be seen from the town wall on one side, and the bridge and its embankment on the other. Epsom racecourse I had seen to be but a poor thing indeed in the way of racing grounds, and shabby looking was the crowd that I saw there. Flemington course, on the cup day, presents a better crowd of well-dressed folks than I saw elsewhere. From Chester I go back to Liverpool and run through, on the trams, the rest of the city and its outskirts, and then go on to Kendal, by way of Lancaster, *en route* to the Lake District.

I saw the Lake District, what I may call leisurely—taking a week among its wonders. From old Kendall I drive to Ambleside, sleeping there at the crowded Queen's Hotel. Over a hundred sit there daily at table in the summer season. Next day I go by coach, through Grasmere and Rydal, to Furness and see the fine ruins of its old abbey. Here is to be seen the prettiest

of railway stations. A train then takes me on to Lakeside, and a steamer up the twelve miles of Windermere Lake back to Ambleside. I walk out in the evening to see Wordsworth's house at Rydal, and find a notice thereon that it is not open to visitors. His tomb, and that of Coleridge, I see in the quiet old churchyard at Grasmere. By the roadside are shown some steps leading to a favourite seat of the poet's by the lakeside—"Wordsworth's Seat."

From Ambleside and Windermere, I go to all the other lakes—Buttermere, Lowes Water, Crummock Water, and Ullswater. Keswick, with its lead pencil works and its potted char industry, is prettily situated at the foot of Skiddaw and on the margin of Buttermere. I pass around Derwentwater and go by coach to Penrith, an unattractive place, but with picturesque surroundings, and thence by rail to pleasant Carlisle. Here are sights worth visiting: Cathedral and Castle, old Carlisle walls, a nine-mile railway trip to Gretna Green, and another to Corby Castle and its magnificent grounds. I shall never hear the name of Howard but to think, with gratitude, of the hospitable owner of Corby, whose park all are invited to visit.

From Carlisle I go to Newcastle—more like to London in many ways than any place I have seen. From there, I visit Tynemouth and its old Priory, standing out boldly on a high cliff that must make it a good beacon to seamen. From Tynemouth I go to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and am now out of England. Progressing inland, I go, out of respect to the name of Scott, to visit Melrose, Dryburgh and Abbotsford, *en route* to Edinburgh. They are worth a visit, Dryburgh Abbey most particularly so.

Edinburgh is a most picturesque town, and but few of the world's cities can show its like in that matter. Leith, its port, and the neighbouring Newhaven and its fish-wives are visited, and then the wonders of Scotia's capital—the Carlton and Castle Hills, Arthur's Seat, Holyrood, and the Scott Monument, which, by the way, is more elegant than any of the Albert Memorials that have cost five times the money. From Edinburgh to Glasgow

brings me to the work-a-day capital of Scotland. Here seem to be all the manufactories. All is noise, hurry-scurry, bustle and smoke. An old Australian, settled here, drives me round the town and shows its lions.

Next day I start for Lochs Lomond, Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar, leading up to the Trossachs. By coach part of this journey was done, and then by rail I pass through Callender and Stirling back to Edinburgh, seeing all the burning chimnies of the Coatbridge ironworks by the way.

Next day I take passage by steamer "Iona," on the famous western tour to the Highlands. Passing down the Clyde I see the wondrous ship building going on all the way to Greenock. The frames of six to ten large iron steamships stand in rows in these yards. The workmen cluster about them looking much as flies about skeletons. The Clyde should not be taken to before Greenock. Its odours stirred up by the paddle-wheels are bewildering. It is, and more shame for it, made the common sewer of Glasgow.

Through the Kyles of Bute and up Loch Fyne I go, and on to Oban, and there stop. Thence a steamer takes me, next day, to Staffa and Iona. On returning, same evening, I go up to Ballahulish to see Glencoe, and then cross to Fort William to visit Banavie and Ben Nevis. The Caledonian Canal, a chain of splendid lochs artificially connected, takes me on, through lovely scenery, to the Falls of Foyers and on to Inverness. Here are the wonders of a new Castle and new Cathedral—where one would least expect. The Ness has fine bridges over it, but it is low water, and folks are standing in its middle, up to theirs, fishing.

I pass on to Forres, about which Macbeth inquired, and further on cross the heath, Hardmoor, where he met the witches; and I see also the castle in which Duncan was murdered. All about here seems as classical land—tradition and the genius of Shakespere have so marked it. I pass down to Aberdeen and then go on to old St. Andrews and to Glasgow, having been four days absent from it. Next day I visit Ayr and Alloway, in honour of

Burns, and in the evening pass to Paisley and on to Greenock, and there take the night's steamer for Londonderry, the northernmost point of the Irish coast.

Londonderry has broad walls on which one might drive. A fine monumental pillar stands there to Walker, its famous governor, who held the town successfully, to starvation point, against James II.'s army. Through Coleraine I pass on to Portrush and visit grand Dunluce Castle and the Giant's Causeway. The basaltic columns at the entrance of Hobart-Town harbour are of the same order as what one sees here at the Causeway, and are a finer sight. From Portrush I pass to manufacturing Belfast. Although it is August I cannot go about without an umbrella, so rainy is the Irish climate.

Belfast is a sort of smaller Glasgow. Leaving it I go down, through Newry and Drogheda, to Dublin. This capital of Ireland is a flat pancake of a city, very unlike to picturesque Edinburgh. It is like to Glasgow in the way it uses its river—the Liffey is poisoned similarly to the Clyde. From Dublin I visited clean and pretty waterside Bray and Powerscourt Park, and the Dargle waterfall—a fine excursion. From Dublin I pass across to the west coast, crossing the middle of Ireland to Galway, thence visiting the popular watering-place of Lisdoonvarna.

Leaving Galway I journey southwards to old brick built Limerick, and its fine long George street and well bridged Shannon. A goodly city that has lost its trade and is losing fast its population. Thence I go to Killarney and its Lakes. After seeing the Lakes of England and Scotland, I find that Ireland has here still a fine thing to show in the three Lakes of Killarney, and also in the ruins of Muckross and Innisfallen Abbeys, and Ross Castle.

From Killarney I pass on to Blarney and its Castle. I find that its famous stone is a delusion and a snare. Those who can kiss it may do anything perhaps afterwards—if they escape a broken neck or apoplexy in attempting to do *that*. From Blarney I pass on to Cork and its grand Queenstown harbour. To see that fine sight—as well worth seeing as Sydney har-

bour or that of Rio Janeiro—I take a steamer and suffer three hours of heavy rain. It rains always, seemingly and by report, about Cork and Killarney. From this sight of Queenstown I visit the church in Cork in which hang the bells of Shandon, and walk over the steep streets to see Father Matthew's monument. From Cork I go to Wexford and on to Waterford, and thence back to Dublin, having done east, west, north, and south of Ireland as I had similarly gone around Scotland.

I cross now from Dublin to Holyhead in the north end of Wales, visit Bangor and Beaumaris, and think much of the beauties of clean, bright-looking North Wales. Conway, a sort of small walled Jerusalem in outward look, and Carnarvon are visited for their famous castles, and Llanberis for its easy access to Snowdon. Thence, passing through the beauties of Capel Curig and Bettysty-Coed, I make way to old Dolgelly and its seaside—Barmouth—a watering-place cut out of the rocks and, in that way, a miniature Drachenfels.

From Dolgelly, to which I drive from Barmouth, I pass to Aberystwith—a seaside resort of fashion that has a large circular esplanade. Thence I pass to Cardigan and on to Caermarthen—a Welsh capital. In the Royal Ivy Hotel that I here quarter at, I find that Sir Richard Steele died, and that General Nott was born. The town is as monumental as is Baltimore. Leaving it I pass down to smoky, manufacturing Swansea, on the southern shore of the Welsh coast.

At Swansea I take steamer for the opposite coast of Devon, and land at Ilfracombe. This is a highly favoured watering place, and as much so by the gentry as by nature. Its prettiness is great, and it offers in its seclusion and select nature a contrast to busy Barnstaple that comes next on the route. A gay old English fair was in full swing for three days here—a novel sight to me. I see here—at this Barnstaple fair—my Australian friend, the hairless horse of Queensland, that I had seen in Melbourne, and, later, at the Alexandra Palace, London. He was *en route* afterwards, like to



myself, to America. From this place I passed on to Exeter—a sleepy old city with a fine Cathedral that crushes the place—as Cathedrals seem to do everywhere.

From Exeter I visited a string of lovely watering places on the coast, Exmouth, Dawlish and Teignmouth, and then to superior Torquay, and up the pretty river Dart, from Dartmouth to Totness. From there I passed on to Plymouth—a fine and thriving city which greatly impresses the stranger. It combines, now, Stoke and Devonport. The three, in one, make an extensive city, as one well sees from the tower of the new Town Hall. From Plymouth I go to Liskeard, and pass it and Lostwithiel on the way to Truro and Redruth.

At Marazion, the next station, I leave the train to visit Michael's Mount, that stands so finely in the sea near to the shore. Passing through Helston, I visit the Lizard, and see the pretty pebbly beach of Lizard Head. I then pass to Penzance, and there find that railways finish. I take now to coach for the Land's End, and visit a number of quaint old spots on the twelve miles' drive. The Logan stone is one of these—as big a "sell" as the Blarney stone. Those who can get to kiss the one, may if they can, get to rock the other.

The Land's End is reached at last, and the Scilly Isles seen out to sea in the distance. The headlands here are grandly bold and rocky. The sea is always lashing at the cliffs and foaming at their base—a stormy sight indeed is this Land's End of England. On returning, I pass through St. Buryans, St. Ives, and other mining towns, and find that all mining is worked out and done in Cornwall, and the miners departed. As many tall smokeless shafts and as much useless machinery is to be seen here as in any Australian deserted digging ground.

I retrace the road to Liskeard and then diverge to Tavistock. It is on the boundary of Dartmoor. In the morning I drive across the Moor to Exeter. Tavistock is the sole property of one man—a duke. The moor is not a desolation, as I had understood. Most of it is in farms and cultivated

land, and a beautiful drive can be had across it. In the centre I visit the famous prison of the Claimant, and see Sir Roger or Arthur Orton going, in a gang of thirty, to and from his dinner.

From Dartmoor I pass through Exeter and Honiton and then into Somersetshire, and sleep at Yeovil. Leaving there by early train, I get to Ringwood, on the border of the Hampshire New Forest, by nine a.m. There I get breakfast and a dogcart. The driver knows the finest roads in this place of many fine roads. The forest is in extent, twenty-five miles by fifteen, and should be considered one of the wonders of England. It combines almost all scenery, and all of the finest. The roads are well made. It was a great surprise indeed that near the monument to Rufus, I found the cottage of Purkiss, the charcoal burner who carted away the body. His descendants have lived here for nearly 800 years. I shook hands with a Purkiss who said proudly enough that the family still carted charcoal—and kings. Passing on to Lyndhurst, I stayed to dine and then drove through to Southampton. No visitor to England should omit visiting the New Forest, which is only four hours by rail from London.

From Southampton I passed to the Isle of Wight, and went by rail to Cowes and Brading, and then to Newport, the capital of the Island. Passing thence on to Heston and Ventnor, and then to Ryde. The latter place vies with Brighton, as a winter London by the sea. Neither of them seem to be as select however, as Ilfracombe or Torquay. From Ryde, I passed over to Portsmouth, and after a day there, went up by train to London. I had taken for guide purposes the black and white printed map out of my Bradshaw. When I looked at my red pencilled course marked upon it, I was satisfied that I had seen the best part of Great Britain in each of its component countries. The trip had taken six weeks.

Settling some little affairs in London, I left ten days afterwards, per steamer from Liverpool for New York. On board, I found two passengers who had left Melbourne per same vessel as myself—a strange meeting. The "Adri-

atic," of the White Star Line, made a quick passage but got befogged for two days at the end of it. On the rising of the fog, the beauties of New York harbour were fully disclosed; chief among these, were the large, towering, many-decked river boats which studded the bay.

New York is a combination of the characteristics of Paris and Bombay. It is nothing like London. Brooklyn and Jersey city are parts of it, divided only by ferries. In Brooklyn I heard Beecher preach as I had heard Spurgeon in London. New York is quite as busy and bustling a place as is England's metropolis, and infinitely more noisy. Its Central Park is very fine and Fifth Avenue is a street hard to beat anywhere. Its brown stone houses, white marble Cathedral and Leviathan hotels, are conspicuous features. I pass down to Philadelphia, whence, after a disappointing day in a dull city, I go down South to see Baltimore and its marble monuments, marble door-steps and marble palace of a Town Hall, the rival of the Manchester wonder in that way. The oyster-packing at Baltimore is a great feature of its trade. Thence I pass, by a railway, under the city, to Washington, and see here the only good roads and side-walks seen in all of the United States.

The Capitol at Washington is a more awe-striking building than is St. Peter's at Rome. It looks a larger and greater wonder, especially so if seen in its moonlight whiteness. The other architectural sights are the great white stone piles of the Navy office, and the Treasury, Post, and Patent offices. I interview the President for twenty minutes, at the White House, and then return to New York, to go by the steamer "Bristol," to see Boston, an English-looking city with a fine harbour, the remains of a large fire and Bunker's Hill monument, which stands by the way upon Breed's Hill. I see the large Libraries and Harvard College and Auburn Cemetery, and return, by rail through Hartford to New York again. I finally leave New York for a day's voyage up the Rhine-like Hudson, in a floating palace of a boat with four

upper decks. Arrived at Albany, the capital of the State of New York, I find it alive with bonfires and other rejoicings on the election of the President.

From Albany, a city of 100,000 people, I visit Saratoga the fashionable summer watering-place. It is all shut up now, and out of season, its five enormous hotels and pump rooms being quite deserted. I drank of its six springs and afterwards regretted that I did so. They were equal, in effect, to six seidlitz powder draughts. The result began to be troublingly felt by the time I reached Syracuse, a large city, through the main street of which the railway runs. At the next city, Rochester, I am detained for a day by Saratoga water troubles—as good a reason as I need have. I find the railway also there running down the chief street of a city as large as Melbourne. The falls of Genesee, which I see here, are as a preliminary sight to the coming Niagara. Next day I go on to Buffalo, a bustling, big city, on Lake Erie's shore. A short run upon the rail from there brings me to Niagara.

At Niagara I am fleeced merrily to see the sights. I must cross the two bridges and pay four shillings at each. On the other side, in Canada, American money is refused unless fifty per cent. discount is allowed on it—a disgusting swindle this, by my friends, the English. The Falls are first seen from above, but their full grandeur can only be seen from below—seen thence, their real grandeur is realized, but not otherwise. I do the Quixotic business of enveloping in oilskin to go under them; as troublesome and as dangerous as was going inside the pyramid of Cheops, and as unsatisfactory.

I pass through Canada, for two hundred and fifty miles, to Toronto, and am disgusted with the sleepy-looking country and slow-going people. I go by towns there called London and Paris that are really but villages, and come to Windsor, a dormant place of seven thousand people. Here the train, waggons and all, are run on to a punt and ferried across to big Detroit—a city of a hundred thousand, though only as old as its neighbouring Windsor. I am glad to be out of Canada, and want to see no more of it. The

difference between Canadian Windsor and American Detroit is as Moama to Echuca. After a day at Detroit, I pass on to Chicago.

In Chicago I find another capital of the States—a second New York. The States run into many capitals, and not into one London as Great Britain does. This large city is on Lake Michigan. Railways, as much as water traffic, help to Chicago's greatness. The railway stations are in size like small towns. The remains of the great fire are still visible, but rapidly disappearing. Sabbath observance disappears here and so henceforward going west. Theatres are open on Sunday as are the shops. Moody and Sankey are here, and seem much wanted. I hear these wonders, and shall ever remember Sankey's singing and the after-service interview I had afterwards with Moody.

From Chicago I go on to St. Louis, and see there another New York, the big Mississippi, and the wondrous two-and-a-half million sterling bridge that here spans it. The two that had surprised me across the Menai Straits in North Wales were as nothing to this bridge. The waterside scene of scores of the mighty river boats here lying is one not to be forgotten. From there I go on to Kansas city and the Missouri, and another wonder of a bridge. The snow lay two feet thick here—a novel sight for an Australian.

From Kansas I run down to Denver, and on the way there see the buffaloes in herds. Thence I pass up to Omaha, an embryo city that has yet to fill up its large interspaces. After a day there I take the sleeping-car train for the long journey across the American desert and the alkali plains. I stop that wearisome business at Cheyenne and go down to Salt Lake City for three days, and am among the Mormons and other dwellers there, from Melbourne and the world generally. I see the lake and the River Jordan that runs into it, and find here a strange similitude to the Dead Sea and the Jordan of Palestine.

American Fork Canyon—a railway trip, shows scenery that Kingsley says "is good as that of Yosemite," of which I am glad, as winter has stopped all traffic to that latter locality. After inter-

viewing Brigham Young and one of his recalcitrant wives named Eliza, or No. 17, and seeing our Rignold in the "Lady of Lyons" at the fine theatre, seeing also the tabernacle, the sulphur lake and springs, and other Salt Lake sights, I go back to the main line and on to Ogden and Reno. At the latter station I break again the dullness of the long ride by another stop, and go away to see Lake Tahoe and Carson and Virginia Cities.

I am now in Nevada, where gambling is allowed by law, and is very palpable. The lake is among the hills and is worthy of its fame. Carson City is nothing particular, but Virginia is a surprise. There, among the bare black hills from which the silver is taken, it is a wonder of a place—like to what Ballarat was in 1856-7. Four long streets at the foot of Mount Davidson, or rather on its steep side, are filled with people busy and restless as ants. It is all gambling, whether called share dealing or not. C street is full of jewellers' shops, drinking palaces, gambling-houses, and sharebrokers' offices. There was no special need to pay for eating or drinking in Virginia. Such hospitality was extended to the stranger at all the many gaming-houses in expectation of its inducing play at the gambling tables.

From this silver city and its silver kings, I go back to Reno station on the main line, and thence onwards to Sacramento, the capital of California, but only so in the sense in which Albany is the capital of New York State. Sacramento is a quiet provincial place from which I am glad to take steamer down the Sacramento River to San Francisco. The day's water trip is a pleasant one, and a welcome change from the long railway journey across the continent which is now ended. I am glad that I so broke off from the railway at Sacramento, and counsel others so to do.

San Francisco and its fine bay, entered by the Golden Gate, is a welcome sight to an Australian. Especially so is it to a Melbourne man, the Californian metropolis being but two years older than the Victorian one, and both being alike founded by gold-digging attractions. San Francisco is different to Melbourne in having no suburbs—

none of those outlying collections of twenty or thirty thousand people whom the coming tramways in Melbourne will help to unite to the city. It is not likely that a Melbourne man will, for choice, change his domicile for San Francisco. It has palaces of hotels but wretchedly kept footways. A dusty wind blows daily for many months in the year—worse than anything in that way experienced in Melbourne. Sunday observance seems to be unknown—in our sense of it. The city boasts in its Palace Hotel of the finest and most expensive building for hotel purposes which the world can show. San Francisco is the port to many pleasanter places on the Californian coast, which the Australian tourist may do well to visit if time permits.

The preceding chapter, "The Eastern World," told of travel in foreign lands only. The writer was there and throughout such journey seen among those only who were alien in everything—language included. In this recount of the Western world he has felt himself more at home. He revisited in such experience the scenes of his boyhood with wider opened eyes—widened by staring at so much of strange things as have been told of in

the preceding chapter. He believes that his mental vision was also much improved by such time and travel, if it be true, as Tennyson tells us, that "the thoughts of men are widened by the progress of the suns."

Most striking were the changes visible in Great Britain as the work of time, aided by wealth and enterprise, in the years from '52 to '77. Townships had grown up on the well remembered green fields. Paving stones, cab-stands, fruit stalls, and telegraph posts replaced the shrubs and trees of former days. Where cows had wandered around cottage doors, now stood corner hotels with water-troughs for omnibus horses.

Pleasing indeed, and as a solace to all griefs caused by such changes, was it for the wanderer to hear again his own tongue in the language of the people. The foreign travel, told of in preceding chapter, was done in lands wherein want of language reduced the traveller to the position of a dummy. In Great Britain and America it was with him a new pleasure to talk with everyone at will—a blessing which well made up for any lack of foreign novelty in that which was seen.

J. H.

(To be continued.)

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### THE DAYSPRING.

Day breaks!—night's deepest gloom is past,  
Grey morn o'er hill and dale is stealing;  
Light wished for long is come at last,  
A world of peace and joy revealing.

Day breaks!—life's shadows flee away,  
Heaven's gates gleam faint across the river;  
The stars grow pale with brightening day,  
The holy day that lasteth ever.

Ye cannot sleep! the night is o'er!  
Gird on your robes, ye heirs of glory;  
Mount, mount to bliss for evermore,  
And sing for aye redemption's story.

JAMES INGLIS.

Johnstone, Scotland.

## ‘REMEMBER—OR FORGET?’

## CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely day in Spring; a day when all nature rejoices. A long cold winter we had had, and a very wet one, during which, as we lived twenty miles from the neighbouring town, my pleasures had been limited. My uncle, with whom I lived, was a doctor by profession, but for some time he had given up practice, and had bought the house in which we resided, chiefly for seclusion and rest after the toils of a town life. It was a very pretty house, and the garden was perfectly lovely; every flower which would not live elsewhere seemed to flourish there, carefully watched and tended by “Old Philip,” as we called him, who had been my uncle’s groom.

I had risen early on the morning of which I am writing, and with my large Newfoundland dog, Rollo, was going for a long stroll before breakfast, which was always at nine o’clock in our house. I wrapped a light shawl around me, and was soon enjoying myself and the lovely morning as only girls can in the commencement of life’s race, when hope beats high and strong in one’s breast, and a bright happy future seems in store for us; all the brighter, that then to our unveiled eyes there is no cloud in the horizon, but the future is clothed with a mystic, roseate hue. After having a good scamper with Rollo, I paused at the fence, which divided my uncle’s ground from that of his neighbour—a man of far larger means, of a haughty arrogant temper, whose wife, a middle-aged, wonderfully handsome, well-preserved woman, had called upon my aunt when we first came to live in the neighbourhood.

There had been occasional visits since, between Mr. and Mrs. Rotherick and my relatives, but there never existed much cordiality of feeling.

I recollected now, that Ralph, the only son, was expected that day at Brierton; he had just left Cambridge for good, and was looked for at home with a mother’s fondest hopes and expectations. I wondered if I should

see him, what he would be like, and whether he would ever come to see us.

I had taken off my hat, and was sitting on the ground, tying together some bunches of maiden-hair ferns I had gathered, when a low growl from Rollo made me look up, and I saw a tall, manly young fellow, eyeing me rather curiously. I jumped up quickly, dropping all my ferns, as, cap in hand, the stranger addressed me. Instinctively I knew that this was Ralph Rotherick, and felt that I had never before heard a voice so manly, deep and musical.

“Pardon my intrusion,” he said, “I was going to your house to enquire if Dr. Fullerton is at home; my mother has suddenly been taken very ill; we have already sent for our doctor, but the distance is so great that he cannot be here for several hours, and my father will feel greatly indebted to Dr. Fullerton if he will come.” “I am sure he will be only too pleased to be of service,” I said; “I will go up now at once, and tell him.”

“I have not introduced myself,” he replied; “I am Ralph Rotherick; I returned home last night, though they were not expecting me till to-day; and if you will allow me, I will walk up to the house with you, and wait for the doctor.”

“Meantime he had picked up the ferns, which I had dropped, and had given me one of those bright, happy, sunshiny smiles, so rarely seen. I have met many men since, but not one with a manner so fascinating, or a nature so truly noble and good.

It did not take us many minutes to reach my uncle’s house, nor long for him to dress, hastily drink a cup of coffee, and start with our visitor. As I watched them walking down the garden path, I felt that something new had come into my life; something bright, something in some way connected with me, which I could not define, only that I was in one of my gayest moods, and brimming over with happiness.

I busied myself with my aunt's breakfast, for she was always delicate, and needed care, and what with devoting part of my time to her, and my music, painting, and reading, the days never seemed too long. I had had the best masters, and no money had been spared over my education.

## CHAPTER II.

A year passed, during which time I had "come out" at a ball given by one of my uncle's old patients, to celebrate his daughter's twenty-first birthday.

Here I became engaged to Ralph Rotherick. We had met often since that spring, when his mother was taken ill; and I had grown to love, with all the intensity of my nature, "Ralph"—who was that evening mine—whose love I never doubted—and for whose honour I would have answered with my life. His mother's illness had been long and severe; I had often been to see her, and she had grown fond of me. She did not seem much pleased with my engagement to her son, but he had won her consent to ask me. I should have no money on my uncle's death, save a few hundreds he might chance to leave me, for the remainder would all go to a son, who was then travelling for his health. This Mrs. Rotherick knew, and with her returning health and strength returned her old haughtiness and pride.

Possessed of a sensitive nature, I soon saw marks of coolness, and suspected but too well that I was not considered a worthy wife for her son. I knew that I was clever, endowed with talents of no mean order, which had been cultivated by the best masters; and I knew that I had also been endowed with good looks, and that Ralph was proud of my golden hair and dark hazel eyes; but I also knew that my pride was great, and that nothing would induce me to enter a family, as a daughter-in-law, unless welcomed by the parents.

It was in vain that, one evening, Ralph pleaded, with love so powerful that my pride had nearly given way. I only promised to wait and hope, and that evening, as we parted at the gate, I had sealed my fate, though I did not

know it. "Wait, dear Ralph," I said, "and it may be your mother will grow to love me better, and think me worthy of her son." "Worthy, dearest May," he had said, "there is no man in England too good for you, no May as bright and sweet as my May." Looking up at him, with my hands clasped round his arm, I knew that he meant it; that however unworthy I might be, in his eyes, at least, I was all that he could wish me. He had been at home now for a long time, and was going away on the morrow to pay some long deferred visits; we were to write often, and were to "wait and hope," as I had said.

Ralph never knew how I missed him; how I would wait for an hour at our gate when I expected his letters; how I treasured each word till his next letter came; or how I longed for the seven months to pass during which he was to be away.

I knew that Mrs. Rotherick was anxious for him to marry a cousin, who was wealthy to a great degree, and that for this purpose she had been continually persuading him to leave home, but my confidence in him was never shaken; I knew that nothing but death could separate us.

I was sitting in the dining-room before a beautiful blazing fire, shortly after dinner one evening, reading aloud to my aunt; my uncle was having a sleep in his chair—it was January—Ralph had gone away in September; when we heard a loud ring at the bell, and Norah our housemaid appeared with a telegram. It was for me, and outside was written "Immediate," and, in a moment, I knew it was Ralph—Ralph was ill, and if I would see him again I must go at once.

I could not start till the following morning, and I was to take Norah with me as a companion. Would that night ever pass—would the interminable hours and minutes ever drag out, that were to bear me on to the one I loved with all my strength of heart? Alas, that it did come, the hour that bore me; that changed me from a bright-eyed girl into a woman, laden as it were with the weight of many years and sorrows!

I arrived in the evening, and was taken at once to Ralph's room; he

had been thrown, they said, while riding, and it was his spine that was injured. They told me gently and tenderly that he was dying, and that but a few hours remained for me to spend with him on this side of eternity.

I nerved myself to meet him; his last hours must not be embittered by my selfish grief; I should have plenty of time for that after.

I went softly into his room; his face was flushed, his eyes unnaturally bright. "I have come, dear Ralph," I said, kneeling down by his bedside, and nestling up to him; my heart was full; I must make the most of the moments left to us; to-day he was mine, to-morrow he would be gone where I could not now follow.

"My darling May! Thank Heaven that I have been permitted to meet you once more; God is very merciful, and now that I am going to be taken from you, he will soften the trouble to you, and make you able to bear it."

"I can never bear it," I said; "why cannot you be spared, you are so good and noble and true, instead of the many undeserving who live and have every wish fulfilled."

"My darling, we cannot know now, but we shall know hereafter, and understand all that now seems such a mystery to us. You will grieve for me, and all will seem very dark to you for a time, but by and by you will form

new ties and new affections; and though I shall not be forgotten, you will be a happy loving wife, and perhaps some day will bring your husband to look at my grave. Promise me one thing, and I shall die happier, for I shall know that my darling's earthly future may still be bright, and crowned by a husband's tender love; promise me that should one worthy seek you, you will not say him nay." "Not that, Ralph, do not ask me that!" I said, "no one can ever be to me what you have been; no one so worthy will ever cross my path. Oh! take me with you, I can never bear to let you go."

It was over; Ralph had fallen asleep beautifully. His mother's grief was great; but my sorrow was beyond words, and for a time they feared for my reason. Yet God's love prevailed, and Ralph still seems to live in my life.

Some years have passed; not one equal to my Ralph has yet come across my path, and doubtless no other will, but my life is not spoiled; I am very happy in the remembrance of his love, and I feel it always with me. I can understand it all now; my great sorrow was sent to purify my character, and to bring out qualities which, but for it, might ever have lain dormant.

It is often said "'tis wiser to forget;" but I think "*'tis wiser to remember.*"

M. H.

### SUCH IS LIFE.

Like to a falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew;  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood;—  
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light  
Is straight call'd in and paid to night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past;—and Man forgot.

—Bishop King.



## A VOICE FROM UNEMPLOYED GENTILITY.

I want to know what particular walk of life I am most fitted for. There is an old proverb which states that "every bullet has its billet." If this be true, my "billet" is waiting for me somewhere, while I am wasting time and energy in vain searching for it. In days past, I somewhat arrogantly, as I now discover, imagined that I was one of those fortunately moulded "bullets" that if fired at random would be sure of finding a suitable and agreeable "billet." Alas, times are changed! Am I less intelligent now than when acquaintances led me to believe that I had only to take up any pursuit, intellectual or otherwise, to be successful?—"What a pity for your friends, who have children to be educated, that you are not obliged to earn your own living! You would make so admirable a teacher!"—"Dear Miss L—, have you ever thought of studying for the stage? With your presence and intellect, you would make such a sensation!"—"Why do you not, in your spare moments you know, when you have nothing better to do, turn your attention to literature; write a tragedy or sparkling little comedy if you do not care to go in for a novel?" "Can you come and see me to-morrow? I am going to a ball at G—t House, and I want your opinion and advice about my dress. I often say to mamma, 'what would A and B give for the benefit of your taste in their costume department!'"

These past speeches, made at times when I had been helping people over some little difficulty, flash through my mind as I am trying to decide upon an occupation that shall be remunerative as well as congenial. Necessity has arisen for me to earn money, but with so many resources at command, of course I need only decide upon the most agreeable. I think I should like a school; there would be difficulty in excluding many who would want to come, but I must limit my number to about forty. I issue circulars stating date of commencement. On the appointed morning, after sharpening a hundred or so of pencils, and seeing

that all is in order, I go into the drawing-room to receive the parents and children. After waiting about two hours, an exceedingly minute specimen of humanity arrived. His mother, a perfect stranger, informed me with agreeable candour that "the good schools did not care to take him, he was not big enough!" I drew myself up, and remarked that I would try and find room for him, though he was under the age of other pupils.

A fortnight elapsed without bringing the anticipated rush of scholars, so I decided to give my diminutive pupil three days' holiday, and call upon my friends, for surely some misunderstanding must have arisen about the beginning of the quarter. At the first house, I heard that "the children were delicate, and the parents had decided not to send them to school this half year!" At the next, "they preferred waiting a little while till they saw who joined, as, of course, I must be aware how important association was." A third party thought "I had made a grave omission in not stating the names of my French, German, music, and fencing masters; also that she considered that the house was on the wrong side of the street—the north side was so much more healthy." A fourth asked me for an exhaustive explanation of my educational views and system, and then totally disagreed with me on every point. I returned home feeling very indignant and considerably bewildered. In the evening I received a note from the irate mother of my single pupil, stating that she disapproved of any interruption to her son's studies, and also "*as it was very lonely for him all by himself*, she had decided to remove him to a State school."

Well, thought I, I will not waste any more time. Though I do not much care for so public a career, there must be a great amount of pleasure in feeling oneself a favourite with an audience, and in seeing rows of faces lighted up with enthusiastic admiration, in being greeted with thunders of applause, and feeling that it springs

from their hearts! Yes, I will adopt the stage.

I wait till I have written one or two plays and then seek an interview with a manager. I am not received with the amount of deference I expect; indeed, he, the manager, looks rather impatient as he curtly asks my business. I explain my views at some length, and, deceived by an ominous and deadly calm, unroll my tragedy, and recite one of its most powerful scenes. He looks at me with an expression that says he is prepared for most things, but this is *too* much, and slowly rising from his chair says, "Ma'am, I don't often give advice; but I see whoever sent you to me has been playing a practical joke on you. Just burn those papers as soon as you get home; you may rely on me not to mention this. Good morning."

I walked thoughtfully away, the refrain of a once-heard comic song, "Sure I'm not myself at all," throbbing in my brain. Suddenly, on passing the windows of a large and fashionable drapery establishment, I remember having seen a notice of a vacancy in a morning paper. The recollections of many tributes to my excellent taste occur to me and inspire me with

courage to go in, enquire for one of the principals, and say to him, "I have called concerning an advertisement for a head saleswoman in your costume department. What salary do you offer?" "Ah, m'm, yes; where have you been before? What references have you?" Feeling my dignity slightly touched, I reply coldly, "I have no references of the kind you mention, never having been publicly engaged, but can give you numbers as to former position and"—"Oh, yes, certainly,—pardon n.e,—but you would not be of the least use to us, we require *experience*. Good day."

I have read that fighting against difficulties strengthens one's moral nature. I don't feel like that. Indeed, these successive failures have so deprived me of self-confidence, that did the corner stall for the sale of newspapers require a manager, I should hesitate to apply, feeling doubts as to whether I had talent or experience enough for the position. As Artemus Ward observes, "Why is this thus?" Have my powers failed, or is it that, like invitation entertainments, they were appreciated less for their excellence than for their cheapness?

L. E.

## EIGHTY-FIVE.

The PAST his birth-place, his allotted life  
 The PRESENT, and FUTURITY his grave,  
 Young Eighty-Five has launched on Time's rough wave  
 His bark with moments laden. Peace or strife  
 Must mark its progress o'er the boundless waste;  
 Whether opposed 'twill be by adverse gales,  
 Or favourable breezes fill the sails,  
 As onwards to the haven it doth haste,  
 Man knoweth not. In doubt, and hope, and fear,  
 He travels with that bark adown the tide;  
 And safely though he may this voyage glide  
 To harbour with her, there will come a year,  
 (A warning voice within him plainly saith)  
 When wreck'd he must be on the shores of Death.

—J. J. Reynolds.

## LOOKING BACK.

[BY A LOOKER ON.]

## PART I.

Mignet, the French historian, was asked, when 83 years old, "if he was not then tired of life, or whether he would like a renewed lease of it?" His answer was "that he felt like one who had been a spectator of a great drama which had, for him, then reached its last act and was so drawing to its close. He had done his best," he said, "to understand what he had seen. Humanity and its doings were, in his ideas, still of as much interest to him as they had ever been. It depended upon ourselves," he insisted, "whether we all of us went through life in a way to be as satisfied with it as he had been, or otherwise. Had he the chance offered to him of a renewed existence he would," he said, "only too gladly accept it. He would endeavour then, earlier than he had done before, to arrive at a full consciousness of the great importance of all that was passing around him." Now, Mignet was one of exceptionally large experience of life, and we must all endeavour to learn something by the experience of others. His judgment may therefore be taken on the matter as conclusive that his life had, as he averred, been well passed in doing his best to understand that which he had seen.

It is not always the aged who get the most wearied with life, but rather the other way generally. Despair seizes upon us more often in youthful days, and at twenty there are many who, failing to see any pleasant future, and finding but toil and vexation in the present, take despairing views of existence. It happened thus with two brothers, who, in the dreariness of a London winter, talked together in the last month of '48 something in this way—the elder of the two being first spokesman.

"I see nothing to live for! Life for the like of us is all a monotonous repetition, a wearisome work at the

same thing daily—three meals and a night's sleep to follow. A horse working a mill in a weary go-round all day, has about the same enjoyment of mere existence!"

"You talk like Mariana in the Moated Grange, or the weather has made you bilious! I don't look on it in that way. A horse can take no interest in human affairs—has no curiosity and anxieties such as we know and feel in the occurrences of the times!"

"That's because we mind other people's business instead of our own, and by such weakness are the easier made the tools of others. What does it matter to us what the world is doing when we have no chance of taking a share in its enjoyments—even the Lady of Shalot felt miserable in her monotonous way of existence, and she hadn't to work twelve hours a day for a living as we have to do!"

"Do you mean to say that reading the newspapers and awaiting the issue of daily occurring events does not give us an interest in the world and in life?"

"To people having nothing else to do the papers afford news of what other people are doing. I dare say that Mariana, whom you mentioned, and also my Lady of Shalot, might have better beguiled their time that way, if ladies read newspapers. To poor fellows like us what does it all matter? It is we who want to be doing something—something better than what we are both tired of!"

"Nonsense! Why, didn't we feel excited to intensity last night at Drury Lane seeing 'The Tempest,' with Macready as Prospero and Miss Horton as Ariel?"

"Perhaps so! but the like of that happens so seldom, and look at the trouble we had to raise the admission money!"

"And all that gave us the greater enjoyment of the show! We'd thought less of it if we had gone in on a free ticket. Ain't we hoping to 'raise the wind' to hear Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's some night, and isn't that something to live for?"

"It might be so to Wilkins Micawber and others of his temperament who can live in hopes of 'something turning up.' I suppose that this wet Sunday and the prospect of that dripping red brick wall from the window has a depressing effect upon one's spirits; but I still say that I see nothing to make long life enjoyable to the poor!"

"You must feel very bad, indeed! I wish to live on if only to see what becomes of that fellow Louis Napoleon, who was the other day as hard up as we are, and who now, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, is head man of the foremost nation of civilisation—made President of the French Republic!"

"Ah, you are curious and live too much in a wonder-world. I want, as I said, to be doing and not live a Micawber's life only to see what others do. Fortune's wheel only gives one what Mantilini called 'one demnition grind,' and of the mill-horse sort!"

"But the lookers-on best see the battle! Didn't I hold your coat the other day when you had that scrimmage with young Ellis, and I had not the worst part in that business and you had! I want to live to see the passing show. Was it not the Persian poet that said 'that if roses were good to smell at, he was made to smell them?' You wanted to play over again half Macready's part as Prospero last night after you came from the play. Would you have done so if I had not been there to look on at your histrionic efforts? You may wish to die and have done with it—I want to live and look on at it all!"

These and like boyish arguments occurred between the two again and again—between this would-be worker and his more satisfied half-dreamer brother. They were all terminated in '52 by an event that parted the disputants, and set them afloat on different currents. The death of their father in that year left them the whole

world as his only bequest. They agreed to divide it equally between them, and drew lots for choice of hemispheres. The right of choosing fell to the younger of them, who decided upon taking the southern half as his share. The advantages of Australia and its goldfields were then offering exciting inducements to the energetic and enterprising. Young people are much given to classing themselves in that way and so obtaining a good character by vain pretences. Neither of the two brothers thus widely separated trespassed for long years upon the other's territory—each keeping faithfully to his own share of their inheritance. At length they met again, the younger—no longer young, returning, like Bonnie Kilmeny in Hogg's "Queen's Wake," to revisit the scenes of former days. But few of those whom he had left in England were then to be found there, but the brother, who had been so dissatisfied with life at twenty, still lived and seemed now as anxious as anybody still to do so.

"What have you been doing?" he asked of the younger, "for all these years at the other end of the world?"

"Well, I've kept alive, and that seems the chief end of existence—it is more than most of those I left here seem to have accomplished!"

"But that's not all you've been doing?"

"No! I've been enjoying life looking on at what the world has been doing, and felt the greatest interest in that pleasant occupation. We focus occurrences very well in far-off Australia—the distance, perhaps, lends some enchantment to the view. Time and space, too, are in our favour, and so some of your fashions, adopted too hastily here, are never affected there. We are not so crowded and bustled about as you are in Europe, and so have more opportunity for giving events a calmer consideration."

"A philosopher from Australia!"

"Not altogether that, but only an observer and a commentator. Didn't I tell you in '48 that I wanted to live and to look on if only to see what became of Louis Napoleon? I've seen his performances to the end, and

taken a like interest in much else besides the merely dramatic part of life!"

"And you yet feel all your former youthful interest in the affairs of the world?"

"Much more so! Time has, I hope, widened one's views while widening one's shoulders. There was little comparatively to regard then—in that world of one's youth—to what there is now. While the world without, has been so multiplying in matters of interest, a world within one, has been growing also—boyish curiosity has grown into something better—into a feeling of having part and lot in all that is going on."

"A partnership with a very limited liability! By the way, a modern philosopher, Mallock by name, has lately written a book on the question, 'Is Life worth living?' What's your answer to that, now you are a full half-way through with your life?"

"If one has an object in life, then life is worth living to the individual if not to others—the Corsicans thought that much when the object of life was only an inherited revenge, and indeed, it is no particular matter what the object may be. The collecting of shells, butterflies, and beetles, is equally as sensible as the more generally shown desire for the collecting of coin. Much more so, in fact, if the disposal of the collection be considered. The giving away of the collected curios is a simple affair compared with the giving away of the coin, which too often makes bitter enmities among those who had otherwise been friends. As everything must at last be left behind us, it is also less difficult, no doubt, to take leave of the curios than of the coins, for it is presumable that most fortune-makers live in the hope of spending most of their hard-earned money ere leaving the world. The man most truly mourned, is doubtless he, who, like Oliver Goldsmith, dies some thousands of pounds in debt—the grief of creditors being unquestionably genuine."

"I shall have a smoke, listening and looking on while you unfold these ideas of yours of the life of a looker-on!"

"Well, looking on at life is a good object and end for one's existence—combined with acquiring the means meanwhile of existing. It is something to live for, and for prolonging life to the uttermost stretch of our possible existence to see the wondrous changes brought about by what Shakespere has called the 'whirligig of time.' It brings about more than the 'revenges' he speaks of—producing, as it does, yearly and almost monthly, much that is making the world altogether different to what our ancestors could possibly have known or expected.

"When Solomon denied the existence of anything new under the sun, he spoke according to his belief and his experience only, as doubtlessly did Shakespere, when he put into Puck's mouth, the threatened performance of a feat which he limited to the supernatural power of the fairies—the putting of 'a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' We now know that Solomon was in error in his idea that the knowledge of his times included everything that had been, or could be, known, and that Shakespere's supposed supernatural feat of engirdling the earth has been done under our very eyes and feet by the agency of electricity, unassisted by Puck or anything of fairy agency. We have something to live for, indeed, in the present rapid development of things novel and useful—all tending to give civilisation a new meaning, and to give also, to those who have leisure, other pleasures than the merely animal ones in which those of a past age looked too much for their only delights.

"That something to live for may be found in looking on at the world's progress, will be denied by no one having powers of observation and vivid recollections of only the past times of their own lives. Let any one turned of sixty recall the state of civilisation as in his or her earliest recollections. What a miserable world it appears to have been when compared with what is now enjoyed by the present generation! The commonest of children's toys now would then have been wonders not obtainable for money.

More wonders to a child's eye can now be bought for a shilling than pounds could have procured half a century ago, when such toys as a wretched rattle composed of wicker-work enclosing a piece of tin sufficed for the boys, and a wooden Dutch doll for the girls—or the most of them. The springless cart, in which babies were then dragged over the cobblestones, is now replaced by the easy-going perambulator drawn over the smooth flagging or smoother asphalt substituted for the aforesaid cobblestones in roads and side-walks.

"How wretched, indeed, were the streets of sixty years ago, and what punishment they gave to those with tender feet and troubled with corns. By night they were well nigh impassable—all little lighted as they were by the dim lamps of whale oil swinging from wooden posts at occasional street corners. The cobble-stone paved roads and side-walks were all as badly protected as they were badly lighted—a few old watchmen being all the protection given in that way to the public. The change from whale-oil lights on wooden posts to iron lamp-posts, supporting elegant lanterns lighted with gas, was followed by the substitution of the police for the watchmen, and by the patrol of the streets, both day and night, by these peace-keeping civic soldiery.

"Over those wretched, ill-paved, ill-kept, ill-lighted streets, went the apprentices and workmen of sixty years ago at early and late hours that are now more pleasurably employed by the same classes. No eight hours labour was then thought of—sixteen being nearer the requirements of the times. From daylight to dark were the workman's hours at that date, and clerks, commercial and legal, then laboured, as of course, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., and that for one half the wages now earned by those who labour for little more than half the time. It is undeniable, that the wages of domestic servants were at that time, about on the average, as much per year as they now are per quarter, and, in some cases, per month.

"Rattling over the ill-kept streets and roads of those days of our grand-

fathers and fathers, went the stage-coach for country travel, and the hackney coach for town journeys. The poor old hackney coach was a four-wheeled lumbering thing, drawn by two horses, and driven by a broken-down-looking being mostly distinguished by many capes to his overcoat, and many pimples to his groggy face and nose. There were no cabs in those days, and this cumbersome old hackney coach served for all such requirements. There was no omnibus, either, and therefore but little locomotion for those not inclined to use their legs or spend their money. Money was money in those days—a shilling being then more thought of than a sovereign is now, although the shilling will purchase more enjoyment now than the sovereign could then do.

"In these dismal times the fork had but two prongs. It took ten years to add the third prong, and ten more to produce the fourth one as a common thing in forks. The knives were then so badly made that the handles were constantly giving way, and knives, forks, and spoons were all of materials that would now be spurned everywhere. The days of electro-plating had not come, and things of tin and pewter looked as poor things in comparison with our present table furniture. Tea and sugar were luxuries also in those times—domestic servants, who received a pound per quarter for wages, being but seldom allowed tea and sugar as part of their daily fare. That servants had to provide themselves with those two articles, was as common an intimation to them as that no followers were allowed, and that they must all wear caps and aprons as badges of servitude within doors. Nearly every advertisement for domestics in those days concluded also with the curious announcement that 'no Irish need apply.'

"These were the days when literature was a luxury—when newspapers were, by their price, virtually excluded from the sight of the people, and by their small size and mere gazette-like matter were but comparatively of little interest. Great events were chronicled only in semi-official language. The art of the reporter was scarcely known

as it is now, and that of the 'special correspondent' as little thought of as was our latest institution of the press, that 'interviewer,' who is becoming an established contributor to the columns of our dailies and weeklies. These papers, now sold for the smallest coin, could not fifty years ago be produced at any price. Steam and improved printing presses could alone furnish them in the payable quantities now produced, to which the art of stereotyping has had also to lend its aid. No electric telegraphs existed to furnish the news, nor cheap postage for correspondents, and no railways to distribute the printed journals.

"What additional interest in the matter of news have we not had from the growing help of illustrations. It was only in the days of the Forties that the first illustrated newspaper appeared, and we now all know and appreciate what an assistance illustrations are to the better understanding of any matter. And newspaper proprietors know it, too, and give us maps and diagrams illustrative of any subject in which reference to such will be a help to the reader. We know well what aid we get from such work even if it be only a plan of the land we are asked to purchase, or a sketch-map of the locality in which it is situated. No account of a battle will likely be ever again published by a newspaper, unaccompanied by a woodcut of the scene on which it occurs. Those who run, it is said, may read, but there are many who find no time for doing that much, and for such a glance over the illustrations to a weekly paper affords them sufficient hints of occurrences of prominent interest. It is becoming more and more the fashion to illustrate everything, America leading the van that way in books. In so doing is found the readiest way of reaching the reader's mind through that most sensitive of its channels—the optic nerve.

"Similar reforms have been visible more or less in everything. To take the law, for instance. How our grandfathers would stare to see changes made in institutions which they were taught to regard as being as immutable as the laws of those old Conserva-

tives—the Medes and Persians. For hundreds of years it was a principle, and regarded as the leading one of our laws, that husband and wife were one, and that the wife had no legal existence while in the condition of a married woman. On that firm basis fortune-hunting became a business with many unscrupulous men—a wife's property having no protection from laws that held the wife to be non-existent during her married life. What a changed state of things is the present. Fortune-hunting is at an end now that the law declares the property of a woman, whether coming to her in her single or married life, to be untouchable by her husband. So far from husband and wife being one and the wife non-existent during married life, the laws now give her power to purchase lands, stocks, and shares, and to hold her property quite independently of her husband, and so to will it away at her decease. A lawyer of the old school would—when he could be got to understand that such reforms had really taken place—declare that the present position of things is that the husband is in cases of a wife having separate property a mere lodger in his wife's house. When 'women's rights' are spoken of let it be remembered what has already been conceded to them in that way.

"In criminal and civil laws the changes have been as great as those in the matrimonial ones. Fifty years ago the crimes punishable by death were numerous indeed, going so far as to make a hanging matter of a theft of five shillings' worth of property—a crime that would now be punishable by a short imprisonment only. In civil cases, the defendant, in place of being served with a summons as is now the practice, was arrested and imprisoned as a preliminary step, and had to find bail before he could get at liberty to instruct his attorney as to his defence to the plaintiff's claim. Becoming bail in such matters was then a profession, followed by a number of men of broken fortunes, called "straw bail," who indicated their willingness to perjure themselves by holding straws in their hands in the vicinity of the Judge's chambers, and

so, for a five-shilling fee, becoming bail for any defendant under this system of commencing an action. Imprisonment for debt was then common and lasted for a lifetime—no such ways of liberation by bankruptcy and insolvency laws, as now exist, being then known.

“What an impetus has been given to developing our enterprises and industries by one single act of Parliament—the Limited Liability Act. Before its enactment, some thirty years or so ago, danger and ruin awaited those who honestly endeavoured by co-operation to help onwards matters of public benefit and private profit. Anyone risking a hundred pounds in a co-operative company was, before the passing of that most useful of all modern enactments, liable to share in all losses that misfortunes might bring upon the venture. Not only was the hundred pounds, which was doubtlessly willingly risked, wholly lost, but a liability was incurred which often the unfortunate investor's whole fortune would not meet. In this way, not only men of business, but widows and families, were frequently ruined. We have changed all that, and every investor can now ascertain to a shilling the extent of the risk incurred when shares are taken in any undertaking. The fruits of this happy state of things are seen daily in the confidence given to the vastly increasing number of companies. Mining companies may be said to have been mainly kept on foot by such timely legislation.

“In educational matters the changes have been as notable, and we see the schoolmaster about in a way of which Brougham little dreamed when delivering his great speech on educational reform, and declaring, as he did, that ‘By education men became easy to lead but difficult to drive—easy to govern but impossible to enslave!’ It is to be hoped that education will effect that happy result, for it is now—in place of being the expensive luxury of a few, as it was fifty years ago—the gratis gift offered to all comers, irrespective of creed or condition. In legal education, also, it is to be noticed that a great change

has been effected. Fifty years ago it was but necessary, in order to become a barrister, that the candidate should pay certain fees and attend twelve mess dinners at one of the Inns of Court for a term of three years. He was then ‘called,’ as a matter of course, quite independently of any examination as to his legal knowledge. Now, all that state of things is at an end, the student for the bar having to pass many examinations, and being as often ‘plucked’ at them as are University candidates for academical honours. The solicitor, also, is no longer admitted on serving a term of years, and paying Government stamp duties as of yore. He, too, must pass preliminary, intermediate, and final examinations calculated to prove his fitness for his profession, and he cannot now be articulated, as of former times, on a mere charity-school education—he must first matriculate at a University.”

“Don't forget the facilities and advantages given and gained by travel such as we may all now have!”

“I am coming to that! Sixty years ago any practically-made acquaintance with geographical knowledge was limited indeed. Travel was a difficult matter for want of means—such means being the facilities by which time and space are now alike conquered. The ‘grand tour,’ which now implies a voyage round the world for any one who can spare two or three hundred pounds and five months or so out of the year, then meant a year's travel on the European continent, only at a much greater cost. To have got as far from London as Rome in that tour, was sufficient to constitute an applicant as fit for admission to the membership of the Traveller's Club of Pall Mall. To reach Paris in those days was not, as now, an eight hours' matter only. A ‘Margate hoy’ would take one from London to Dover, when the wind served, or the traveller could make the journey thither overland by two days of coaching. Arrived at Dover, he would often have to wait days for a fair wind to take him across the channel, and when landed, two days more of coaching took him from Boulogne or Calais to the French capital. He would thus have made an



average journey if he reached there in a week after leaving London. 'Home-keeping youths have homely wits,' says Shakespere. If the converse of that proposition be true, the present generation should be, in the modern aids afforded to travel and the advantage taken of them, ten times sharper-witted than the youth of Shakespere's day and the days of our grandfathers, for there was little difference between the two in the facilities afforded for travel.

Such facilities for travelling as we now have, are one of the main causes for the increased—the greatly increased—wages obtainable by most workmen. Formerly all mechanics—carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, plasterers, slaters, painters, paper-hangers, glaziers, and such like, were restricted in the field of their labours to such localities as they could reach on foot in say half an hour's walk, or from that to a toilsome trudge of a full hour. Railway and tramway travelling has changed all that, enabling workmen to go ten miles or more to their labours in the time it took their forefathers to go two miles. Those who have to travel by early trains are fully aware of this change of things in the crowds of workmen whom they then have for their fellow-passengers. The eight hours labour laws for such workmen afford us all the sight of these mechanics returning by the evening trains at the hour when city merchants, warehousemen, and clerks are hastening to their suburban residences. By such reformed means of transit at cheap rates, mechanics are enabled to find themselves comfortable homes in outside districts, where formerly it would have been impossible to live from the distance it would place them from the scenes of their daily labour.

"The world may be said to have crept along for many centuries preceding the present. It may then be said to have found the use of its legs and to have walked as preliminary to the run which then began and still keeps up with increasing speed. Steam has had much to do with it, so has gas and so has electricity. But there is no finality to reform. The steamship which in 1852 took three months or so in

getting from London to Melbourne, is now looked upon, in the present thirty-day voyages between those ports, as being as antiquated in its ways as were the old sailing vessels with their four and five months' passages. What has been done seems to be but an earnest of what shall be accomplished—a mere dawning which precedes the full daylight, and its midday, sunlit, completeness.

As with the improving speed of travelling attainable by steam, so with the variety of the appliances of this agency to which there seems to be no end. From driving the road-vehicle and the sea-going vessel, steam extended its usefulness to the mills and the mines. It now loads and unloads vessels, carries the builders' materials to the topmost story, saws the timber and the stones, warms the building and cleanses the linen, makes the paper and helps the printing, bends the timber and planes its surface, cards the wool, weaves the cloth, knits the stocking and dresses the flax, ploughs the field, sows the seed, harrows the surface, reaps the crop, threshes out the grain, binds the sheaves, garners the harvest, and cuts and stacks the hay and the straw. In every department of arts and manufacture does this prime agent and servant to man—second only in its usefulness to its parents, fire and water—do for us wonders, of which our grandfathers knew nothing, affording us thereby means, which should, as aids to civilisation, better our lives and make happier our existence.

"And so with gas. From supplanting the oil-lamps for street-lighting, it has been welcomed within the house, and is rapidly showing itself the most welcome guest ever admitted within our doors. Having lighted every room from attic to kitchen, it then began aiding the cook, by baking, boiling, and broiling in a cleaner and more efficient manner than coal fires had yet done. Aided by asbestos, or other artificial and incombustible substitutes in the grate, it has now taken the office of warming the rooms, showing at the same time the cheerful look of a coal-made fire. By such cook and housemaid-like aid, the troubles of house-

keeping are greatly lessened, and the services of such servants rendered less necessary. A cheerful fire can thus be lighted at any time of the day or night by the mere turning of a tap, and hot water and other heated requisites, including tea and coffee, be obtainable at all hours without other aid than what this ready lighting of the gas affords. The warm bath is obtainable in the same way, by a gas jet in the bathroom properly applied to the water pipes. Gas and steam next step in to do the laundry work in a third of its formerly required time, and so diminish the proverbial discomforts of a washing-day. Applying the gas beneath a trough of water, surmounted by a wire-work cylinder holding the clothes, the steam so generated is thus sent through the wire-work and amongst the linen, and held there by a tin or other metal cover to the cylinder, through which protrudes the handle by which the latter is kept in motion.

"Gas is also at work in the warehouse, the work-room, and the manu-

factory, doing something novel in the way of help in all three. In our banks and elsewhere, it turns the engine that generates electricity for lighting purposes. In the warehouse it works the lift. In printing offices, a gas engine works the press where and when newspaper work does not call for the stronger aid of the steam engine. In the bookbinders' work-room, the gas engine is also found at work, and so in the cutlers', where it turns the wheels for grindery business. The leading hair-dressers adopt it for turning their brushes in hair-dressing, and it is found in use wherever a lesser power than that of steam will suffice to do work more expeditiously than could be done by mere manual labour. The usefulness of gas, far from being endangered by the progress of electricity, seems to be but now developing itself, and showing in how many more ways than hitherto thought of, it may yet display increased utility."

"LOOKER-ON."  
(*To be continued.*)

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### SONNET TO THE NEW YEAR.

All hail, New Year! Bring blessings in thy train  
 To bid the toiling sons of earth rejoice!  
 Say, shall the "Happy New Year" wish be vain?  
 Mere empty accents of an idle voice?  
 Our fathers made festivity their choice,  
 But chose that others should forget their pain,  
 And that the poorest cot should be supplied,  
 By those who had of worldly wealth good store,  
 With English comforts on this New Year's tide;  
 And that each noble mansion's polish'd door  
 Should open stand for every village swain,  
 And all be happy as a bridal train.  
 Such things have been: my sanguine soul would fain  
 Cherish the hope that they'll return again.

—G. Tweedell.





GERALDINE.

## BY SEA AND LAKE.

## CHAPTER V.

GERALDINE.

I know a maiden fair to see,  
 Take care !  
 She can both false and friendly be,  
 Beware ! Beware !  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee !  
 She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
 Take care !  
 She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
 Beware ! Beware !

Some people have no love for Nature—are blind to all the beauties of the world in which they live ; just as persons advanced in years and certain animals are deaf to shrill notes in the gamut of sound uttered within a foot of them. A portion of these undiscerning people continue in this condition only for a time, waking one day to yawn—stretch the arms of their senses, so to speak—and wonder what they have been about not to have before comprehended all the glory of sight and sound ; others are blind, be it wilfully or insensibly, throughout the days and years of their existence ; whilst a considerably larger number are born with a distinct idea of the beautiful and the true, but a veil of egotism falling across the heart, ever grows and grows like a cataract on the eye, until, at last, light becomes excluded and the dim vision is turned to darkness. To such as these, nature reveals nothing ; it is with them, as with one, who, through the blackness of night walks with a lighted candle in his hand, seeing only his immediate surroundings and nought beyond. For them, the piping black bird, the thrush, the swallow or the lark, brings forth, from his repertoire of song, no new note to add to his mellow harmony of spring, or to embellish his more noisy outburst of summer ; the overpowering sunlight of a July mid-day, when the world moves lazily, and the birds, except some far-away warbler hid in the cool depth of the pine-wood, are silent, creates in them no sense of pleasure ;

they only find it hot, therefore disagreeable, and strive to shut out as much of it as possible, discerning no particular excellence in the shafts of light that steal under doorways and through key-holes, piercing the duskiness within, and discovering to view the million motes that hang about the mansion ; they remain unmoved, unawakened, when the golden monarch, rolling on his stately way, drops seaward from a dull orange sky, leaving fiery bars of cloud that stretch north and south to tell the tale of his departure ; and when the moon gets up, and an evening breeze comes from the wind-swept heaven, stealing across the bosom of the ocean to whisper to the feathered sleepers beneath the eaves, ere it passes on to stir into sad eloquence the closely nestling leaves on elm and oak, and sigh in an undertone amongst the pale rushes in the meadow, their heart is never touched ; their pulses beat no faster ; they can stand and gaze serenely into the blue vault above them, with no unutterable longing agitating the inmost depths of their soul.

To this class belonged Geraldine Heriot. In all the wide universe, she recognised no beauty, excepting in those things which could add to her own personal comfort or adornment ; flowers she admired, not for their own sakes, or for any excellence of scent or colour, still less for the wondrous Creative Power that nurtured them, but as being more graceful, more becoming than the stiff unnatural things that could be purchased from the milliner. But she looked up her milliner when birds were in question ; a stuffed robin, that would nestle closely in the soft folds of her plush hat, and give the necessary touch of colour to her winter costume, was of infinitely more consequence than the bright-eyed little creature

that hopped upon the snow-covered sill in search of crumbs, and growing more courageous still, ventured to tap upon the pane with his sharp beak. Beauty of the human face and form, of course, there was ; else where would have been Geraldine Heriot? This particular kind of beauty, though, she contemplates as from herself downwards. As a Juliet, a Desdemona, a Lady Macbeth—without their tragic ending—she thinks of herself ; if she might tread on the very verge of some dreadful calamity, to be saved in that exciting moment by a swan-drawn Lohengrin, who would afterwards turn out a Prince—well and good—let it come. But such a fate as death by her own hand, or suffocation beneath a pillow, would be too ignoble an exit from this earthly sphere for the belle of a Southern country. A Mary of Scotland ! here her ambitious fancy attained its height ; that, like the unparalleled Northern Queen, every man looking upon her might love ; yes, that was the principal thing after all—to gain the love and admiration of all men ; to be set up, on a pedestal above her fellows, to receive the homage due to a superabundance of beauty and amiability—for as much with the latter as the former Geraldine considers herself remarkably gifted—to shine with all the refulgence of a harvest moon among the stars.

See her now, as lost in the all-absorbing consciousness of her own magnificence, she stands before her mirror, with the soft glow of many wax candles falling upon her face and figure, and say she is not beautiful ; you cannot—you dare not. The fact, that that oval face, with its satin skin, deep-set eyes, long arching brows and shapely nose, has charmed so many hearts, makes it self-evident, that he must indeed be a close observer of human nature who recoils at the habitual sneer crowning the curve of the short upper lip, or detects in the tender glance of the brown eye, and the occasional contraction of the lips, aught of deceit or malignity. See her, as she stands against the crimson background of curtained window, that but half shuts out the dazzling glory of a westering sun. Her maid is dismissed, and she is putting the finishing touches to her

toilette with the aid of a candle taken from the socket at the side of her mirror. Her arm, bare to the elbow, shows a skin more delicate and satiny in texture than even the wondrous cream tints of cheek and throat, as she raises it above her head, holding the candle in her hand, and trying to fix upon the most becoming spot to fasten a bouquet of freshly gathered field-flowers among the dark clustering plaits ; for Geraldine is coquetting with simplicity to-night in a plainly made but exquisitely expensive dress of pale French lace, and the flowers, she fancies, will add one more to her many charms. She turns her head towards the glass and tries the effect of them drooping low down, almost upon her neck, and moving slowly backwards to command a better view of her whole appearance, lets the light from the upraised candle fall well upon her hair. A casual observer might wonder where they could look better, but *she* knows, clever actress that she is ; returning to her mirror puts back the candle into the socket so that she may have both hands free. Taking out the bouquet, she refastens it just over her left ear, where the slightly waved fringe that almost hides her brow commences to droop downwards. The effect is apparently more satisfactory, for she smiles at her reflected image, and lifts a hand-glass from a table near to regard herself in profile with her chin slightly elevated. She has a good chin, sufficiently prominent to give character to her face, but not broad enough in its prominence to produce that heavy effect which suggests the presence of almost masculine strength. Her profile is good too, more perfect in outline than her full face, and perhaps she knows it, and perhaps that is why she occupies that particular seat in church ; for the congregation in general, and the young curate in particular, require only to raise their eyes in the direction of a certain ruby-coloured stained window, to see Miss Heriot's profile, which cuts out a little piece in the left hand corner, in distinct lines of nose, mouth, and chin.

But see, she has put down the glass now, and turning aside, opens a drawer, and bends over it to survey her jewel-

lery. Her eye rests a moment on a necklace of carved coral lying snugly on a bed of white wool,—then turns to an open case where a set of rare turquoises reposes on a velvet cushion. She puts out her hand, toying with them, and takes up the bracelet to lay it across her arm, holding her head on one side—how well those stones match the blue veins that run in wavering lines beneath the fine skin! Shall she wear it? It is such a delightful contrast to the folds of lace! or there is the plain gold set, how about that? The spring of a shabby-looking case answers to the touch of her thumb, and the lid flies open. What a mass of wealth lies within that small compass of perfumed leather! What a subtle device, of true Indian workmanship, is displayed in each link of dusty gold as she holds it at arm's length admiringly! She must be rather in favour of the turquoises though, for she lays down the golden links to lift and examine the other again. My lady is fastidious to-night—nothing can she fix upon amongst all her jewels—no, she will wear none to-night,—not so much as a ring even—there is not anything simple enough there. Pearls would just suit! but she, alas! has none. Never mind! they shall see her adorned by and by; when they have become accustomed to her beauty in all its pure simplicity of delicate colouring, she will flash upon them in queenly loveliness of satin and jewels. She closes the drawer, and goes back to take a last lingering look in the cheval-glass, to stand a moment in the newly studied attitude of bent head and uplifted eyes. And were there ever eyes more beautiful than Geraldine's? She thinks not, herself. Who could resist them—those brown eyes, when they glance sideways at you with that soft expression of velvety languor, saying so much and meaning so little? How superior in all respects she is to Sally! She smiles and shows a row of remarkably even, remarkably white teeth, between the two warm red lines, but how cruel they are in their whiteness! What a brilliancy there is about them, but with what a coldness in it! reminding one of the deadly glitter of an ice-field. And how finely shaped, but how

determinedly close in their setting! Geraldine is proud of her teeth, as she is of her eyes; but there are teeth, as there are eyes, that one cannot be brought to trust. As much character is displayed in the one as in the other. We find, for instance, large, flat, white teeth, that characterise a man at once as being of a soft, weak nature; as those of a finer form, but belonging to the same class, indicate great fixity of purpose, combined with selfishness and deceit. How much viciousness is associated with small, narrow, evenly divided teeth! And how much of meanness with the longer ones, bevelled on the surface and slightly curving towards the edges. Again, who can look without trust upon those short square-set teeth of pearly whiteness, that invariably fill a mouth characteristic of exceptional benevolence? Or who deny that strength and generosity lie behind the compact line, moderate as to length and breadth and pure but undazzling as to colour? The whitest teeth and the highest goodness are not necessarily conjoined; on the contrary, I think the cruellest, hardest-hearted men and women have frequently the advantage of their betters in this respect; it seems to me of a piece with their nature, that their teeth should be white, to carry out the deception. In the same way how deceptive eyelashes are! How apt one is to expect the presence of beautiful eyes behind lashes that are long and curling, and how very often one is unpleasantly disappointed, the curling fringe hiding nothing more than a narrow eye of uncertain colour, remarkable alone for its expression of deep cunning! And when beautiful eyes do discover themselves from behind veiled lids, can we be sure that *they* in their turn look out from a beautiful soul? The light, the melting tenderness, that shines in Geraldine's eyes, is perchance the effulgence of a beauteous soul, but let us not be too sure lest we be disappointed. She smiles, and how much of expected triumph the complacent look that accompanies that smile prognosticates! She is so superior to all her acquaintance, and how snugly she wraps herself in the comfortable cloak of self-congratulation at thought of her pre-eminence! With



what a firm proud step she moves, bowing gracefully to her own mirrored image! And what wondrous pictures, that other mirror, her mind, shows her—of astonished admiring glances cast upon her by Will Clifford and Ted Hay—and Dr. Smith too—for of course *he* admired her, and would like no doubt to have married her, had he not felt how far above him she was—a village doctor! The Hay girls might have looked a little higher—their style could easily have procured for them an Honourable—if Mrs. Reid had only taken a little trouble about it. To be sure, it didn't do to enquire too closely into their family history—there was a farmer somewhere in the shadowy distance, and *that* was a draw-back—then the girls had no money, excepting what their aunt would leave them—so perhaps, after all, they were doing very well for *them* in securing a country doctor. It would never have done for her to condescend to such an alliance—but for the Hay girls, who went so little into society, it perhaps was a good thing. They mustn't expect her to be very intimate with them when Lena took up her abode in the village. It would be awkward for Lena in some ways too—to be asked only to the smaller dinners—to meet the Rector and his wife, and people of that class. Lena, with her proud nature, she feared wouldn't like it.

But if Geraldine was ambitious, Lena Hay was equally if not more so. She had no intention of establishing herself in the insignificant little village at the foot of the hill, to be patronised by the surrounding gentry—receiving weekly invitations to their smaller dinners, to be eaten in the company of lawyers and lawyers' wives, and people of that class. Not the very slightest intention of such a thing had she! She was in love with Dr. Smith; but all the pros and cons of such a marriage had been well considered while she was still making up her mind that she loved him. London was the proper field for doctors to work in, and to London she would go! Sally, who had no ambition, and who would never shine in society, might do very well to settle in the country, but such a life was not for her, or for *Tottie* either;

and she would take care her younger sister made a good match! London was the best place for seeing people, and Tottie should stay with *her*. But Geraldine knew nothing of these aspirations, and could still picture the entire Hay family standing back to give place to her, the young and lovely—yes, the young and lovely—what? Heiress—countess—what you will—for there is always a substantive of distinction haply drifting about, waiting to be tacked on to the tail of any sentence she may compose about herself. And how Mr. Clifford and Ted will stare! *how* they will praise and admire and *love* her! For of course they will never have seen anything half so resplendent as she. Such an elegant carriage, and what a bust! what exquisite arms! Her “sweet eyes” look round upon them all, and, how *plain* Sally is beside her!

Geraldine studies herself as an artist studies his painting, or a sculptor his statue, from every point; but a momentary frown shows a dissatisfied mind; the subject is not wholly to her taste. If a pin-prick is sufficient to impair our enjoyment at the moment of victory, what a much more dispiriting effect an unpleasant reminiscence is capable of producing when it stalks upon us, during the mere anticipation of an expected triumph! The joy of anticipation is swallowed up in the dread that the triumph may altogether escape us. And the flash of memory that reflected back Tottie's fair mocking face from Geraldine's mirror dulled the latter's too flagrant elation. Tottie will be home to-night! How much those five words mean, attuned as they are to Geraldine's thoughts! No joyous note chimes from heart to brain as the sound of them dances through her head, no ripple of affection vibrates within, no rush of tender memories stirs her soul; instead, there rises, like the surging of storm-tossed waves upon the coast, a tumult of feeling coming with one sweep to overwhelm those lofty, hastily-built *Châteaux en Espagne* of hers; the frown gathers in deeper wrinkles upon her brow, and a scornful smile overshadows her face. What needs *she* to care for the spiteful remarks of Miss Tottie Hay? Yes,



but then she *does* care, and that is where the shoe pinches. She hates being laughed at or ridiculed, although she likes immensely to laugh at other people, and Tottie has a knack of striking chords upon the most susceptible note in her being, her self-love, and the vibratory motion jars, jars most unpleasantly, for the chords are struck with precision. Furthermore, Tottie's remarks are *not* spiteful, Geraldine might even deign to call them witty, did they fall a little wider of the mark; they are too keen-pointed to suit her taste. But what needs *she* to care! Tottie's words are powerless to diminish the power of her beauty, indeed, may have a quite opposite effect; why should they not serve to enhance it? Why indeed! she will be all sweetness and amiability, so that the young men will wonder at her. Especially will they commend her self-control under Tottie's scathing remarks. "She is so superior you know!" They will openly show their disapproval of Tottie's behaviour by crowding round *her*, for they will all be taken up with her (*they*, of course, meaning the men), doing their utmost to please, and trying to win smiles from her; she will take care not to be *too* liberal with her smiles! And Tottie will look so foolish when she speaks and no one notices what she says. And Sally will pout and sulk, in that everlasting pink muslin of hers, away by herself near the piano, waiting for some one to ask her to sing. But she flatters herself it will take something more of attractiveness than Sally Hay possesses to draw Mr. Clifford from *her* side! Sally may be in love with *him*, but, as regards his returning the love, why, that is *quite* another matter!

Ted will laugh and mimic her—what will *Will* do? Strange that Sally, who knew him so much better, should hesitate and wonder, unable to fix an answer to the question—and here was Geraldine with her mind already made up—so confidently made up, as to the course events would take, that she was arranging all her little plans for action, without so much as having seen the young man. We live and learn; all young men are not like Geraldine's brother Timothy, whom she could

twist round her little finger, nor are all girls like Geraldine; and it was in the latter's day-dreams alone that Sally ever pouted and sulked. She was incapable of such a thing—her bright, impulsive nature forbade it, and if Geraldine, like the flaring poppy in the meadow, held up her head above her fellows, calling upon all beholders to admire, she felt no ill-humour thereat—why should she? Because, having to search it out, on that account we love the violet the more and think its scent the sweeter, there is no reason we should despise the poppy, or deny it a corner in our hearts. We could ill spare its brilliant bit of colouring from our cornfields; nor would the world be any the happier if all its flowers were violets, or if in every field and garden there flourished none other than the gaudy poppy.

The sun was still half-an-hour from setting, when, Geraldine's toilet completed to her entire satisfaction, she rang for her maid, and walked out of the room, leaving the soft glowing candles to throw their light on nothing more beautiful than the work of men's hands.

It seemed likely the gay flower would have it all her own way to-night, for over at the Hall no one was dressing for dinner; well, when I say no one, I, of course, except Lena, who would not have neglected this duty under any circumstances whatever. Mrs. Peters, Tottie, and Florry, had arrived; all were more or less tired and hungry, and they loitered about the dining-room, waiting for the bell to ring. Ted was standing at one of the windows with his hands in his pockets, whistling softly. Sally had her arm linked through his, and was dreamily watching the long slanting shadows on the grass outside. There was just that pause, that restful silence in the room, that ends a long day of weariness or excitement. No one speaks. There is a sensation of coming dinner to whet the appetite; a distant sound of voices like the hum of many bees; one gets an idea that dishes are clattering somewhere in the back-ground; and through it all, echoes the deep, continuous accompaniment of the hall clock, tick-ticking out the ten minutes or quarter of an hour's welcome quiet. Mrs. Peters sat back in the

great easy-chair with her plump hands folded, and her eyes half shut, and Tottie, in one of her graceful attitudes, with her right arm thrown above her head, lounged in another. Florry and Will occupied the sofa.

"Sally," said Ted, ceasing his whistling and speaking softly, "you've got sharp eyes. Is that a light at the Cedars?"

"Upstairs do you mean?" said Sally, bringing her eyes from the shadows to look at him.

"Yes, the window with the curtains."

"I suppose so. That's Geraldine's room now, and she always dresses by candle-light. Their dinner hour is the same as ours, seven. So I should think that must be a light. It's difficult to tell though, with the sun in that quarter."

"Um," said Ted, giving a great yawn. "She must be fond of shutting out the sun."

"Who's fond of shutting out the sun?" enquired Tottie lazily, from her easy-chair beside Ted.

"Geraldine," said her brother, briefly.

"I should think she *was* indeed!" said Tottie rather briskly. "There was a light in her room when we came up the avenue. Getting herself up to kill, as usual, I suppose. Where's she going to-night, Sally?"

Sally stifled a yawn to reply dreamily, "I don't know, I'm sure;" and then a light seemed to dawn upon her, for she said, "O, yes, by-the-bye she's coming here."

"I most sincerely hope not," said Tottie, wide awake at that, and sitting bolt upright to stare at Sally. "Did *you* ask her? I hope not—for I'm not anything like equal to the occasion."

"No, I didn't ask her, for I knew you'd all be tired. I won't be certain that she *is* coming, but——"

"She said she'd come, eh?" said Tottie with a curious smile.

Sally nodded. "If I didn't go to her—and I couldn't, you know——"

"She'd come to *you*, I suppose? That's all she wanted, of course. If that isn't Geraldine Heriot all over!" said Tottie laughing, and sinking back into her chair. "Well, let her come."

Then the bell rang, and Mrs. Reid and Lena came down, and the hungry

folks drew their chairs to table, and no more was said about Geraldine; her name was mentioned only once during dinner, and then in a merely casual way by Mrs. Peters when the dessert was on the table.

"Tottie, my dear," she said, leaning forward and waiting for the girl to look at her, "What was the name of that young man—Miss Heriot's cousin? I was telling your aunt about him—what a nice young fellow he was. What was his name again?"

"Heriot. You mean Mr. Heriot, Mrs. Peters," said Tottie, commencing rather hurriedly to fold her table-napkin.

"Did ever now? To be sure I do!" said Mrs. Peters, emphasising very markedly the first word of the infinitive. "Heriot. To be sure it was. But what was his first name, my dear?" She was shaking the crumbs from her lap into her hand, with the intention of committing them finally to the care of her plate, otherwise she might have seen the change which came over Tottie's face as she bent forward intent in her work of folding. "Jack, was it, my dear?"

"Tom," said Tottie, holding the napkin firmly in her left hand while she slipped the ring on to it with her right. "Tom Heriot;" and she set her lips tightly, the under one pouting a little, in defiance of the blush that made its appearance in a pink dot on her chin, and rushed up her cheek, throwing into relief the blue veins which ran athwart it. Her eyes opened wide, as they always did when anything disturbed her, and she put down the napkin with a gentle rap on the table, and looked about her.

"Dear, dear! what a memory I have for names to be sure—I shall be forgetting my own name next, I shall. And isn't his father a baronet, my dear?" Mrs. Peters leant forward again to look at Tottie. "And he's the eldest son?"

"Something of the kind," said Tottie, assuming indifference, and pushing her chair back. "Auntie, are we going to have any tea or coffee?"

"Surely, my dear," said her Aunt; "Sarah will bring it into the drawing-room. Just see if it's there, Sally; the little room I told her, for I thought

you'd be too tired for any music to-night."

Mrs. Reid was correct in her supposition; every one was too tired for anything beyond desultory conversation and ill suppressed yawns, while they stirred and sipped their tea in the little drawing-room in the gathering twilight.

"I'm a different person after a cup of tea. Quite another person I am," said Mrs. Peters, putting down her cup. "It's wonderful how it refreshes you—wonderful!"

"Have another cup," suggested Sally.

"Do," said Mrs. Reid.

"Not a drop, thank you," said Mrs. Peters. "I've done very well. *Very* well, I have."

Mrs. Reid smiled and set her cup aside. "Now, my dears," she said, "I think if you're wise you'll all go straight away to bed at nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock!" said Tottie. "The whole bundle of us, Auntie?"

"Yes," Mrs. Reid said smiling. "The whole bundle of you. And there's to be no loitering on the stairs and talking. I expect everyone to be in bed at half-past nine."

"You hear?" said Tottie, turning to Will. He nodded. "Mind you obey, then."

"Example is better than precept," said he.

"Stick to that all your life and you'll do well," said Tottie, cutely.

After that, the conversation flagged again, and I am not sure but that more than one of the company dozed quietly in their chairs. The twilight deepened slowly, creeping up along the coast, dimming the sea first, and then climbing upwards began to hide the far-off corners of the meadow in its stealthy bosom. Then the breeze sprang up—that whimsical breeze that springs up sometimes when the sun sets, and is almost like its dying breath, and sometimes not for an hour later. It comes with no hurried rush of sound. It is too heavily laden for that. A hurried rush has buoyancy, light, and joy in it, but this brings a finer sentiment. It bears along with it old memories of the past—sad some, joyous others, but passion, hope, regret are on its breath. It lingers rather than passes by—

—lingers lovingly around the house, and about the doorways and windows—lingers among the tall elm-trees and lesser hedges, lifting the leaves with a grave, tender touch, that sets quaint, old tunes vibrating in the May twilight. And as it breathes and lingers the dusk creeps on apace, until it reaches the lawn, where, in the long ago that the night-wind whispers about, the children played their merry games, and they sit, all grown up now, but young and hopeful still, and watch its shadows, careless of the march of time or the more solemn darkness it may bring to them hereafter.

And the last faint light, that glints on the tops of the wide-spreading elms in the avenue, shows us a figure moving ghost-like beneath their branches in the direction of the Hall. On and on it comes, direct as possible, following the broad pathway as one accustomed to its windings; to right and left, it comes still in the same swift, direct fashion, and reaches the steps walking leisurely up them. It is Geraldine; she pauses to wonder. There are no lights in the drawing-room. She puts her hand upon the bell, and it sounds loudly and impressively through the dusky stillness of the house.

"Geraldine!" exclaims Tottie, rousing herself from her comfortable position.

"Dr. Smith," says Lena with some dignity.

"Oh, well," said Tottie yawning. "It may be both for all I know. But it means farewell to Auntie's nine o'clock ideas."

A couple of minutes pass—everyone listening. At the end of that time Sarah throws open the door, and "Miss Heriot" is announced.

"What! all in the dark?" she says, in low, clear accents. Her beauty is lost in this horrible darkness, so she must make the best she can of her voice. "All in the dark, like owls," she said again, coming into the room. "I can't tell who's who."

"I'm I," says Tottie, from her corner. And Mrs. Reid speaks gently from hers: "Find a chair if you can, my dear, and we'll ring for lights."

And when the lights came, Florry, was found lying fast asleep on the sofa.

Geraldine observed with disgust, as she shook hands all round, that Tottie looked languid and pretty, and was not at all inclined to talk. Sally rose from the low chair by the window, looking taller than usual in her white dress; her wide open eyes darker and more glorious than ever after the excitement of the last few days, and with a smile on her lips that charmed Geraldine in spite of herself. There was no piano in the room, and Dr. Smith was not there at all.

So do we dream our dreams, and hope our hopes, and plan our plans; and the dreams are never more than half realized—the hopes as often as not destroyed—and the plans? They are mostly swallowed up by the intervention of other people's.

To say that it was not an uncomfortable evening would be to say what was not true. Ted lifted his sleeping cousin in his arms, and carried her upstairs, Sally following to help put her to bed; and after that the talk came in fits and starts, like the flickering of a half dead fire, brightening into life for a moment to fade away again immediately. They tried a game of whist; but Mrs. Peters nodded over the cards in her hand, and revoked so frequently, that Ted who happened to be her partner laughingly threw up his, with a remark that they were all making mistakes to an extent that confirmed him in his original idea that no one wanted to play. Which was quite true.

However, notwithstanding the dullness of the evening, Geraldine had her one little triumph, from which she hoped great things in the future. Will and Ted walked down the avenue with her, and saw her safely within her own door. She tried in her sweet, clear voice to persuade them to go in, but either her persuasive powers were weak, or they were overtired, for they returned at once, slowly, the way they came; and Tottie, who was begging for bread and butter in the pantry, could see through the uncurtained window two bright dots of light, under the trees, as they came back along the avenue.

"A nice example *you* set of going to bed early," she said, meeting the pair in the hall.

"Whose fault was it?" said Will. "Not mine, I assure you. Didn't I look at you when the clock struck?"

"And didn't I look at *you*?" said Tottie, standing on the stairs, candle in hand.

"And there was to be no loitering on the stairs either," said Sally, leaning gracefully against the clock. They all laughed, and Sally nodded "Good-night." She would see Ted in his own room, for she was going there to wait for him. Will wished she had held out her hand, but she didn't; she turned away laughing.

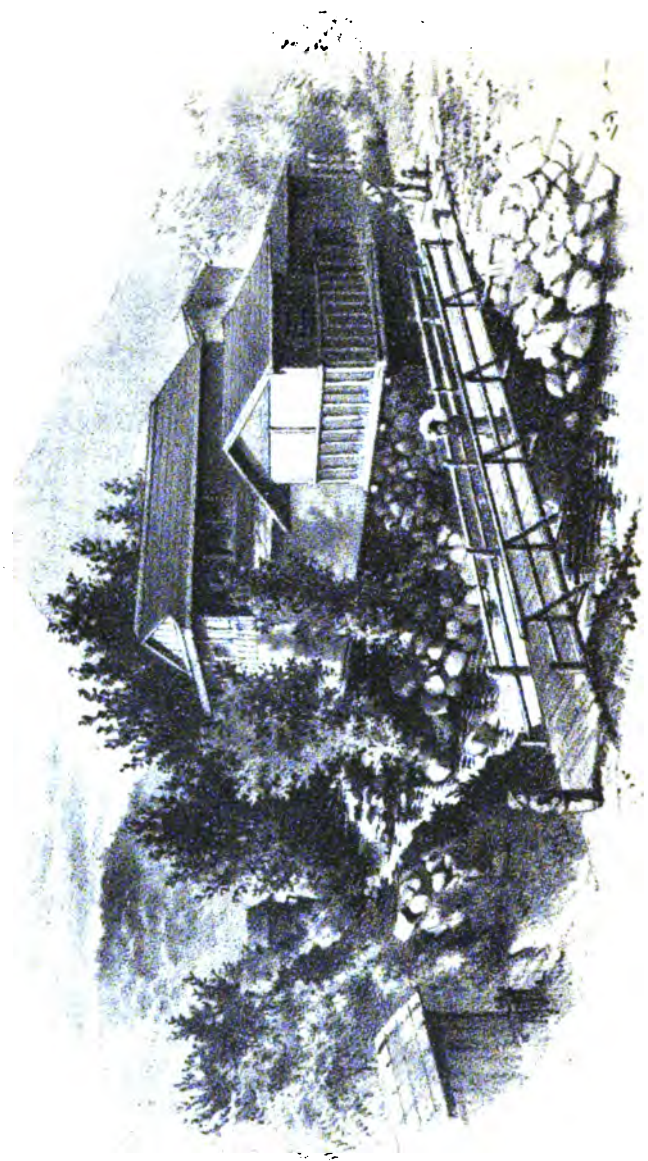
It was very well for Sally to talk about loitering; but she and Tottie were generally the culprits themselves. Staircases and doorways possessed a nameless charm for them just about bedtime; and when poor little Florry like a young dormouse would be drooping over the candle in her hand, the other two, supporting the balustrade, and regardless of the grease dabs that fell about, would chatter away over the day's events, as lively as a couple of crickets, and wide awake as if ten o'clock were as far distant as tomorrow's breakfast.

What marvellous tales that old clock would have to tell, if it condescended to anything less dignified than its sonorous warning! But it never did. Tic-uk! Tic-uk! was all it said solemnly from day to day, and from year to year, beating out the hours with the harmonious thunder of its voice, and announcing the half hours and quarters more plaintively. I think I hear the sound of it now; deep and serious for the most part, cheerful sometimes, when the noonday sun streamed in at the open hall door, lighting the shallow carpeted steps, and smiling softly on the lower woodwork of the clock, but never gay. What had it to be gay about, when each of its pulsations was a passing knell for some poor soul? So runs the world away.

R. A.

(To be continued).





FUJISAN.

## THE ASCENT OF FUJISAN.\*

Everyone must have heard of Fujisan, the Peerless Mountain, or have become familiar with its outline in Japanese works of art. Its perfect cone is the first and last sight that greets the traveller's eye as he nears the Land of the Rising Sun, or leaves its shores.

Fujisan is beautiful in all its varied aspects—in the clear morning light clothed in a mantle of snow, in the dreamy haze of a summer afternoon, in the warm glow of the setting sun, or in the still moonlight. One is not long satisfied with a distant view, but soon has a longing to climb to the summit and claim a nearer acquaintanceship. This desire seized upon us after a few months' residence in the country, and we were glad to join a party who intended making the ascent, and had kindly invited us to be of their number.

The rendezvous was at Hakone, a little village on the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name, about fifty miles from Tokio, the capital of Japan. We started from Yokohama, where we had spent the previous night, at nine o'clock in the morning in a hired waggonette. The drive was very fine—through picturesque villages and cultivated lands, among avenues of pines whose branches formed archways overhead; past temples, half hidden in their groves of cryptomerias, and along the lovely sea coast.

Late in the afternoon we reached Odawara, where we left our carriage and ponies (all horses are mere ponies in Japan), engaged *Kagos*, basket-work seats slung over poles, and borne on the shoulders of two men, and began the ascent of the Hakone Pass. We should have preferred to walk, as these *Kagos* which are made for the little Japanese are uncomfortably small for full grown foreigners, but we wished to preserve our strength for the ascent of Fujisan.

The rugged road wound up and zig-zagged between grand old trees, which,

at several points, framed a lovely picture of a peaceful valley threaded by a river and shut in by green-crested rocks, and in the distance, the sea, dotted with many a white sailed junk. To our right, far below, dashed and splashed a mountain torrent, and the drowsy hum of insects filled the air. The Pass is seven miles long, and twilight was fading into night as we entered the avenue of tall cryptomerias that led to the village, where a hearty welcome awaited us from our kind host Her Britannic Majesty's Minister, and his two daughters.

At noon of the next day, the 27th August, we left Hakone. All morning there was excitement and bustle, discussion and packing, but by twelve o'clock the boats pushed off from shore; the sun shone bright, and we were full of spirits and gay anticipations. A row of five miles brought us to the end of the Lake, where we got out and began our walk. The Coolies had gone on before, and we saw them winding their way up the hill-slopes with our belongings strapped to their backs. We soon followed, and reached the top of the hill, and our oarsmen gave us a ringing cheer as we began the descent to the plain round Fujisan.

We ladies, and several of the gentlemen, wore the native foot-gear—of one-toed socks, straw sandals and cotton leggings—and tripped very lightly over the ground; the path was narrow and closely shut in on both sides by long bamboo grass ten feet high. We walked Indian file in almost complete silence, for it was too warm to admit of much talking. A mountain torrent, fed from the lake, danced and trotted over the stones, and cheered us with its merry song; this, and the buzz of insects was all that broke the stillness. On every side there grew a rich abundance of wild flowers of varied hues, and the air was heavy with their fragrance.

In about an hour we got clear of the stifling grass, and came out on to the breezy hillside, where a lovely view was

spread out before us. To the right, undulating hills with bare mountain peaks rising above and losing themselves in the billowy clouds; to the left, softly wooded hills dovetailing into each other and running out to the sea in round bluffs; in front, the green plain, out of which rises the peerless cone of Fujisan—clear to-day with only a fleecycloudlet kissing its summit. It was a grand panorama, and we could have gazed for long, but we had fifteen miles before us, and had to push on. The path now led through a cool pine-wood, along the edge of a stream, between rice fields, and then into the village of Tukara. There we rested at a wayside inn, and refreshed ourselves with the native tea and sweetmeats till packhorses were brought.

It was quite a business to mount those high wooden saddles, but after some delay, a good deal of amusement, and several failures, we were off again. On a packhorse one feels exactly like a bundle of luggage; a man leads the horse and one has just to hold on—a serious matter if the animal goes up or down hill or attempts to kick.

Our party looked very picturesque wending its way in a long trail across the moor. In front, were eight coolies with bundles on their backs, and large straw hats. It was necessary to keep these men in sight and before us, as they have a bad habit of lagging behind. After them, came seven horses, gay with blue and red trappings, their riders in quaint but suitable attire; then, a *Kago* borne by two men, and, bringing up the rear, three native servants. When we were about half way my horse grew restive, and began to kick and rear, and the saddle rolled over to the right, and I with it! My feet were caught in the rope-stirrups which had been given me for greater safety, and there I was suspended from the horse's neck till assistance came. Fortunately, Japanese horses usually stand still after any mishap has befallen their riders, and, as I was not hurt, my position afforded amusement to the others. A Japanese pack-saddle is heavy and unwieldy, and is placed very far forward on the horse's neck; only one rope girth holds it on, so that very little friction serves to detach the whole from the

horse; the rider has no chance of staying on; his best plan is to forestall the horse, and leap off if there is the slightest hint of a disturbance.

After this incident, we journeyed quietly. Fujisan rose up before us grand and isolated, like some old man, the last of his generation, friendless and alone, yet firm and brave to endure. The long golden rays of the setting sun glinted through the trees and painted with an unearthly beauty the clouds and sky. The wild flowers were beautiful all the way; the graceful clematis, the handsome lily in varied tints, the blue bell and thistle, and the hydrangea in white, red, and blue, grew in rich profusion. Little groves of trees, from the bark of which that almost untearable paper is made, are cultivated here.

We arrived at Suyama, our resting-place for the night, just before twilight, which is much shorter here than in Scotland. All along the village street the peasants crowded to see us, and we were pleased with their prosperous, well-dressed appearance. Our inn was neat and comfortable, and from the verandah a sight of Fujisan could be gained above the pointed pines. In Japanese houses one sleeps on *futons* (quilts), laid on the floor, and when we four ladies got into position for the night we looked not unlike wounded soldiers in an ambulance.

Next morning, we rose about four o'clock, packed up, ate a hurried meal, and by six o'clock we were seated on our packhorses *en route* for the second station. The morning air was delicious, and the hills looked dreamy and beautiful through the mist and ever changing clouds. We felt happy even perched on our swaying, unsteady, packsaddles—and that is saying a good deal! Fujisan kindly showed us its face as though inviting our ascent.

After leaving the plain, we entered a slippery path through the woods that clothe the lower slopes of Fujisan. At the first rest-house we waited till one of our number registered the height, and then we continued our way to the edge of the wood, where we had to leave our horses, as they are allowed no further up the sacred mount. Formerly, women were not permitted to ascend, but now they can, as in most



other things, do as they like. The wood was beautiful, and it was interesting to note the change of vegetation as we drew near higher regions.

We were told that our romantic ideas of Fojisan would receive a rude shock when we left the wood, and it was true. Could that uninteresting heap of cinders be the glorious mountain we had admired from far and near? It scarcely seemed possible.

The second rest-house reached, we sat down and fortified ourselves for the eight hours' steady climb that lay before us. These rest-houses, eight in number, are placed at easy intervals along the route for the comfort of the pilgrims who yearly flock in thousands to pay their devotions to the sacred mount. Hot water, tea, and rice are to be obtained at most of them. They are mere sheds, built of lava, and roofed in with wood, on the top of which are great pieces of lava to keep it down.

There was one pilgrim in the hut, resting before he began the ascent. He was a tall, strongly-built man, dressed in the pilgrim's garb of white, grown rather murky now; a white scarf wound round his head like a turban, and left to float in two long ends behind, a bundle on his back, and a curiously ornamented staff in his hand. He was from Sendai, in the north of Japan, and under a vow to travel for five years, and visit all the sacred mountains and temples in the land. His vow seemed to agree with his health, for he was stronger and more able-bodied than the great proportion of Japanese one meets.

And now the real work commenced, and in single file with our long poles to aid us, we plodded over the cinders, into which our feet sank deep at every step. We were all grateful to our friend of the hypsometer, for it took twenty minutes to register the heights, and this gave us a much needed rest at the stations. When we came to a sheet of snow that lay in a hollow, we began to snowball each other, which shows that we had some energy left; the path now became rougher and steeper, and we had to be careful not to send loose stones rolling down on those below. No view of the country far beneath could be got during our ascent; nothing

but a white billowy track of clouds met our eyes. The feeling of being above the clouds was very exhilarating. We toiled on and up, the air growing much cooler all the time, till within a thousand feet of the top the wind swept round a point with a piercing breath, and, in our thin clothing we felt all its intensity. The coolies with our wraps were far in front, so we had just to endure till the top was gained. The rarified air, too, oppressed us a good deal. The path, if such it could be called, was steep, rough, and very difficult, and we were often compelled to crawl in order to keep our footing. It was a triumphant moment when the summit was reached. Here we found a well of deliciously clear water kept by an old weather-beaten man who charges a few cents for liberty to drink. We drank some, looked down into the yawning crater, awful in the gathering darkness, and then scrambled up the ladder into our haven of rest. This was a rough little shed, filled with smoke from the fire, and lighted by its blaze and a flickering lamp, but a very palace to us in our cold hungry condition. The cold was intense at this height of 12,365 feet, and we put on every available piece of warm clothing.

A sheet was hung across a corner of the hut to separate us from the gentlemen and coolies, and here we spread *futons* on the little space free of firewood and household utensils, and lay down to rest. Both *futons* and pillows were singularly *hard*, and when we attempted to turn, the latter shot away from us, or we ran our elbows on pine twigs. The smoke too annoyed us, and little sleep did we get.

At four o'clock the next morning we were aroused to go and see the sunrise. The sun was appearing above the clouds and lighting them up with a warm generous glow as we reached the eastern point. The higher peaks of the crater were in a fiery blaze, the red lava looking as if still in a molten condition. It was very impressive to be so far above the clouds and the land; to have clear blue sky and sunshine while those beneath were in grey gloom.

Our pilgrim of the day before was out on the foremost point in an

attitude of devotion, his dark face turned towards the rising sun, and his lips moving in prayer; one could almost join him in his worship, for it was an awe-inspiring sight; but, whereas, he worshipped the sun, we would worship the God who made the sun. Behind us were companies of pilgrims chanting litanies, their white robes thrown into bold relief against the black lava. As we watched them we were reminded of Wordsworth's words:—

"In the mountains did he feel his faith.  
All things responsive to the writing, there  
Breathed immortality.  
There littleness was not; the least of things  
Seem'd infinite; and there his spirit shaped  
Her prospects, nor did he believe,  
He saw."

When the pilgrims had finished their sunrise orisons, we followed them in their march sunwise round the crater, a distance of three miles. We were fortunate enough to see the inverted shadow of the mountain on the clouds beneath; but our view was not very extensive as the clouds only separated occasionally and gave us peeps of lakes, valleys, and hills below. From our great height, high mountains looked slight elevations, hills mere mounds, valleys little dents, and lakes tiny ponds.

At short intervals all around the crater are small shrines where the faithful stop to perform some rite of the Shinto faith, and one crowns the highest peak. It is conspicuous from far and near by its quaint wooden *torii*—a curious gateway that marks every Shinto and Buddhist shrine or temple, but which suggests a gallows to the foreigner. On the northern side is a row of huts, festooned inside with papers bearing the names of those who have ascended the mountain and rested here. Outside float a number of blue, red, and white cotton flags, with mystic writings, such as one sees in front of most sacred places in Japan.

The eastern side is studded with little cairns of lava, the memorials of many a pilgrim band. In front of these, are offerings placed by those who have come to pay their vows or return thanks for benefits received. On a stone were fastened two locks of hair, long, straight, and black, laid there by

a father and mother to commemorate some great event in their lives. It was a very touching offering, and showed a longing to give of their best—something that would really be a sacrifice to the Power higher than they who sends joy and sorrow. The full glory of the morning sun was upon this spot as though blessing their blind yearnings after truth. We again reached the well, where a number of pilgrims were filling their gourds with the holy water to carry to their distant homes as a specific for every ill.

Two of our party descended the crater, a feat rarely accomplished before. The depth of the crater is 500 feet, the breadth 3000 feet, and the width 1800 feet. The bottom was in shadow which the glorious sunshine outside made more deep. All looked calm and peaceful this morning, the silence only broken by the tinkle of the pilgrims' bells; but we know from the frequent earthquakes that the ancient fires still smoulder, and may break out at any moment and desolate the land. There has been no eruption of Fújisan since 1707, when Tokio was nearly destroyed, and the people crushed under their falling houses, or swallowed up in the clefts and caverns that opened beneath them.

At the foot of the ladder that led to our hut, in a niche of the rock was the bronze image of a horse, to which the pilgrims paid—in coin—their vows. What this horse signified we could not find out; some one suggested that it was a badly made bullock! The bullock plays a part in the Buddhist religion.

And now came the descent, a series of slips, plunges, leaps, narrow escapes from tumbles or instant death, from the loose stones unintentionally sent rolling down by those above. I found myself alone with a Coolie and two poles; I had distanced some of the others in my mad career. The only way to keep one's footing on the loose lava cinders was to fix the pole firmly in the ground and take long strides on the heels. We all met again at the eighth station, and kept close together with the guide for the rest of the way, as a thick mist came on, and to wander would have been dangerous; once or twice the

mist lifted, and showed us a procession of pilgrims toiling upwards monotonously chanting in chorus, "Kokkonstiojo, Kokkonstiojo," which is a formula expressive of the purity of spirit required by those who would ascend this holy mount.

We went straight down the mountain slope and thus shortened the distance considerably; what took us eight hours to ascend, we descended in three. How much easier it is to come down hill

than to go up! It was indeed a mad, wild race, and once off it was difficult to stop, and if one in front halted with due warning to those behind the tendency to telescope could scarcely be resisted.

At the second station we rested a short time, and then pushed on to Suyama, where we spent the night. On the afternoon of the next day we entered Hakone, a weary, travel-stained, but victorious party. M. D.

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

### NO. VI.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

Eight blocks of country, embracing over half a million of acres, had been tendered for by a gentleman who knew nothing about them, and in the year 1864 I entered into an arrangement with him to examine and report upon them, with the understanding that if they proved to be good I was to have a share in them. Securing the companionship of Mr. S., who had been with me in the great mallee scrub, we started by coach with our outfit for Hay, on the Murrumbidgee. The journey from Deniliquin to Hay was something to be remembered. The conveyance was an uncovered express waggonette in the last stage of decomposition, no cushions, and no king-bolt, whilst to supply the want of the latter, a bullock-chain was tightly wound round the front axle, thus preventing any play to the right or left. Our boy driver had thus to drive right ahead. It was in October. The spring had been unusually wet, and the bush track having been cut up by the wool waggon was fearfully rough. We therefore went right ahead over the plains. This was perhaps better than the track for the horses, but not for the passengers. Salt-bushes and cotton-bushes of themselves are no jolting obstacles, but around each bush there is a mound of soil or sand, which has there, in times

past, found shelter from driving winds. When he reached Hay we—the only passengers—were in nearly the same condition as the wretched conveyance. Had a Royal Humane Society then existed, the owner should have been prosecuted for cruelty to animals.

At a station below Hay we purchased three horses. We went up the Murrumbidgee ten miles to Illillawa, and thence went over the back country to the Lachlan. On our way to The Gillar, an out-station of Illillawa, twenty-five miles back, our horses, which at first seemed tolerably quiet, suddenly bolted. Without any warning, our pack mare started in one direction, and our riding horses bolted in different directions, and before we could pull them up they were about a mile apart. When we got to the pack mare, we found the saddle with pack bags and blankets had slipped round to the under side, and the poor animal stood trembling till everything was put right. She never attempted to bolt afterwards, but my riding horse was wild throughout the trip—could not be caught without much trouble, and would never allow me to mount without difficulty. I came to the conclusion that he was a "Brummy"—the New South Wales name for wild horses. Those back plains were then overrun with wild

horses, and after passing the tract occupied by the Illillawa sheep we frequently saw troops of them. They generally saw us at once. It was an interesting sight to watch the movements of these noble wild animals. This beautiful pastoral country, then all unenclosed, consists of plains sheltered by belts and clumps of timber. On getting through a belt of timber to a plain we generally saw some wild horses. If there was a troop of twenty or thirty, the first to see us was apparently the old patriarch, who, with head down, would sweep round them and gather them together. In an instant all faces were turned towards us, but the next moment they were off, the patriarch in the rear. At that time a party of men were engaged in trying to capture these horses—supposed to number from six hundred to a thousand—and with the help of some quiet horses, they secured some of them. It seems that wild horses, like other wild animals, when pursued, do not run in a straight line, but in a circle greater or less in diameter. Taking advantage of this fact, the hunters form different parties. One party start the running, and when their horses have followed for some miles, the wild troop has curved round near to where another party is in waiting, and the second party follows till a third party takes up the chase. Ultimately the wild horses become so exhausted that they can be yarded along with the quiet ones used for the purpose. When yarded, they are kept for three days without food or water, and then driven off to be sold in the Sandhurst or Melbourne markets as “quiet gentlemen’s hacks”—the qualifying word “quiet” being correctly placed in the advertisement. Some splendid horses have been reclaimed from amongst the “Brummies,” but they are exceptions. As a rule, the original wild nature is never subdued.

In this back country, east from Coul Coul, we came upon forests of large trees, identical with the few specimens we had previously met with in our tour in the great mallee, and which I referred to in last month’s number of this journal, as in the opinion of Mr Grosse, the best Australian wood he had met with for wood engraving. It is a so-

called oak, or *carnorina*. The sap wood is yellow, like box. The trees are from one foot to eighteen inches in diameter.

It has been said that one of the early Governors of New South Wales, who was probably a naturalist, was so anxious to know where Australian crows built their nests that he offered a free pardon to any of the prisoners who could find one. There are probably not many people in Australia who have seen a crow’s nest, but we saw great numbers of them in this back country, many of them on low trees. I had never before met with more than two, one on the margin of the great mallee, in 1847, and one on the river Mackenzie in Queensland, in 1859.

The blocks we were to examine were in the back country between the Lachlan and the Bayon, and we determined to proceed up the Lachlan as far as Condoblin, and thence strike northwards. We crossed the Lachlan at Merowie, and went up the right bank. We experienced nothing very remarkable in our long journey up the river, except that the unfortunate inhabitants were in a state bordering on starvation. We were told, however, that even that was not remarkable, but was really a part of the policy pursued then by the owners of the pastoral stations. The owners did not live on the stations, but left them with their herds of cattle in charge of one or two stockmen. With a due regard for economy, and to prevent undue hospitality to strangers or swagsmen, and probably to guard against the stockmen acquiring money by the sale of stores, a certain allowance of provisions was sent up from Sydney to each station, nicely calculated to last twelve months. If the stockman did not make them last for twelve months, he had to supply more at his own cost or starve. There was then no place where provisions could be bought, and as starving, however economical, is not generally in favour, the unfortunate people had to live on meat only. To slaughter a bullock in hot weather for the use of one or two people would not be considered economical, except on the Lachlan, where cattle were plentiful, and no master to see the waste. In 1864, however, no cattle

were to be found on the river frontage, and we could not get a pound of flour or meat to buy. Observing the people covered with sores, I took the liberty of telling them that they ought to grow vegetables. The invariable answer was that vegetables would not grow in such a climate. I said to them that they had good garden soil on the banks, and that they had heat, and water if they would apply it, and that wherever these three existed anything could be grown. At one place where there was a female and some children, we were told that the sores were caused by a disease communicated by Chinamen. In Queensland and all the pioneer stations back from the Darling, in New South Wales, every one is liable to have festering sores on his hands, and it is briefly designated as Barcoo. As usual, doctors differ about the *cause* and the cure, but it is generally attributed to an unhealthy condition of the blood, arising from a want of vegetable food.

About fifteen miles below Condoblin, we rode up to some very miserable looking huts of ancient type. There was no one within, but we saw something moving in the stockyard, and went thither and found an ancient couple milking cows. The yard was a perfect quagmire, and the couple were so covered with mud and filth, we did not know whether they were Aborigines or Europeans till the man spoke. In answer to our expressed wish to purchase meat, he kindly offered to supply us with a live sucking-pig for ten shillings. We declined the offer. We could not stop to slaughter a pig there, and the pack-horse would have objected to carry it. Besides, by going on, we could reach Condoblin before night. On arriving there, we fixed our camp under a rhody currojong tree, and then called at a store—I believe the only one in the small township. There was not a pound of flour to be got. The kind storekeeper, however, offered to try if he could obtain some from a station over the river. He got twenty pounds for us, a blackfellow having crossed for it in a bark canoe, the river being very high. I tried to gain some information as to the character of the country north from Condoblin, and was informed that it

was all scrubby. We started out next morning. We did not find the country scrubby: it was an open grassy forest, with patches of gorone scrub. This is an accacia, the wood of which has a scent of violet flowers like the myol, boree, nelya, briglow, and some other varieties. About fifteen miles back we found there were many large pine trees (*colatris*), of a variety apparently different from the Murray pine. They had a clear trunk to the height of about twenty-five feet, with a mass of foliage at their top, but this may be simply an indication of their great age. We observed a tract about two miles wide, where great destruction had been caused by lightning. Large trees of various kinds had been split into fragments, some quite recently, and others at different periods, many years before.

We had just got into camp when a short but heavy thunder shower fell, filling the fresh footprints of our horses. With our sponges we soon collected enough of water to supply our wants without reducing our store.

Our next stage brought us to fine grassy open downs, and at the base of a hill of coarse sandstone we found a spring, which we opened out and got water for our horses. The spring is on the south side of the hill, which we named Mount Parker, after the owner of the blocks. Going thence west, in about two miles we came upon a reef, six or eight feet wide, level with the surface and as black as coal. I quickly dismounted, and found it to consist of a pure speculor iron ore, like that which is smelted at the Fitzroy Iron Works in New South Wales. I considered this discovery as likely to be of some considerable value in the future history of the colony, for the ore being entirely free from sulphur will produce the very best iron.

The country was everywhere beautiful; splendid grassy downs, with just sufficient timber to give shade to flocks and herds camping during the heat of the day. We made for some hills north-west from Mount Parker, and about fifteen miles distant. At the base of the first hill we reached, we found a spring rising amongst large stones, which was evidently frequented by large numbers of cattle. This circumstance

explained to us why the Lachlan herds had left the frontage, to the surprise of the residents, and their distress through lack of fresh meat. Cattle possess more enterprise than many of their owners or keepers. Their instinct had led them far back to beautiful fresh pastures, with clear springs and full water-holes. Their keepers, like Saul in search of his father's asses, could not understand what had become of them, and there was no prophet at hand to tell them. In some cases, where Providence has given a frugal supply of reason and enterprise, there is no lack of patience to endure hardships, or a conspicuous ability to sleep and be indolent.

Some of the cattle were wild, and came to the springs by night. At one of our camps, near two water-holes by the base of a hill, our horses seemed inclined to ramble, and Mr. S. went to head them back. They were near a stony creek, the channel of which we had seen quite dry in the day-time, but after nightfall, a good stream of water was flowing. A number of cattle were at the creek drinking. On seeing Mr. S. they all fled except one, and he threw a stone and hit it. It was a wild bull, and it immediately charged for him. He reached the camp out of breath, but the bull did not come up. At another camp, we heard a bull in the distance coming towards us. He came, at last, so near to the tent, that we thought he was about to charge it. We both instinctively picked up a fire-stick to throw at him, but he did not wait to receive them.

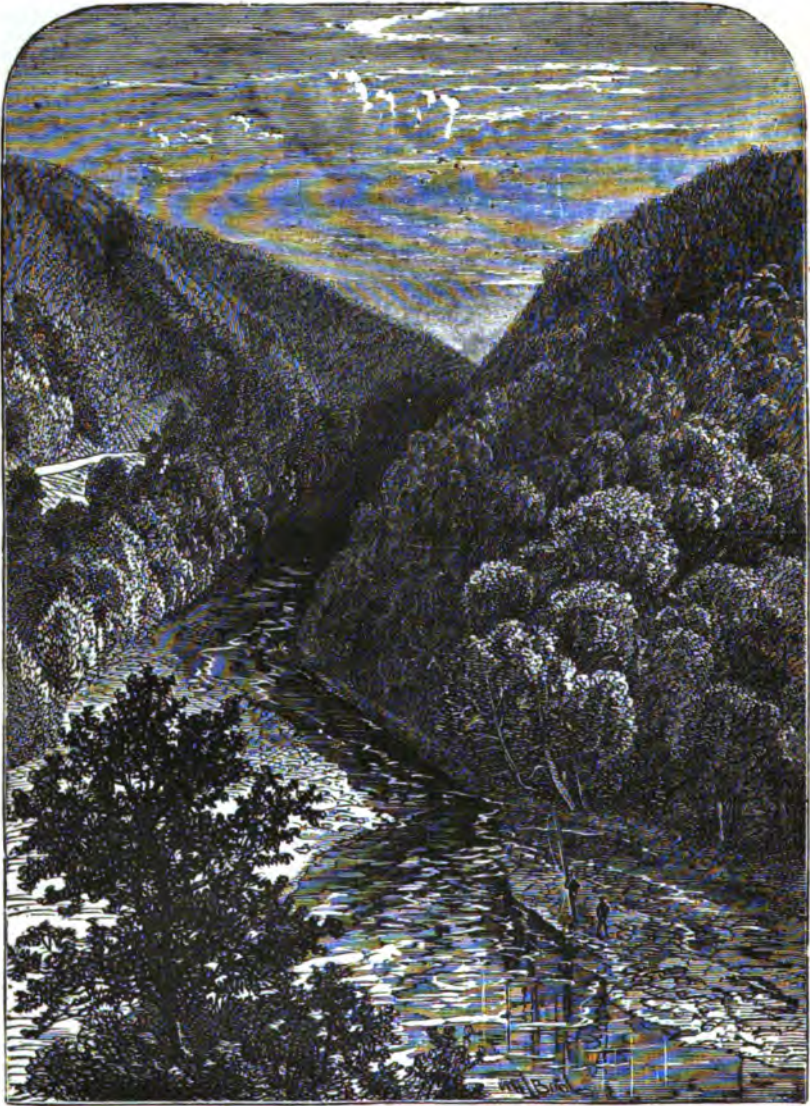
On the rocky hills, and by the springs, we found and killed a number of snakes, from six to seven feet long. We had a long fight with one, enormous in girth, and estimated at ten or twelve pounds in weight. Whilst I was cutting a stick to kill it, Mr. S. threw a stone at it, and it got amongst rocks covered with strong, tough creepers, into which it climbed when dislodged from the joints of the rocks. From its great girth it might have been taken for a carpet snake, but on opening its mouth I found the two poison fangs. On another occasion I observed what may be interesting to naturalists. From the top of a hill I

saw a bright spot with green vegetation around it. I went to examine this spring, and on getting near I saw something moving in the water. Approaching quietly, I saw that it was a snake with a love-bird in its mouth. The snake coiled itself round the bird, and went under the surface. In a few minutes it came up and uncoiled itself, and went under again with the object, apparently, of wetting the feathers. When it came up, it held the bird in its mouth as a dog would do, and was about to leave the water, when I stepped forward and killed it. The snake was probably under the water when the bird came to drink. Some kinds of snakes are quite at home in water. They, especially the black snake, dive out of sight, but come up occasionally to breathe, showing only their nose above the surface. I have sometimes watched for their rising and shot them, and on opening them found young frogs. If observers would examine the crops of birds and the stomachs of animals they shoot, some curious information might often be acquired. For example, on one occasion I shot a mopoke by night without knowing that it was one, and on opening its crop, I found two scorpions, five tarantulas, four centipedes, two small frogs, and a great variety of beetles. These harmless birds, which are numerous on the Lachlan, should be protected.

The range of hills on the blocks we were inspecting was highly interesting. The axis of elevation showed rocks which had been fused by intense heat, but they were not like basalt or our common blue-stone. They were light grey in colour, very flinty, and when struck gave a metallic sound. They seemed to be fused stratified rock. The lower hills on the flanks of the range showed clay slate in a nearly vertical position, with bands of quartz. Towards the northern end of the range we found conglomerate rocks—sandstone and water-worn quartz. Beyond the northern end of the range—which we named “The Three Peak Range—” three high peaks in it constituting an important land-mark—the surface becomes more rough and broken, and, what seemed to me very remarkable, the







THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

" There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,  
If there's Lords in the lowlands, there's Chiefs in the north ;  
There are brave Duniewassels three thousand times three,  
Will cry *hoigh !* for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,  
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee ;  
You have *not* seen the last of my bonnet and me !"



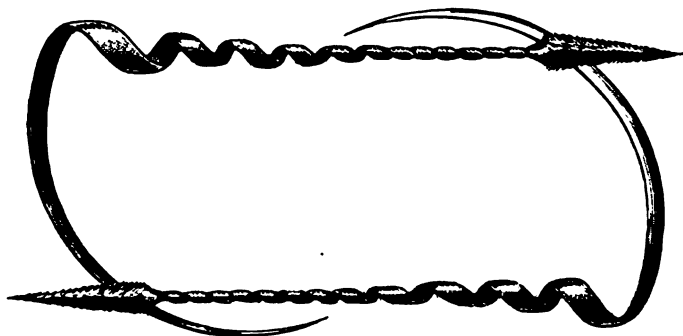
principal timber is ironbark, so often found on auriferous country. The hills are what geologists call metamorphic, and I had reason to believe that gold, and probably other metals would be found some day in those regions. I washed some stuff found in pockets in the clay slate, but saw no gold—a quart pot being the only vessel we had to operate with.

Scattered over these fine pastoral blocks are many currijong trees. Such are always of interest to Australian bushmen and settlers. They are handsome trees, with a fine shade. The bark contains much strong fibre, but what is of most importance to thirsty or hungry travellers, the inner bark is juicy and nourishing, and is very pleasant to chew when thirsty and exhausted. The bulbous roots of very young trees would doubtless sustain life for a considerable period.

Having finished our task with great satisfaction to ourselves, in consequence of having found a splendid tract of pastoral country, where every one we consulted told us we should find nothing but scrub, we turned our faces homewards. We did not return by Condoblin, but, camping one night at the furthest south water we knew of, we made straight south to the Lachlan—travelling all day and well into the night—skirting two patches of mallee scrub, and then coming through what seemed an almost endless zone of scrub—the latter having generally a rich crop of grass around and beneath it—we were glad when the flood waters of the Lachlan, then overflowing the plains, stopped us for the night. All the back creeks and ana-branches

were flooded, and we had to keep outside through a trackless country till we reached the outlet of the Willandra Creek, where we crossed the flooded river—driving our horses over, and crossing ourselves in a bark canoe.

Before concluding, I wish to invite attention to an interesting and valuable plant which grows on the Lachlan, and over other wide tracts of New South Wales. It is generally known as the native geranium. But it was the curious seeds of this plant which attracted my observation. At one of our camps, I noticed the surface of loose friable soil between the plants, presenting a singular appearance. It was densely covered with the awns of the seeds, but the seeds themselves were all beneath the surface. The question arose, what had covered them? What had been the agency employed to bury those seeds and thus cause them to germinate? I soon became convinced of the fact, that the seeds were so beautifully and scientifically constructed by a designing intelligence, that they had planted themselves. Resolving to test the correctness of my conclusion by actual experiment, I collected a handful of seeds and brought them home. The seeds have a sharp point, and are covered with stiff but short hairs, all standing out from the seed, and at an angle away from the point. The awn attached to the other end of the seed has a twisted shaft three-quarters of an inch long, and in a line with the long axis of the seed. The rest of the awn, also three-quarters of an inch in length, stands at a right angle to the seed and twisted shaft, yet



NATIVE GERANIUM SEEDS—MAGNIFIED FIVE TIMES.

it does not stand straight out, but is curved. Now here I submit is perhaps the most ingenious mechanism possessed by the seed of any plant. Many other plants, shrubs, and trees have very ingenious mechanisms for the distribution of their seeds, but the plant referred to possesses a mechanism consisting of many contrivances, all having one object equivalent to a guarantee that its seeds shall be planted simply by the operation of those contrivances alternately acted upon by the dry air of the day and the moist air of the night. But more, by experimenting with such seeds as I have done, the observer can see them at work planting themselves. Drop the seeds as from the parent plant upon loose soil, exposing them alternately to sunshine and moisture—the former twists the straight shaft of the awn and the latter untwists it, causing the other part of the awn to move round nearly as fast as the minute hand of a watch. This revolving push is actually a lever, which moves from right to left as the shaft becomes twisted by dry air or heat, and from left to right as it is untwisted by damp air or moisture. The alternate movements of the lever, however, are stopped by catching on a piece of soil or other obstacle, and the

seed must then revolve, and is screwed into the ground, whilst the stiff hairs on the seed act like barbs to hold it in the soil. The lever, as I have remarked already, is curved; the curve is from right to left like the twist, hence, during the backward movement of the lever during the untwisting of the shaft of the awn, the lever readily avoids an obstacle by slipping over it or yielding to it, but in consequence of this very curve catches on any obstruction and screws the seed into the ground with more force. It is a very curious fact that all the seeds are twisted alike from right to left. The very existence of such a wonderful union of contrivances in the small seeds of a humble plant, proves that there exists a designing intelligence which all reasonable men recognise, the contradiction of “advanced thinkers” notwithstanding. After this seeming digression in giving the results of some of my observations during our visit to the Lachlan, I have only to add that the blocks we examined were almost immediately occupied with stock—the promise that I should have an interest in them being withdrawn—and constitute what is now well known as the Melrose station.

W. L. M.

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### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Ye gladsome bells, how misapplied your peal !

A day like this requires a solemn chime ;

Infatuate mortals ! why with sportive heel,

Dance ye exulting o'er the grave of Time ?

Is he your foe that thus you ring his knell,

That festive notes announce his awful flight ?

Tire ye of day, that sounds of triumph tell

How swift the wing that wafts your last long night ?

While circling years o'er thoughtless myriads roll,

Long folly but to lend, and length of shame ;

Ye metal tongues swing slow, with mournful toll,

Virtue's departed season to proclaim !

Sons of delay ! whose duties, yet undone,

Await from year to year your hand in vain,

Drown—drown that brazen music with a groan !

The years ye lost shall ne'er be yours again !

—*Fawcett.*

## A STORY OF KILLIECRANKIE.

“There’s brass on the target of barked bull  
hide,  
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles  
beside ;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall  
flash free,  
At a toss o’ the bonnet o’ Bonnie  
Dundee !”

There was great commotion in the heart of the Highlands. Viscount Dundee, better known as Graham of Claverhouse, had fled from arrest for treason, the Government having discovered his correspondence with the exiled James II. He had taken refuge with Macdonald of Keppoch, who was at war with the Mackintoshes, and was threatening the town of Inverness. Dundee won over Keppoch to the cause of the House of Stuart, and settled his dispute with Inverness. Keppoch, like many other chiefs, hated the Campbells, and considered Whig and Campbell as synonymous ; and as there were others of the same mind, a confederacy was formed against Argyle, of which Dundee took advantage on behalf of his master. All those who had been at feud with the Campbells joined it ; while the Mackintoshes and Macphersons, and the northern clans, held aloof from the combination.

Under the influence of Dundee, and in compliance with his summons, the clans that had espoused the Jacobite cause met at Lochiel on the 18th of May, 1689. Means were adopted to raise the country to the southward, and some skirmishing and plundering of the nature of a Border “neighbour war” in the meantime took place.

The Marquis of Athol was at that time the most powerful of the Highland nobles, the House of Argyle having suffered severely in the previous troubles. In extent, in fertility, in cultivation, and in population, the district from which he took his title excelled all others. All the septs of the Macdonalds and the Macleans together scarcely equalled the numbers that he could bring into the field. But this potentate had been, in the phrase of the day, “turning cat-in-pan” with a

vengeance. The months of the previous half-year had seen him alternately Whig and Tory ; and now he had found it convenient to withdraw to Bath for the purpose of drinking the waters. His people were on the whole partial to the Jacobite cause, but from the absence of their head they remained for a time irresolute.

Lord Murray, however, his eldest son, was a decided Williamite, and had married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. In his father’s absence he proceeded to raise the Atholmen. But Stewart of Ballechin, the hereditary steward of Athol, whose duty it was to command in the absence of the chief, and who boasted his descent from James II. of Scotland, called on them to take arms for James VII., and with his followers took possession of the Castle of Blair. Lord Murray invested it with twelve hundred men ; and each leader dispatched messengers to his friends for assistance. Both parties perceived the importance of the crisis. The Castle of Blair Athol was the key to the Highlands. Dundee hurried towards the scene all the clans that acknowledged his commission. On the part of the Government, General Mackay assembled his troops in the Lowland of Perthshire, and prepared to march north into Athol. The muster on both sides was hasty, and neither army much exceeded three thousand men.

Meanwhile Lord Murray’s following melted away. They had no good will to the Whig cause, and their hereditary prejudices disinclined them to oppose “the Steward.” Some pretended that they must go home to guard their families and their property ; others positively declared that they would not fight on that side ; a large number broke off in a body, and in crossing a brook filled their bonnets with water, and drank a health to King James. Yet they refrained from joining those who were in arms for him, and hung about the country, awaiting the course of events. Lord Murray, with a few followers, withdrew into the pass of

Killiecrankie, five miles to the South. The siege being thus raised, Stewart was able, if he chose, to join with the main body of his men the army of Dundee.

On the morning of the 27th July, Dundee arrived at the Castle of Blair. There he learned that Mackay's troops were already in the pass. About 200 men had been sent forward to secure it, and had by that time joined Lord Murray. The main body were toiling on by twos and threes, and the horses had to be led through one by one. The pass of Killiecrankie was not then what it is now; the very name of it was a terror in those days. The road, which is visible on the left side of our view of it, had no existence for many years after. Now, a railroad also traverses the pass. The Highlanders, confident of victory, were only afraid that the enemy should escape, and allowed them to come through as into a trap. Having emerged, the Lowland troops found themselves in a small valley, with an ascent in front, a rising ground on the right, and on the left the river Garry. Totally exhausted with the toil of the morning, they universally threw themselves on the ground to rest.

Eager for the coming fray, Stewart and his men prepared to go with the others, leaving in the castle only a few old men, women, and boys. The family of Ballechin, like many of the Catholic families, had always felt pride in devoting a son to the priesthood. Robert, the youngest of Stewart's four sons, was accordingly in holy orders. Being thus a non-combatant, his father told him that he would leave him in charge of the castle, and proceeded to instruct him as to what should be done under any probable circumstances. To this Robert demurred, and firmly declared his intention to be present at the expected battle. His father insisted that such an intention did *not become his coat*; but he argued that he ought to be there for the sake of the dying. Stewart knew his temper, however, too well to trust him, and finished the controversy by locking him into the "kiln-logie"—the recess at the bottom of the kiln, which Shakspeare and the South-erns call the "kiln-hole." The key was entrusted to Janet Liviston, who

had been Robert's nurse, with strict orders not to let him out till evening, or till they came back from the fight.

It was still early in the afternoon when the Highlanders appeared on the crest of the ascent in front of the Lowland army. Some time was spent by both parties in getting ready for action; and the fight began with a dropping fire of musketry on both sides, which continued at intervals till seven in the evening, when Dundee gave the word to charge. Such a tremendous charge has never been known in the annals of warfare. Plaids and even brogues were thrown aside. Firing as they advanced, first guns, then pistols, and throwing both away, the Highlanders drew their swords, and with a furious yell, and all the impetus of their downhill rush, precipitated themselves on the Lowland ranks. These had kept firing with some effect as the evening advanced, but alas for them when it came to the close! The bayonet of those days was a dagger with a wooden handle, which was stuck into the muzzle of the gun, taking time to fix it, and disabling the musket till it was removed again. The men were slaughtered like cattle, while fumbling with their bayonets. There was little or no actual resistance; in two minutes the whole was over. Such were the tremendous blows of claymore and Lochaber axe, that gun-barrels, raised to guard, were cut through like wands; heads and limbs were lopped at a blow, and bodies severed aslant from the shoulder to the waist. In almost less time than it takes to describe it, the rout was driven helpless into the pass of Killiecrankie.

Just at the moment when Stewart, at the head of the Atholmen, was confronted by a tall English officer, whose horse had been shot under him, he was caught by the collar and pulled back. In the surprise he allowed the sword to be taken from his hand, and a voice cried in his ear, "Father, he's too young for you, let me to him!" The henchman, seeing how it was, put his own sword into Stewart's hand, and grasping his Lochaber axe, kept his post behind him. The Englishman struck at Stewart, who had again pressed forward; but his priest-son—for it was he—took the blow on his own blade.

"Quarter, sir?" he cried to his Lowland antagonist, perhaps fancying that his priesthood required him to make the offer. "No quarter from the son of a Highland female dog!" was the substance of the haughty reply. The words had scarcely left the officer's lips, when his head was rolling on the grass nine feet from his body. During the brief fight and the pursuit, which he followed among the foremost, Robert Stewart plied his weapon with such fury that his hand swelled in the basket-hilt and could not be withdrawn. Next morning the blacksmith at Blair Athol had to file the bars, and break them off his hand.

It turned out that in the course of the afternoon he had persuaded Janet Liviston to let him out, on the plea that the fight must be over. This would have been the case but for the delay on both sides in joining battle. The conduct of the young priest became a bone of contention among his family and friends. The young men vehemently espoused his cause. The old men would hear of no excuse for him. His father judged it best to send him to France, where, like many others of his countrymen, he spent the rest of his days. Having obtained absolution for his offence, he was admitted into a society of Scottish Benedictines.

The public events that followed "the battle of Killiecrankie" are matter of history. The routed army of Mackay would have been totally annihilated had the victorious Highlanders followed them into the pass. Few of them, however, kept up the

pursuit. Almost at the beginning of the fight their leader had fallen, and they were consequently left to their own devices, for the second in command was unable to lead them.

History tells us that Dundee, in raising his arm to lead on his men, received a chance bullet under his cuirass, the wound from which proved mortal. General tradition ascribes his wound to the animosity of one of his own followers. Galt, in his novel, "Ringan Gilhaize," makes use of the tradition, and credits the shot to his covenanting hero. According to the local story he was shot by his own "body-servant," who, believing that his master had "proof of lead"—by compact with the devil—a common superstition in those days—tore a silver button from his livery coat, and rammed it into his musket for the purpose. Claverhouse saw him, guessed his intention, and exclaimed, "Foul, you dog!" "Foul or fair, you'll get it," was the reply, as he shot him from behind under the cuirass. Be this as it may, his death frustrated all the results of the victory. It occasioned the speedy dissolution of the "Highland Host," and the utter ruin of his master's cause in Scotland.

It is worthy of being mentioned here, that the disastrous experiences of Killiecrankie led General Mackay to invent the modern socket-bayonet, which fixes on the outside instead of the inside of the musket-barrel, so that the efficiency of the weapon is not impaired.

L.

### ENIGMA.

Fly on, fly on thou bonnie bird ;  
 Fly on, o'er land and sea ;  
 And if, while hovering o'er the earth,  
 Thou'rt weary, rest on ME ;  
 But if, whilst flying o'er the wave,  
 Weary thy wing should be,  
 Alas ! poor bird, thou must press on,  
 Thou may'st not rest on ME.

## PARMESAN CHEESE.

It is sometimes very useful in a new country to know the primitive processes by which we can accomplish ends that are usually reached by modern improvements. When such improvements cannot be obtained, and where there is no money to pay for them if they could be got, we need not always despair of being able to do without them. In such a case we may resort to the methods employed before they were invented, and which, if they take more time, are at least a great deal cheaper. Sometimes, too, the article produced by them is not quite the same as that resulting from the older and simpler process, to which, after all, we must resort if we wish to have the thing in perfection.

Arthur Young, at one time a well-known authority on agriculture, and one who contributed greatly to its advancement, spent three years in the end of last century in travelling through France, Italy, and Spain, examining into all processes and works connected with that subject. His travels have not yet lost their interest or their value; and in the present day they are useful, for one thing, in letting us know that our forefathers were not so ignorant or void of resources as we are prone to imagine them. Parmesan cheese was in his day famous, and it has not yet lost its reputation. Yet, after all, it is nothing more than skimmed-milk cheese; and we extract from Mr. Young's pages his account of the method of making it.

"The method of making the cheese known in England by the name of Parmesan, because the city of Parma was once the *entrepôt* for it, was an object I wished to understand as well as possible. The idea is, that all depends on soil, climate, and irrigation; and the boasted account that the kings of Spain and Naples, in order to make similar cheese in their territories, at least for their own tables, had procured men of skill from the Milanese for this purpose,—contribute to give a readiness everywhere in answering questions, as they are all very well persuaded, that

such cheese can be made no where else.

"In order that I might view the process to the best advantage, the Abbate Amoretti conducted me to the dairy in question, belonging to the house of Leti. It is, in the first place, necessary to observe, that the cheeses are made entirely of skimmed milk; that of the preceding evening, mixed with the morning's milk; the former had stood sixteen or seventeen hours; the latter about six hours. The rennet is formed into balls, and dissolved in the hand in the milk; the preparation is made a secret of, but it is generally known, that the stomach of the calf is dressed with spices and salt. The rennet was put to the milk at twelve o'clock, not in a tub, but in the cauldron or boiler, turned from off the fireplace at ten o'clock; the heat 22 degrees of Reaumur's thermometer, and commonly to 24 degrees ( $81\frac{3}{4}$  Fahrenheit's), the atmosphere being at the time  $16\frac{2}{3}$  ( $70$  Fahrenheit's). In summer, the whole operation is finished by eight in the morning, as the heat sours the milk if in the middle of the day. At one o'clock the *casaro* examined the coagulation, and finding it complete, he ordered his *sotto casaro* to work it, which he did, with a stick armed with cross wires, instead of cutting and breaking the curd, in the same manner it is done in England, free from the whey. When he has reduced it to such a fineness of *grain* as satisfies the *casaro*, it is left to subside, till, the curd being quite sunk, the whey is nearly clear on the surface. Then the cauldron which contains it is turned back again over the fire hearth, and a quick fire made to give it the scald rapidly; a small quantity of finely powdered saffron added, the *sotto casaro* stirring it all the time with a wired machine to keep it from burning. The *casaro* examined it from time to time, between his fingers and thumb, to mark the moment when the right degree of solidity and firmness of grain is attained. The heat was 41 deg. ( $124\frac{1}{2}$  Fahrenheit), but it is often

44 (131  $\frac{1}{4}$  Fahrenheit.) When the *casaro* finds it well granulated by the scalding, he orders his deputy to turn it off the fire; and, as soon as a certain degree of subsidence has taken place, empties about three-fourths of the whey, in order the better to command the curd. He then pours three or four gallons of cold water around the bottom of the cauldron, to cool it enough for handling the curd; then he bends himself into the vessel, in a formidable manner, to view it, resting his feet against the tub of whey, and with his hands loosens the curd at bottom, and works it into one mass, should it not be so already, that it may lie conveniently for him to slide the cloth under it, which he does with much apparent dexterity, so as to enclose the whole in one mass; to enable himself to hoist it out the easier, he returns in the whey, and taking out the curd, rests it for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in a tub to drain. The vat, in the meantime, is prepared in a broad hoop of willow, with a cord round to tighten it, and widens or contracts at pleasure, according to the size of the cheese. Into this vat the curd is fixed, and the cloth folded over it at top, and tucked in around. This is placed on a table, slightly inclining to carry off the whey that drains from the cheese; a round plank, three inches thick, shod with iron, like the block wheel of a barrow, is laid on the cheese, and a stone of about thrice the size of a man's head on that, which is all the press used; and there ends the operation. The cheese of the preceding day was in a hoop, without any cloth, and many others salting in different hoops, for thirty or forty days, according to the season,—thirty in summer and forty in winter. When done, they are scraped clean, and after that rubbed and turned in the magazine every day, and rubbed with a little linseed-oil on the coats, to be preserved from insects of all sorts. They are never sold till six months old, and the price 90 liv. the 100lb. of 28oz.

"The morning's butter-milk is then added to the whey, and heated, and a stronger acid used, for a fresh coagulation, to make whey-cheese, called

here *mascho-pino*. Little ones are kept in wooden cases, in the smoke of the chimney."

About the same time a Mr. Pryce, then in the north of Italy, communicated to an agricultural society in the west of England the following similar account of the process, as he had seen it. It is interesting to observe how his description, though not so exact, runs parallel with that of Mr. Young.

"At ten o'clock in the morning, five brents and a half of milk, each brent being about forty-eight quarts, was put into a large copper, which turned on a crane, over a slow wood fire, made about two feet below the surface of the ground. The milk was stirred from time to time; and, about eleven o'clock, when just luke-warm or considerably under a blood heat, a ball of rennet, as big as a large walnut, was squeezed through a cloth into the milk, which was kept stirring. This rennet was said to have been purchased of a man at Lodi famous for the composition; but that it was principally made of the same part of the calf as we use in England for that purpose, mixed up with salt and vinegar; it appeared to me to be also mixed with old cheese. I much doubt whether there was any great secret in the composition; but it seems to me that the just proportion of rennet is a matter of consequence, which is not in general sufficiently attended to. By the help of the crane, the copper was turned from over the fire, and let stand till a few minutes past twelve, at which time the rennet had sufficiently operated. It was now stirred up, and left to stand a short time, for the whey to separate a little from the curd. Part of the whey was then taken out, and the copper again turned over a fire sufficiently brisk to give a strongish heat, but below that of boiling. A quarter of an ounce of saffron was put in, to give it a little colour, but not so unnaturally high as some cheeses in England are coloured, and it was well stirred from time to time. The *dairy-man* (this is not women's work in Italy) frequently felt the curd. When the small, and, as it were, granulated parts, felt rather firm, which was in about an hour and a half, the copper was taken from the fire, and

the curd left to fall to the bottom. Part of the whey was taken out, and the curd brought up in a coarse cloth, hanging together in a tough state. It was put into a hoop, and about a half-hundred weight laid upon it, for about an hour; after which the cloth was taken off, and the cheese placed on a shelf in the same hoop. At the end of two, or from that to three days, it is sprinkled all over with salt; the same is repeated every second day, for about

forty to forty-five days, after which no further attention is required. Whilst salting, they generally place two cheeses one upon another, in which state they are said to take the salt better than singly.

"The whey is again turned into the copper, and a second sort of cheese is made; and afterwards even a third sort, as I was informed;—a piece of economy which I have not known practised in England."

### A RAILWAY LYRIC.

Singing through the forests,  
Rattling over ridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges :  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale—  
Bless me!—this is pleasant,  
Riding on a rail !

Men of different 'stations'  
In the eye of Fame,  
Here are very quickly  
Coming to *the same* !  
High and lowly people,  
Birds of every feather,  
On a common level  
Travelling together.

Gentlemen in shorts  
Looming very tall;  
Gentleman at large  
Talking very small;  
Gentlemen in tights  
With a loose-ish mien;  
Gentlemen in gray  
Looking rather green :

Gentlemen quite old  
Asking for the news;  
Gentlemen in black  
In a fit of 'blues;'  
Gentleman in claret  
Sober as a vicar :  
Gentleman in snuff  
Dreadfully in liquor :

Stranger on the right  
Looking very sunny,  
Obviously reading  
Something rather funny

Stranger on the left  
Closing up his peepers;  
Now he snores amain,  
Like the Seven Sleepers !

Market-woman careful  
Of the precious casket,  
Knowing 'eggs are eggs,'  
Tightly holds her basket :  
Feeling that 'a smash,'  
If it came, would surely  
Send her eggs to pot  
Rather prematurely !

Ancient maiden lady  
Anxiously remarks,  
That there must be peril  
'Mong so many sparks :  
Roguish-looking fellow,  
Turning to the stranger,  
Says it's his opinion  
*She* is out of danger.

Woman with her baby  
Sitting vis-à-vis;  
Baby keeps a-squalling,  
Woman looks at me :  
Asks about the distance,  
Says it's tiresome talking,  
Noises of the cars  
Are so very shocking !

Singing through the forests,  
Rattling over ridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges :  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale—  
Bless me!—this is pleasant,  
Riding on a rail !

*Knick-Knacks*



## MARY MARSTON,\*

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

## CHAPTER XI.

WILLIAM MARSTON.

The clouds were gathering over Mary too—deep and dark, but of altogether another kind from those that enveloped Letty: no troubles are for one moment to be compared with those that come of the wrongness, even if it be not wickedness, that is our own. Some clouds rise from stagnant bogs and fens; others from the wide, clean, large ocean. But either kind, thank God, will serve the angels to come down by. In the old stories of celestial visitants the clouds do much; and it is oftenest of all down the misty slope of griefs and pains and fears, that the most powerful joy slides into the hearts of men and women and children. Beautiful are the feet of the men of science on the dustheaps of the world, but the patient heart will yield a myriad times greater thanks for the clouds that give foothold to the shining angels.

Few people were interested in William Marston. Of those who saw him in the shop, most turned from him to his jolly partner. But a few there were who, some by instinct, some from experience, did look for him behind the counter, and were disappointed if he were absent: most of them had a repugnance to the over complaisant Turnbull. Yet Marston was the one whom the wise world of Testbridge called the hypocrite, and Turnbull was the plain-spoken, agreeable honest man of the world, pretending to be no better either than himself or than other people. The few friends, however, that Marston had, loved him as not many are loved: they knew him, not as he seemed to the careless eye, but as he was. Never did man do less either to conceal or to manifest himself. He was all taken up with what he

loved, and that was neither himself nor his business. These friends knew that when the far-away look was on him, when his face was paler, and he seemed unaware of persons or things about him, he was not indifferent to their presence, or careless of their existence; it was only that his thoughts were out, like heavenly bees, foraging; a word of direct address brought him back in a moment, and his soul would return to them with a smile. He stood as one on the keystone of a bridge, and held communion, now with these, now with those; on this side of the river and on that, both companies were his own.

He was not a man of much education, in the vulgar use of the word; but he was a good way on in that education, for the sake of which, and for no other without it, we are here in our consciousness—the education which, once begun, will, soon or slow, lead knowledge captive, and teaches nothing that has to be unlearned again, because every flower of it scatters the seed of one better than itself. The main secret of his progress, the secret of all wisdom, was, that with him action was the beginning and end of thought. He was not one of that cloud of false witnesses, who, calling themselves Christians, take no trouble for the end for which Christ was born, namely, their salvation from unrighteousness—a class that may be divided into the insipid and the offensive, both regardless of obedience, the former indifferent to, the latter contentious for doctrine.

It may well seem strange that such a man should have gone into business with such another as John Turnbull; but the latter had been growing more

and more common, while Marston had been growing more and more refined. Still from the first it was an unequal yoking of believer with unbeliever—just as certainly, although not with quite such wretched results, as would have been the marriage of Mary Marston and George Turnbull. And it had been a great trial: punishment had not been spared—with best results in patience and purification; for so are our false steps turned back to do good by the evil to which they lead us.

Turnbull was ready to take every safe advantage to be gained from his partner's comparative carelessness about money. He drew a larger proportion of the profits than belonged to his share in the capital, justifying himself on the ground that he had a much larger family, did more of the business, and had to keep up the standing of the firm. He made him pay more than was reasonable for the small part of the house yielded from storage to the accommodation of him, his daughter, and their servant, notwithstanding that, if they had not lived there, some one must have been paid to do so. Far more than this, careless of his partner's rights, and insensible to his interests, he had for some time been risking the whole affair by private speculations. After all, Marston was the safer man of business, even from the worldly point of view. Alone, it is true, he would hardly have made money, but he would have got through, and would have left his daughter the means of getting through also; for he would have left her in possession of her own peace and the confidence of her friends, which will always prove enough for those who confess themselves to be strangers and pilgrims on the earth—those who regard it as a grand staircase they have to climb, not a plain on which to build their houses and plant their vineyards.

As to the peculiar doctrines of the sect to which he had joined himself, right or wrong in themselves, Marston, after having complied with what seemed to him the letter of the law concerning baptism, gave himself no further trouble. He had for a long time known—for, by the power of the life in

him, he had gathered from the scripture the finest of the wheat, where so many of every sect, great church and little church, gather only the husks and chaff—that the only baptism of any avail is the washing of the fresh birth, and the making new by that breath of God, which, breathed into man's nostrils, first made of him a living soul. When a man *knows* this, potentially he knows all things. But, *just therefore*, he did not stand high with his sect any more than with his customers, though—a fact which Marston himself never suspected—the influence of his position had made them choose him for a deacon.

One evening George had had leave to go home early, because of a party at *the villa*, as the Turnbulls always called their house; and the boy having also for some cause got leave of absence, Mr. Marston was left to shut the shop himself, Mary, who was in some respects the stronger of the two, assisting him. When he put up the last shutter, he dropped his arms with a weary sigh. Mary, who had been fastening the bolts inside, met him in the doorway.

"You look worn out, father," she said. "Come and lie down, and I will read to you."

"I will, my dear," he answered. "I don't feel quite myself to-night. The season tell upon me now. I suppose the stuff of my tabernacle is wearing thin."

Mary cast an anxious look at him, for, though never a strong man, he seldom complained. But she said nothing, and hoping a good cup of tea would restore him, led the way through the dark shop to the door communicating with the house. Often as she had passed through it thus, the picture of it as she saw it that night was the only one almost that returned to her afterwards: a few vague streaks of light, from the cracks of the shutters, fed the rich warm gloom of the place; one of them fell upon a piece of orange-coloured cotton stuff, which blazed in the dark.

Arrived at their little sitting-room at the top of the stair, she hastened to shake up the pillows and make the sofa comfortable for him. He lay down, and she covered him with a rug; then ran to her room for a book, and

read to him while Beenie was getting the tea. She chose a poem with which Mr. Wardour had made her acquainted almost the last time she was at Thornwick—that was several weeks ago now, for plainly Letty was not so glad to see her as she used to be; it was Milton's little ode *On Time*, written for inscription on a clock—one of the grandest of small poems. Her father knew next to nothing of literature; having pondered his New Testament, however, for, thirty years, he was capable of understanding Milton's best—to the child-like mind the best is always simplest and easiest—not unfrequently the *only* kind it can lay hold of. When she ended, he made her read it again, and then again; not until she had read it six times did he seem content. And every time she read it, Mary found herself understanding it better. It was gradually growing very precious.

Her father had made no remark; but when she lifted her eyes from the sixth reading, she saw that his face shone, and as the last words left her lips, he took up the line like a refrain, and repeated it after her:—

"Triumphing over death, and chance, and thee, O Time!

"That will do now, Mary, I thank you," he said. "I have got a good hold of it, I think, and shall be able to comfort myself with it when I wake in the night. The man must have been very like the apostle Paul."

He said no more. The tea was brought, and he drank a cup of it, but could not eat; and, as he could not, neither could Mary.

"I want a long sleep," he said; and the words went to his child's heart—she dared not question herself why. When the tea things were removed, he called her.

"Mary," he said, "come here. I want to speak to you."

She kneeled beside him.

"Mary," he said again, taking her little hand in his two long, bony ones, "I love you, my child, to that degree I cannot say; and I want you, I do want you to be a Christian."

"So do I, father dear," answered Mary simply, the tears rushing into her eyes at the thought that perhaps she

was not one; "I want me to be a Christian."

"Yes, my love," he went on; "but it is not that I do not think you a Christian; it is that I want you to be a downright real Christian, not one that is but trying to feel as a Christian ought to feel. I have lost so much precious time in that way!"

"Tell me; tell me," cried Mary, clasping her other hand over his. "What would you have me do?"

"I will tell you. I am just trying now," he responded. "A Christian is just one that does what the Lord Jesus tells him. Neither more nor less than that makes a Christian. It is not even understanding the Lord Jesus that makes one a Christian. That makes one dear to the Father; but it is being a Christian, that is, doing what he tells us, that makes us understand him. Peter says 'the Holy Spirit is given to them that obey Him:' what else is that but just actually, really, doing what he says—just as if I was to tell you to go and fetch me my Bible, and you would get up and go?—Did you ever do anything my child, just because Jesus told you to do it?"

Mary did not answer immediately. She thought a while. Then she spoke.

"Yes, father," she said, "I think so. Two nights ago, George was very rude to me—I don't mean anything bad, but you know he is very rough."

"I know it, my child. And you must not think I don't care because I think it better not to interfere. I am with you all the time."

"Thank you, father; I know it.—Well, when I was going to bed, I was angry with him still, so it was no wonder I found I could not say my prayers. Then I remembered how Jesus said we must forgive or we should not be forgiven. So I forgave him with all my heart, and kindly too, and then I found I could pray."

The father stretched out his arms and drew her to his bosom, murmuring, "My child! my Christ's-child!" After a little he began to talk again.

"It is a miserable thing to hear those who desire to believe themselves Christians, talking and talking about this question and that, the discussion of which is all for strife and nowise for

unity—not a thought amongst them of the one command of Christ, to love one another. I fear some are hardly content with not hating those who differ from them.”

“I am sure, father, I try—and I think I do love everybody that loves Him,” said Mary.

“Well, that is much—not enough though, my child. We must be like Jesus, and you know that it was while we were yet sinners that Christ died for us; therefore we must love all men, whether they are Christians or not.”

“Tell me then what you want me to do, father dear. I will do whatever you tell me.”

“I want you to be just like that to the Lord Christ, Mary. I want you to look out for His will, and find it and do it. I want you not only to do it, though that is the main thing, when you think of it, but to look for it, that you may do it. I need not say to you that this is not a thing to be *talked* about much, for you don’t do that. You may think me very silent, my love; but I do not talk always when I am inclined, for the fear I might let my feeling out that way, instead of doing something He wants of me with it. And how repulsive and full of offence those generally are who talk most! Our strength ought to go into conduct, not into talk—least of all into talk about what they call the doctrines of the gospel. The man who does what God tells him, sits at his Father’s feet, and looks up in his Father’s face; and men had better leave him alone, for he cannot greatly mistake his Father, and certainly will not displease Him. Look for the lovely will, my child, that you may be its servant, its priest, its sister, its queen, its slave—as Paul calls himself. How that man did glory in his Master!”

“I will try, father,” returned Mary, with a burst of tears. “I do want to be good, I do want to be one of His slaves, if I may.”

“*May!* my child? You are bound to be. You have no choice but choose it. It is what we are made for—freedom, the divine nature, God’s life, a grand, pure, open-eyed existence. It is what Christ died for. You must not talk about *may*; it is all *must*.”

Mary had never heard her father talk like this, and, notwithstanding the endless interest of his words, it frightened her. An instinctive uneasiness crept up and laid hold of her. The unsealing hand of Death was opening the mouth of a dumb prophet.

A pause followed, and he spoke again.

“I will tell you one thing now that Jesus says: He is unchangeable; what He says once He says always; and I mention it now, because it may not be long before you are specially called to mind it. It is this: ‘*Let not your heart be troubled.*’”

“But He said that on one particular occasion, and to His disciples—did He not?” said Mary, willing, in her dread, to give the conversation a turn.

Ah, Mary!” said her father with a smile, “*will* you let the questioning spirit deafen you to the teaching one? Ask yourself, the first time you are alone, what the disciples were not to be troubled about, and why they were not to be troubled about it.—I am tired and should like to go to bed.”

He rose, and stood for a moment in front of the fire, winding his old double-case silver watch. Mary took from her side the little gold one he had given her, and, as was her custom, handed it to him to wind for her. The next moment he had dropped it on the fender.

“Ah, my child!” he cried, and stooping, gathered up a dying thing, whose watchfulness was all over. The glass was broken; the case was open; it lay in his hand a mangled creature. Mary heard the rush of its departing life, as the wheels went whirring, and the hands circled rapidly.

They stopped motionless. She looked up in her father’s face with a smile. He was looking concerned.

“I am very sorry, Mary,” he said, “but if it is past repair, I will get you another.—You don’t seem to mind it much!” he added, and smiled himself.

“Why should I, father dear?” she replied. “When one’s father breaks one’s watch, what is there to say but ‘I am very glad it was you did it?’ I shall like the little thing the better for it.”

He kissed her on the forehead.

"My child, say that to your Father in Heaven, when He breaks something for you. He will do it from love, not from blundering. I don't often preach to you, my child—do I? but somehow it comes to me to-night."

"I will remember, father," said Mary; and she did remember.

She went with him to his bedroom, and saw that everything was right for him. When she went again, before going to her own, "he felt more comfortable," he said, "and expected to have a good night." Relieved, she left him; but her heart would be heavy. A shapeless sadness seemed pressing it down; it was being got ready for what it had to bear.

When she went to his room in the middle of the night, she found him slumbering peacefully, and went back to her own and slept better. When she went again in the morning, he lay white, motionless, and without a breath.

It was not in Mary's nature to give sudden vent to her feelings. For a time she was stunned. As if her life had rushed to overtake her departing parent, and beg a last embrace, she stood gazing motionless. The sorrow was too huge for entrance. The thing could not be! Not until she stooped and kissed the pale face, did the stone in her bosom break, and yield a torrent of grief. But, although she had left her father in that very spot the night before, already she not only knew but felt that was not he which lay where she had left him. He was gone, and she was alone. She tried to pray, but her heart seemed to lie dead in her bosom, and no prayer would rise from it. It was the time of all times when, if ever, prayer must be the one reasonable thing—and pray she could not. In her dull stupor she did not hear Beenie's knock. The old woman entered, and found her on her knees, with her forehead on one of the dead hands, while the white face of her master lay looking up to heaven, as if praying for the living not yet privileged to die. Then first was the peace of death broken. Beenie gave a loud cry, and turned and ran, as if to warn the neighbours that Death was loose in the town. Thereupon, as if Death

were a wild beast yet lurking in it, the house was filled with noise and tumult; the sanctuary of the dead was invaded by unhallowed presence; and the poor girl, hearing behind her voices she did not love, raised herself from her knees, and, without lifting her eyes, crept from the room and away to her own.

"Follow her, George," said his father, in a loud, eager whisper. "You've got to comfort her now. That's your business, George. There's your chance!"

The last words he called from the bottom of the stair, as George sped up after her.

"Mary! Mary, dear!" he called as he ran.

But Mary had the instinct—it was hardly more—to quicken her pace, and lock the door of her room the moment she entered. As she turned from it, her eye fell upon her watch—where it lay, silent and disfigured, on her dressing-table; and with the sight, the last words of her father came back to her. She fell again on her knees with a fresh burst of weeping, and while the foolish youth was knocking unheard at her door, cried, with a strange mixture of agony and comfort, "Oh my Father in Heaven, give me back William Marston." Never in his life had she thought of her father by his name: but death, while it made him dearer than ever, set him away from her so, that she began to see him in his larger individuality, as a man before the God of men, a son before the Father of many sons: Death turns a man's sons and daughters into his brothers and sisters. And while she kneeled, and, with exhausted heart, let her brain go on working of itself, as it seemed, came a dreamy vision of the Saviour with His disciples about Him, reasoning with them that they should not give way to grief. "Let not your heart be troubled." He seemed to be saying, "although I die, and go out of your sight. It is all well. Take my word for it."

She rose, wiped her eyes, looked up, said, "I will try, Lord," and going down, called Beenie, and sent her to ask Mr. Turnbull to speak with her. She knew her father's ideas, and must do her endeavour to have the funeral as simple as possible. It was a relief

to have something, anything, to do in his name.

Mr Turnbull came, and the coarse man was kind. It went not a little against the grain with him, to order what he called a pauper's funeral for the junior partner in the firm ; but more desirous than ever to conciliate Mary, he promised all that she wished.

"Marston was but a poor-spirited fellow," he said to his wife when he told her : "the thing is a disgrace to the shop, but it's fit enough for him.—It will be so much money saved." he added in self-consolation, while his wife turned up her nose, as she always did at any mention of the shop.

Mary returned to her father's room, now silent again with the air of that which is not. She took from the table the old silver watch. It went on measuring the time by a scale now useless to its owner. She placed it lovingly in her bosom, and sat down by the bedside. Already, through love, sorrow, and obedience, she began to find herself drawing nearer to him than she had ever been before ; already she was able to recall his last words, and strengthen her resolve to keep them. And sitting thus, holding vague companionship with the merely mortal, the presence of that which was not her father, which was like him only to remind her that it was not he, and which must so soon cease to resemble

him, there sprang, as in the very foot-print of Death, yet another flower of rarest comfort—a strong feeling, namely, of the briefness of time, and the certainty of the messenger's return to fetch herself. Her soul did not sink into peace, but a strange peace awoke in her spirit. She heard the spring of the great clock that measures the years, rushing rapidly down with a feverous whir ; and saw the hands that measure the weeks and months, careering around its face ; while Death, like one of the white-robed angels in the tomb of the Lord, sat watching, with patient smile, for the hour when he should be wanted to go for her. Thus mingled her broken watch, her father's death, and Jean Paul's dream ; and the fancy might well comfort her.

I will not linger much more over the crumbling time. It is good for those who are in it, specially good for those who come out of it chastened, and resolved ; but I doubt if any prolonged contemplation of death is desirable for those whose business it now is to live, and whose fate it is ere long to die. It is a closing of God's hand upon us to squeeze some of the bad blood out of us, and, when it relaxes, we must live the more diligently—not to get ready for death, but to get more life. I will relate only one thing yet, belonging to this twilight time.

*(To be continued.)*

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### TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of Light !  
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*B. Jonson.*

## THE OBSERVER.

## FORESTS AND FLOODS.

The following is a synopsis of an address delivered by Geo. May Powell, chairman of the American Institute Forest Committee, before a recent meeting of the Institute in New York : —“ Forests and floods is not the least important branch of this great question. Years ago we gave earnest warning that the horrors of the Ohio valley and Lower Mississippi floods might be expected. We now as earnestly assure our National and State Legislatures that we have only begun to deal with less than a half-grown giant. These floods will grow more and more terrible in the valleys already devastated, and they will show their frightful forms in other valleys east and south, and on the Pacific slope as well as in the Mississippi basin. Congressional appropriations for Mississippi levees, and generous responses of the great cities and the whole country to appeals for help to sufferers from these floods, have, in the aggregate, far outreached the amounts that would have been needed twenty-five years ago as ‘prevention better than cure.’ The damage from floods (rising largely in Pennsylvania and Virginia) to Ohio and Indiana in 1882 were about 12,000,000 dollars; in the same States in 1883, 30,000,000 dollars.

“The present movement of the New York Chamber of Commerce, to preserve New York State forests, is the first tangible movement in America to carry out the suggestions made to the whole country by this committee ten years ago. This movement of the Chamber of Commerce should be sustained by tongue and pen, and all possible active aid as well as sympathy by every friend of forests not only in the Empire State but in the whole country. Any who oppose these efforts are (either ignorantly or worse) public enemies. They should be watched and treated as enemies. The care of forests, especially at stream heads, is of vital importance to all seaports and all cities located on navigable rivers.

Another mighty enemy is even now treading close on the heels of the flood-fiend. The silt is making channels unnavigable and choking up harbours.

“The interests of agriculture and manufactures suffer with those of commerce, as the whole body of a man suffers when any part of it is in pain. Through deforesting, Northern Africa, once the granary of the Roman Empire, has been turned into hundreds of thousands of square miles of dreary desert. I have personally traversed wide stretches of this region, where there were undoubted evidences of ancient cities of palaces, and where gardens and cool fountains had been well-nigh numberless. Now it is not uncommon for the thermometer to stand at 128deg. in the shade for eighteen consecutive days. A drought in Georgia in 1881 from May to November, was one of the steps of the same enemy here, before our eyes, in a march to conquer a fair portion of our own country. Here, however, the march is more rapid and vigorous than anciently. We have cut more trees in 200 years than Southern Europe did in 2000 years. United States Government reports show that even now great portions of the Mississippi basin, once profitable for agriculture, will pay only in exceptional years. Could the factory villages of the North, dead through water-powers being killed by reckless tree-cutting, be gathered together, it would make a Necropolis well-nigh as sadly vast as that city of the dead that stretches over twenty-two miles along the desert border of the Nile. We must act in this matter, or do worse.”

Let Australasia take warning. The process of reckless deforesting has been rampant here. Floods we may fear—they are bad enough. But droughts—the equally certain result of the destruction of the forests—are what we have even more to dread. We not only need—in many districts, to preserve what we have got, but to supplement nature and extend our forests.

Surely we do not want to incur the fate of Spain—once gold-producing, like our own country—with its vast Sierras and burnt-up plains, and its perpetual alternation of drought and flood; once the richest, now the most poverty-stricken country in Europe.

#### GRADUAL USE OF COAL IN ENGLAND.

Whether the ancient Britons were acquainted with it, is somewhat doubtful. For a time, it escaped the notice of the Romans, but is supposed to have been afterward in use among them. For some years following the Norman conquest, a silence prevails concerning this useful fossil: but in the reign of Henry III. the trade had a rapid progress. It is observable, that in A.D. 1306, the use of sea-coal was prohibited in London, by proclamation, as a public nuisance, it being thought to corrupt the air with its smell and smoke. Such a prejudice was not of long continuance; and this fuel was, a short time afterward, used in the royal palace. It is singular, however, as appears from the household book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, dated 1512, that in this nobleman's family they had not yet learned to use it by itself, for this extraordinary reason, "because coals will not burn without wood." At this time, the best coals were five shillings per chaldron. In A. D. 1582, Queen Elizabeth obtained a lease of the manors, coal-mines, etc., at the annual rent of ninety pounds; coals then advanced to six, and in 1590, to nine shillings per chaldron. Towards the latter end of this reign, an impost of one shilling (instead of twopence, which had been fixed in former times), was granted on every chaldron shipped in the port of Tyne, and to be used within the kingdom. In King James's reign, planting having been much neglected, and wood being very scarce, the burning of coals became general throughout the kingdom. In 1633, the price of a chaldron at Newcastle was nine shillings; and in the next year, Charles the First, solely by his own authority, imposed a duty of four shillings per chaldron on all coal exported to foreign parts. On other occasions it appears that this prince

granted exclusive rights to several persons, on the payment of certain customs. Monopolies contributed greatly, among other grievances, to hurt the interest of the unfortunate Charles with the people of Great Britain. The granting of these in the coal-trade appears to have composed no inconsiderable part of that unhappy monarch's political sins. Rushworth has preserved a curious letter from the King to the Marquis of Newcastle, written in figure cyphers, from Oxford, and dated 2nd Nov. 1643, concerning the procuring of arms from Holland in exchange for our coals.

#### STRANGE ATTITUDES IN DEATH.

Professor C. E. Brown Sequard writes that at the battle of Williamsburg a United States Zouave was shot directly through the forehead, as he was climbing over a low fence, and his body was found in the last attitude in life; one leg half over the fence, the body crouching backward. One hand, partially clenched and raised to the level of the forehead, presented the palm forward as if to ward off an approaching evil. A brakeman of a freight car on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad was instantaneously killed by a shot between the eyes, fired by a guerilla. The murdered man was screwing down the brakes at the moment of the shot. After death the body remained fixed, the arms rigidly extended on the wheel of the brake. The pipe which he had been smoking remained clasped between his teeth. The conservation of the last attitude can take place in other circumstances than sudden death from wounds to the brain, the heart, or the lungs, although an injury to a vital organ is the most frequent cause of that phenomenon. A detail of United States' soldiers, foraging near Goldsboro, N.C., came suddenly upon a party of southern cavalry dismounted. The latter immediately sprang to their saddles, and, after a volley had been fired at them, they all but one rode away. That one was left standing with one foot in the stirrup; one hand, the left, grasping the bridle-rein and mane of his horse, the right hand clenching the barrel of his carbine near the muzzle, the butt



of the carbine resting on the ground. The man's head was turned over his right shoulder, apparently watching the approach of the attacking party. He was called upon to surrender, without response, and upon a near approach and examination he was found to be rigid in death, in the singular attitude above described. Great difficulty was experienced in forcing the mane of the horse from his left hand, and the carbine from his right. On the battlefield of Beaumont, near Sedan, in 1870, the dead body of a soldier was found half sitting, half lying on the ground, delicately holding a tin goblet between his thumb and forefinger, and directing it towards an absent mouth. While in that position the poor man had been killed by a cannon ball which had carried away the whole of his head and face except the lower jaw. The body and arms had been suddenly seized at the time of death with a stiffness which produced the persistence of the state in which they were when the head was cut off. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since the battle.—*Chicago Times*.

#### THE EFFECT OF HEAT ON FLOUR.

It frequently happens that wheat or rye flour, in spite of the greatest care in baking, yields an inferior loaf, and the failure is commonly attributed to adulteration; but when submitted to investigation neither microscopic nor chemical tests reveal any adulteration. Such flour is returned to the miller or dealer as unfit for use. The miller says the flour was injured by the heating of the stones, and the dealer attributes the defect to the circumstance that the sun must have shone upon the sacks during transportation. It has been proved by numerous experiments that flour cannot bear the action of the sun even when not exposed directly to its rays. When flour is exposed to the heat of the sun an alteration takes place in the gluten similar to that produced by the heating of the stones. For this reason it is advisable that the transportation of flour should take place, if possible, on cool days or by night, as well as that flour should be stored in a cool place.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

## THE HUMOURIST.

### UNCLE SAM'S TOILERS.

An old lumber schooner bearing the mellifluous name of Telumah has been tied up near the boat-house at Brooklyn navy-yard for several days, says *The New York Sun*. Two bosses, twelve men, two mules, and a steam engine have unloaded the timber.

One man runs the engine. One overhauled a rope so that an end could be passed through an opening in the bow of the schooner. Three men watched the other man. One boss watched the three men watch the other man. One man in the hold of the schooner caught the end of the rope and passed it to another man. The other man made it fast to the timber. A third man looked on. A boss looked at the three. The man who tied the rope to the timber was a new

man in the yard. He did it well. Then he shouted: "Go ahead." The two other men passed the word to the boss, who sat on a timber beside them.

The boss shouted the order to the boss on the shore. He gave the order to the four men around him. These men simultaneously notified the engineer, who started the engine, and thus pulled the stick of timber half-way out of the schooner. Then all hands shouted "whoa!" The rope was overhauled and a new hitch taken. This time the timber reached the shore.

In the meantime three men had stood around the team of mules, one of them holding the reins. When a stick of timber reached the wharf, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the men all examined it attentively. They called it a small piece. Then a timber truck was run over the timber, and six men

pressed their weight on the tongue, so that the timber was lifted clear of the ground. The mules would have trotted away with it if one of the men had not restrained them.

A sergeant of marines walked slowly along a path not far away, when the mules stopped, and a man got off of an old spar to unhitch the timber. The sergeant gazed thoughtfully over the river at the smoke of a tug that rolled lazily up, after leaving the exhaust-pipe. The sergeant said:

"That makes six timbers those men have got out in seven hours, and yet some people think there's easy times in the navy-yard."

[Couldn't this be matched somewhere else?]

#### COLOUR BLINDNESS DOWN SOUTH.

Superintendent of Southern railroad—Yes, there is a vacancy on one of the passenger trains; will you try it? Applicant—Oh! gladly, sir. Superintendent—Very well; but you will have to be examined first. The brakeman who held the position before you had to be discharged for colour blindness. Applicant—Colour blindness? Superintendent—Yes; he allowed a black man to get into the car reserved for white passengers.

#### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A one-legged man stood in a dark doorway on Clark-street, leaning heavily on his crutches and looking weary and discouraged as he gazed at the passing people. Presently a tall man, with a long beard and a benevolent eye, halted near by and observed him pityingly.

"There, my friend, is 25 cents for you," said the tall man, patronizingly, as he pulled a coin out of his pocket and held it toward the one-legged man with something of a flourish.

"What's it for?" inquired the despondent cripple, in a tone of surprise.

"It will buy you a supper," said the tall man, grandly. "Promise me you'll not spend it for drink."

"Kind of you, I'm sure," murmured the weary one-legged man. "Call here in the morning and hand it to the cashier or one of the clerks."

"Why, are you not——," stammered the tall man.

"No, I'm not begging this evening," said the cripple, quietly. "I'm trying to figure out what rents to charge the tenants of this block of buildings next year."

#### THE KING MUST KEEP HIS WORD.

The President Bouhier once heard a confidant of the Duke of Burgundy say, that what hindered that Prince from relieving Lille when it was besieged by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, though he might very well have done so, at the head of an excellent army, was the circumstance of the King having promised Madame de Maintenon publicly to avow his secret marriage with her when the siege of Lille should be raised; he therefore suffered it to be taken, rather than that the King should keep his word.

#### NOT TO BE HAD TWICE.

A sailor went into Stoke Church, Plymouth, when Dr. John Hawkes was preaching. His eye was caught by the letters I.H.S., and knowing the preacher's name, he thought they must stand for John Hawkes, of Stoke. The sermon was very long. The sailor soon after going into another church, and seeing the same letters before him, made a precipitate retreat.

#### HE COULD NOT HELP IT.

A gentleman at a party had made so many puns that some one ventured to lay a wager that he could not keep from punning for twenty minutes. He accepted, and withdrew to the window to be out of the way of temptation. While standing there in silence, he saw a bricklayer on the other side of the street slip his foot through a hole in the scaffold, and immediately began to whistle involuntarily the tune, "Through the wood, laddie."

#### HE KNEW.

"Where were you last Sunday, Robbie?" asked the teacher of one of the brightest scholars in her Sunday-school class. "My mother kept me at home." "Now, Robbie, do you know where little boys go to when they play truant from Sunday-school?" "Yes, ma'am." "Where?" "They go fishin'!" exclaimed the boy.

## RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

An aged negro in Texas, known as Uncle Mose, prosecuted a vagabond for stealing his chickens. The old man made out a clear case, describing his chickens as a peculiar Spanish breed, of which he was sole owner in that section. The defendant's lawyer, on getting up to cross-examine the old man, sternly said, "Uncle Mose, you claim that nobody else has any of these chickens but you. Now, what would you say if I were to tell you that I have half-a-dozen of them in my back yard at this very time?" "Well, boss," responded Uncle Mose, "I should say dat dat 'ar tief had paid you yer fee with my chickens." That ended the cross-examination.

## RATHER SMART.

A lady of the French court, of very mean extraction, whom her husband had married for her great wealth, one day let something fall from her hand. The Marchioness de Vaillière, afterwards Duchess of Mazarin, stooped to pick it up. The lady, thanking her, hinted that the Marchioness had easily anticipated her, as she was shorter, and therefore nearer the ground. The Marchioness, provoked at this rude observation, retorted, "Oh! as for that, Madame, you are much nearer to the ground than I am, for you have just been raised from it."

## GOT THE WRONG END.

A minister hearing a boy saying, "Bother those mosquitoes," reproved him, saying that like all other creatures, they were doubtless made with a good end. "That may be," said the boy, "but I don't like the end that I feel at any rate."

## TRUE GOOD-BREEDING.

Louis XIV. having been told that Lord Stair, the British ambassador, was the best bred man in Europe, determined to put the matter to the test. He accordingly invited his lordship to take an airing with him, and when the carriage arrived, told him to enter it and take his seat. Lord Stair at once bowed and obeyed. His Majesty was satisfied that what he had heard of him was true.

## A PHILOSOPHER BEFORE HIS AGE.

The following has been handed down as the introduction of a sermon delivered by a Scotch minister of the old school in the end of last century:—

"All things, my brethren, are in motion. The land is in motion, an' the sea is in motion. The earth is in motion, an' the sky is in motion. The sun is in motion, an' the moon is in motion. The planets are in motion; ay even, an' the fixed stars are in motion. God is in motion, an' the deevil is in motion. Bad men are in motion, an' gude men are in motion. For saith my text, "*They went furth to go into the land of Canaw-an!*"

## A PROBABLE HYPOTHESIS.

Henry Fielding, the famous novelist, was one day in company with the Earl of Denbigh, with whose family his own was closely connected. His lordship asked the reason why they spelled their names differently—the Earl's family spelling theirs Feilding. "I cannot tell, my lord," answered his namesake, "unless it be that my branch of the family was the first that learned how to spell."

## VERY LIKELY.

A refreshment bar on a certain railway is kept by a veteran baker. A sprightly young traveller complained of one of his pies the other day. The old man became angry. "Young man," he said severely, "I made pies before you were born." "Yes," responded the traveller. "I fancy this must be one of those pies."

## THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy-looking party as he entered a San Francisco restaurant. "Have you got an eagle on silver?" asked the proprietor. And the conference adjourned *sine die*.

## A TRANSPARENT CHEAT.

An old lady from the country goes, for the first time, to the opera. After a few solos the troupe all sing together. "Ah!" remarks the old lady, "they don't care now that they have our money. See, all singing together, so that they may get through sooner!"

## MONTHLY NOTES.

## ART.

The most interesting portion of the Jubilee Exhibition is undoubtedly the Picture Gallery, which, amongst its 420 works, shows numerous ones that well repay examination. It would require more than the allotted space of this article to mention all deserving of praise, but the names of such artists as A. W. Weedon, Cattermole, Marshall, Wood, Callow, Law, Callcott, Cook, Absalom, Ludby, Varley, Mogford, etc., in the list of water-colours, speak for themselves, and the mention of a few of their works will suffice to show the reader that a visit to the Fine Art Court will be neither unprofitable nor without interest.

No. 49, a thoroughly peaceful English scene of meadow-land, with a little church in the middle distance, is from the pencil of R. A. Marshall, and must win attention from all claiming the old country as their home. Not far from it is "St. George's, Venice," No. 52, a little gem by W. Callow, whose delicate execution and finish renders it one of the best in the collection. "The Green Lanes of England" (59), by E. W. Cook, comes pleasantly before the visitor as an old friend, as it was exhibited at the Victorian Academy of Arts some two years ago. The subject is a pretty one, treated in the artist's known successful style, and the work is kindly lent by A. Burns, Esq. Some very good execution is noticeable in "Winsford, Somerset" (66), by G. H. Mole, the massive stone bridge being admirably rendered. The drawings by David Law are numerous and good—(99) "Venice," (93) "Cottagers near Brig o' Turk," and (68) "Staithe, Yorkshire," being all charming examples of his style, the water and the wet appearance of the sky in the latter particularly meriting notice. Nos. 72 and 81, by Aitken and Davis, are both good, and (82) "A Spate on a Rosshire Burn," by A. W. Weedon, shows all that artist's particular skill in depicting a sheet of water. (84) "Near Blair Drummond, Perthshire," by J. Munro, gives the ever-popular scene of a hay-field, and the grey sky is a feature in the execution. (96) "Receiving Evidence," by Cattermole, has all the fine and minute work belonging to that artist; and "The Gipsy" (102), by Kilburne, repays examination. (97) "Arundel Castle," by E. W. Cook, is one of the best exhibits from his pencil; and Max Ludby's "Antwerp from Tête de Flandre," lent by G. Lush, Esq., is sure to win praise. The visitor will find many more admirable works from known studios, as well as some pleasing and well-executed subjects from Australian artists, but as the oil-paintings have still to be considered they must be left unnamed.

On a small screen are several good bits, which are well worth studying.

In oils, may be noticed a good number by Mr. R. Dowling, but it is to be regretted that his lovely painting "From Calvary to the Tomb" is not amongst his exhibits. His noble

work of "Daniel" is a conspicuous one, and cannot fail to attract attention from all who understand a good painting. The work would be a welcome addition to the walls of our National Gallery, which it is to be hoped it will, in time, adorn. (414), "Going out with the Tide," is wonderfully pathetic, and may be named as a gem in the collection. The subject is an old stone cottage, with thatched roof, such as are so common in Cornwall; a young man full of strength and vigour, is coming up from the shore with a basket slung over his shoulder, and some fine fish carried in one hand; behind him is seen a rosy-cheeked boy. At the door, just seated in a great high-backed wooden chair, is an aged man, with white beard and wrinkled face, and a grey plaid shawl thrown over the limbs that seem to tremble with fatigue, one withered hand resting with confiding love in the tender clasp of the daughter, whose right hand is still on the old man's shoulder, where it has been laid to guide his faltering steps. The feeble helplessness of great age and the strength of youthful manhood are both finely rendered, and all the accessories are depicted in the artist's usual graphic style. Four likenesses, those of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Miss Cumming, A. Fletcher, and J. Smith, Esqs., are also by Mr. Dowling, and uphold his reputation as a skilful portrait-painter. "The Splinter," (250), by Miss A. Grant (a London pupil of Mr. Dowling) has been already mentioned with high praise in "Art-Notes," and (247), "Pensioners," by the same young lady, is a very clever bit of work. "Dipping-place, Dandenong," (302), by H. F. Johnstone, is a pretty, calm scene of placid water and trees, with steps leading down to the former, and some girls pausing near them to talk ere fetching water for the evening meal—the subdued, tender light, that is often seen at the close of a summer's day, is well rendered.

A very characteristic bit of bush-life is shown in (300) "Barter," by E. Von Guerard, representing natives offering skins for sale to some bushmen, and contrasting well with a charming work by H. F. Johnstone, "Forest of Fontainebleau Spring," No. 297, in which the freshness of budding green leaves and perfume of early grass are almost to be felt. The lovely tints of fresh green are introduced with great skill, and, to those who know what Spring is in Europe, with perfect accuracy, but as may be gathered from the remarks of many who look at it, a large proportion of the visitors to the Fine Art Court, have never been there, and are too apt, in their ignorance of the subject, to assert that the artist is wrong and his colouring defective, when it is simply their own want of knowledge that causes their judgment to err as to the painting. A "Seapiece, Gibraltar" (269), by Melby, though accidentally marked, G. Webb, is well worthy of notice, and repays examination, as does also G. R. Miles' "Flotsam and Jetsam" (282), which has some good work in it, and David Law in (283) "On the Whitby Scar,"

has one of his charming bits that is sure to be admired. An exhibit that gains upon the visitor is John Varley's "Street in Cairo," (252), the beauty of execution being worthy of the artist's brush. A pretty and popular subject is the one chosen by J. T. Linnell, (243), "The Cornfield," and a likeness of the late Sir John O'Shanessy, by E. Goodwyn Lewis, will be gladly recognised by all his numerous friends; the work, however, is unfortunately hung so high that its merits are not so visible as might have been desired.

Mr. J. Ford Patterson forwards three of his good paintings noticed in last month's "Art Notes," Nos. 305, 314, and 312, "Evening on the Lardidark," "Evening at Fernshaw," and "Morley's Track." There are also several by the late I. Whitehead, whose death was so serious a loss to colonial art, and Messrs. L. Buvelôt and Mather contribute works which it is a pleasure to examine. (413). "The Pick of the Pack," by E. R. Breach, shows some clever work; attitudes and colouring being both good. "Capri, near Naples" (385), by E. Von Guerard, and lent by T. Shaw, Esq., is a fine example of the artist's style, and "Ostend," by T. Weber, can hardly fail to please the observer. Mme. Mouchette's work is always acceptable, and her "Portrait of a Young Lady," (419), does her credit. "A Poultry Farm," by F. Van Leemputten, (379), is very clever. (309), "A Welcome Water-hole," is an Australian scene capably delineated, by H. F. Johnstone, and "The Fire at Pickford's Stables," by Bottomley, is a grand animal study.

The Courts altogether form an interesting study, and one of the pleasant resorts in the Jubilee Exhibition, the originator of which, Mr. Knipe, is to be congratulated on his recent change of one of the officials, Mr. Walpole, as a courteous reception may now be expected, instead of the supercilious and impertinent manner which that gentleman (?) saw fit to frequently assume when questioned on any business matters regarding exhibits.

A very clever pen-and-ink drawing of the cover of the English "Punch" is to be seen just before the entrance of the Water-colour Court, it is the work of a Mr. Collins, dead some time since. The artist has not only rendered the copy so good as to make it extremely difficult to distinguish from the original, but has etched an envelope upon the upper portion, with a postage stamp that might almost defy the post-office officials themselves. Drawing the cover of "Punch" is considered the *test-work* in London by those following the profession, the immense difficulties to be overcome in copying the minute figures, lettering, etc., rendering the task, in the opinion of experts, worthy of such high consideration. The drawing now in the Jubilee Exhibition, is considered by Mr. H. Wallis, of Imperial Chambers, Collins-street west, himself no mean authority on such a subject, to be the finest of the kind he has yet seen.

"Before the Bull-fight," by José Gallegos, is a grand work, representing a Picador, Matador, and two Banderilleros, praying in front of an altar ere attending the scene of their cruel

business. They are in complete costume, and the rich colours and gold and silver embroidery, are vividly rendered. The altar, which stands in partial shadow, is placed in one of the numerous chapels to be seen in a Romish Church, and all the details of the crucifix, lighted candles, etc., are faithfully rendered. The contrast between the priest, a man of great age, and the bull-fighters, who are in the prime of life, is very fine. "My Garden," by G. B. O'Neill, shows a pretty domestic scene, full of delicate treatment. A beautiful painting is "Rest," by D. A. C. Artz; the weary attitude of the old French woman, the pathetic, longing look of the little one as she gazes over the rough ground that still lies between their halting-place and the village to which they journey, the dreary expanse of heath, all combine to tell a touching story. Noticeable features in this work are the admirable atmospheric effects, and the manner in which the strange feeling of distance is, as it were, *forced* upon the observer. A composition which at once rivets the attention is that of "Prayer," by L. Nono, a Venetian artist. The image of the Virgin placed on the rough, weather-worn balustrade of the quay, is the point of attraction to a woman, evidently in fear and sorrow for some loved "toiler of the sea," who kneels there, lost to all going on around her. Little pools of rain shine upon the pavement, which is covered with fallen leaves that tell of the Frost King's touch. The sunrise is a stormy-looking one, though the freshness of autumn is almost felt, and a feeling of compassion fills the heart as the eye again falls on the lonely suppliant, praying for those so near and dear to her, and to whom the previous night's storm may have been the "last messenger on earth." There are also two Venetian scenes and a "Flower Market," worthy of notice did space allow of it, but enough has been said to show that a visit to Mr. Fletcher's gallery at this time, will afford both instruction and amusement.

The exhibition of drawings by pupils of the various State schools, held recently at the Town Hall, was interesting, and proved, in several cases, that good progress was made by the students in that art.

E. A. C.

#### LITERATURE.

A new magazine named the "Biblical Exegetist" is announced. The first number will be issued in January. The "Exegetist" will contain a monthly digest and review of modern criticism.

Messrs. Ginn, Heath and Co, Boston, have in preparation a text-book for teaching temperance in the public schools. The volume will be edited by Axel Gustafson, the author of "Foundation of Death," the book on the temperance question that has of late excited a wide spread interest.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' edition of "Boswell's Johnson," edited by Professor Morley, will be issued shortly in five volumes by Messrs. Routledge and Sons, of London.

Dr. Smyth's new volume entitled, "The Reality of Faith," recently published in America and England, has been very favourably

reviewed in many journals. It is said to be a volume of extraordinary value. An American reviewer says: "It deals with the realities of faith in a realistic way; Dr. Smyth's theology, whether it be new or old, is a working theology."

Mr. Elliot Stock, of London, announces a new volume of poems by the Hon. Roden Noel. The title of the volume is "Songs of the Heights and Deepes."

Messrs. Ward and Co., of London, announce a selection from the works of Jeremy Taylor. The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar writes the introduction to the volume.

The first number of a new theological magazine, named "The Interpreter," has been issued with the November magazines. It is edited by the Rev. Joseph S. Exel, who is widely known among ministers of all denominations as one of the editors of the "Pulpit Commentary." "The Interpreter" commences with a splendid list of contributors, nearly all of them being ministers whose praise is in all the churches. The articles in the first number are all on topics of great interest and importance. No minister should fail to order this admirable monthly periodical. We have read the first number, kindly supplied by Mr. Hutchinson, Collins-street west. The publishers are Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh.

It is stated that Lord Lytton has written a new lyrical romance, which he will shortly publish.

A new and enlarged edition of Dr. Geikie's excellent work on "Old Testament Characters" has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a handsome and profusely illustrated volume.

Canon Spence, M.A., one of the editors of "The Pulpit Commentary," has translated the MS. recently discovered by Archbishop Bryennios, entitled "The Teaching of the Apostles: a Page of First Century Christian Life." Canon Spence has added to his translation prolegomena and notes. The work will be published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., of London.

The second series of "The Antiquary's Library" has been published. The volumes consist of "The Life of Harold;" "Coins and Medals: their place in History and Art;" and "Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients."

It is announced that the author of "Ginx's Baby" and the "Devil's Chain," after a somewhat lengthened silence and seclusion, is about to give to the world another literary production. This latest effort will be a novel entitled "A Week of Passion; or the Dilemma of Mr. George Barton the Younger."

In the December number of the *North American Review* Principal Shairp is the writer of a beautiful article on "Friendship in English Poetry." The article is a fit sequel to that on "Friendship in Ancient Poetry," which appeared in the November number. Dr. Shairp's remarks are fresh and suggestive, and his illustrations from the English poets very choice.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, of London, have just published a work by Mr. F. Hawkins,

which will be interesting to many readers. The title is "Annals of the French Stage." It is stated that the author "has endeavoured to give his work some value as one of literary history and criticism, and has devoted much care to the elucidation of the relations between the church and the stage in olden times."

The work recently announced, "Under the Tzars," by the Russian "Nihilist," Stepniak, will be published early this year, by Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London. The work will be issued in two large octavo volumes, and will contain an exhaustive account, from Stepniak's point of view, of the present condition of the Russian Empire.

Messrs. MacMillan and Co., of London, announce that they will publish early in the year, "A History of the Parsees," by Mr. Dosabhai Framji Karaka, C.S.I. The work will be issued in two volumes, handsomely illustrated. The subject is one of great interest in many respects.

Historical students will find in the last number of the "Quarterly Review" two articles worth careful study. The first has for its subject, "Cardinal Richelieu and his Times," and the second is devoted to a full notice of the life of John de Witt, the Pensionary of Holland. Both articles are full of interesting incidents, and are beautifully and forcibly written. Clergymen will find in the same number a well-written article on "Massillon," the great French preacher.

The January number of the popular and valuable monthly "The Art Journal," it is announced will be issued at a reduced price, thus placing it within the reach of a larger number than heretofore of the lovers of art. Each monthly issue will in future contain one engraving, etching, or fac-simile, the letter press will be the same in length, and more wood engravings will be given than formerly.

A volume of thoroughly excellent, practical discourses, entitled, "Laws of Christ for Common Life," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The author is the Rev. R. W. Dale, L.L.D., the able and popular pastor of Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham. Mr. Dale is so widely known, that a new volume bearing his name is sure of a hearty welcome from a great circle of readers. By English reviewers the book is very highly commended.

The well-known publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., have just added to their long list of valuable works, "The Dictionary of English History." The volume is the result of many workers.

It is very gratifying to record that a work so valuable as the late Mr. J. B. Green's "Short History of England" has reached its 203rd thousand.

Among the lady writers of England, Miss Annie Swan, judging from the number and increasing popularity of her works, seems destined to occupy a front rank place. Her latest volume, "Carlowrie, or among Lothian Folk," is a capital book, which should have a place in any home and school library. Young people will read it with pleasure, and we may add with profit. Some of the characters are

finely drawn. Such a book cannot fail to do good.

The popular American author Mr. E. P. Roe has just added another to his long list of good novels. It is named "A Young Girl's Wooing." A first edition of 25,000 copies was printed. A remarkable proof of the continued popularity of the author is the fact that 152,000 copies of the pamphlet editions of two of his works have been sold on railways and news-stands, without lessening in the least the demand for the regular editions.

Messrs. Trübner and Co. have just published a beautifully illustrated edition of Mr. Arnold's poem, "The Light of Asia." The *Academy* says "it is surprising that Mr. Edwin Arnold's first and finest poem should have waited so long as six years for this seal of popularity." Unqualified praise is given to this illustrated edition.

Messrs. Bentley, of London, have published in two volumes "The Letters of Jane Austen." The letters are marked by great simplicity, and are just what might be expected from an accomplished lady, especially in writing to dear and well loved friends. The letters contained in the two volumes for the most part are those written to one of the writer's sisters, and two nieces. The letters will be interesting to the readers of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and other works.

The many admirers of Dr. George MacDonald will be pleased to know that he has a second series of "Unspoken Sermons" in the press, and an edition of "Hamlet," with notes.

In the "Table Talk" of the Boston *Literary World*, we find the following paragraph anent the work of an American journalist. "George Alfred Townsend, otherwise known as 'Gath,' writes about twenty-one columns a week for the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, two for the *Philadelphia Times*, two for the *Boston Globe*, and two or three a week for the *New York Tribune*. He sends three columns daily to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* by telegraph, and his income from the aggregate of his newspaper work is thought not to fall below £10,000 a year. He keeps two assistants, one of whom takes down his dictation in shorthand, while the other does the writing out."

In the November number of the *Century*, the great American monthly, among many other valuable contributions, the first part of a new novel, by Mr. Howells, is published. The title is "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It is stated that the story will depict the career of a typical American man of business. The first part of the story is good reading.

Messrs. Nisbet and Co., of London, have just published a "Commentary on Daniel's Prophecy," by Prof. J. G. Murphy, D.D. The volume is small, but contains a concise and exceedingly clear and interesting exposition of the prophecies of the "man greatly beloved." Dr. Murphy has been a benefactor to many by the light he has thrown on other books of the Bible in previous volumes, and has incurred the debt of gratitude due to him by the preparation of this new work.

Among many valuable and instructive volumes published this season, two volumes, entitled "Religion in England from 1800 to

1850: A History," deserve honourable mention. The author, Dr. John Stoughton, is so widely known as an able and popular writer, that any work bearing his name is sure of a hearty welcome from a large circle of readers. Dr. Stoughton is now far advanced in life, but there is no evidence of any diminution of intellectual vigour in the two volumes just issued. The historical incidents, and the biographical sketches will be interesting to old and young connected with all the various Christian denominations. Dr. Stoughton writes of men of renown, and he does so without manifesting sectarian partiality or exclusiveness. T.

#### CURRENT EVENTS.

The Jubilee Exhibition still continues a popular resort with the public. Some good works of various kinds may be seen at the stand of Messrs. Giorgi and Co., of 133 Swanston-street. Amongst them may be named some Cameo shell exhibits very finely worked, and a piece of the shell itself is also shown, by which the visitor is able to understand the process of making them. Florentine Mosaic, silver filigree, rice-straw, and Roman Byzantine work, have all good examples at this stall, as well as lava and Venetian bead bracelets, and one from Aden, each bead of which is hand-painted. Collarettes made of beads and small white shells are also amongst the Italian exhibits. The Bombay and Calcutta goods are varied, pretty and of very moderate price; they are at the same stand and consist of boxes, plates, peacock's fans, silver bangles, etc., etc. The new game of Badminton is represented by the requisite bats.

Some of the favourite "ivory-china" has been added to the excellent stock displayed by Messrs. Allan and Co., and the court belonging to the Italian Trading Company shows a table of pretty corals, etc., in the form of brooches and bracelets, that well repay examination. A visit to this Court is always pleasant, not only from the beauty of many of the articles, but also from the gentle and courteous manner of the young lady assistant, whose constant attendance and steady attention to her duties is another agreeable and very conspicuous feature at the Italian stall.

The knitting machines in the Ladies' Court, both continue to have their numerous visitors, and in connection with that of Mrs. Robertson, it may be mentioned that at the recent agricultural show at Kyneton, it was recommended for a special prize and all the exhibits taken up with it were sold before the day closed. Several new articles are to be seen in the handsome show-stand beside it, each thing being labelled "hand or machine-knitted," as the case may be.

An interesting portion of the Exhibition is that devoted to half models of yachts and sailing vessels, a great many of which are sent in by Mr. H. Murray, naval architect. Amongst his exhibits is one of a sixty ton racing yacht of the present day, and the model has, with justice, been much admired.

A remarkable piece of furniture is shown at the stand of Messrs. Rocke and Co., it consists of a lady's work bag and stand, the latter formed of a pillar with jockeys' caps and

spurs which rest on claws fashioned as horses' feet. Bits, chains, whips with inverted and carved horse shoes intercrossing, are employed as the decorations of the intermediate panels, on whose four points rests a plush bag, worked with the monogram of the Warrnambool Amateur Turf Club. As a clever exhibit carved out of the solid wood, it is noticeable, otherwise it must be termed far more curious than pretty.

One of the features of the month of December, has been the opening of what is fondly termed the "Rotten-Row of Melbourne," but unless a great change is made in the road chosen for the scene of operations, many a long day will pass before it can justly lay claim to such a title. The Albert Park has however, in itself, so many natural advantages that is to be hoped measures will soon be taken to render the ground all that it should be. A large number of influential persons assembled on the day named, and there was a good show of horses, carriages, tandems, etc. The band of Herr Plock was present, and the afternoon proved a very enjoyable one.

The opening ceremony of the New Home of Hope for Destitute Children took place on the 15th of last month, the memorial-stone having been laid early in August last. The house, which is in Easey-street, Collingwood, at the rear of the old Home, is a commodious, two-storied, brick erection with twelve well-lighted and ventilated rooms, the cost of which, with some furnishing expenses, amounts to about £1600.

As the readers of *Once a Month* may not all be acquainted with this, one of the most unostentatious and praiseworthy institutions in our midst, a few details concerning it may not be unacceptable previous to further mention of the New Home.

It is now five years since the Rev. C. Cherbury, moved by the misery of the many homeless children he frequently met, resolved to start a place of refuge for them, trusting for means to the love of the "Father of the fatherless." The commencement was of course very small, but the kindly effort was blessed, and prospered until it became one of our best children's institutions in Melbourne. The *Home*, for such it is, in very truth, to the happy little ones now gathered within its sheltering walls, soon outgrew the proportions of the old shoe factory which was purchased as soon as Mr. Cherbury's thought took a practical form, and the friends who had assisted in so doing, saw, with him, that larger premises must be obtained if the good work was to continue. Like George Müller's famous homes, the one of which we write, has been started "in faith," and the God of the fatherless and widow has honoured that simple belief in His love and goodness. for the old home became free of debt two years from the time of pur-

chase and is now worth £2000. State aid has been kindly offered by the Chief Secretary, but has been declined gratefully by the trustees and Mr. Cherbury, as they prefer still carrying on the work as heretofore.

The number of children now in the Home amount to twenty-four, eighteen of whom are boys; the cost of the latter per year is £17, that of girls £15. It is worked on the most economical plan consistent with comfort, and much of the household duty is done by the children, who are thus taught this necessary knowledge from the commencement. The only paid officials are the superintendent, matron and sub-matron, and their salaries are so moderate that the labour may truly be termed one of love.

The children, who look well and happy, and whose love for Mr. and Mrs. Cherbury is a very pleasant thing to see, attend a neighbouring State school, and bear a high character for their good behaviour and attention to their studies; a change will, however, be probably made now the new Home is completed, and the little ones receive instruction there. The aim pursued is that of educating out-cast children, not alone of Collingwood, but any that may require such help, so that they may learn a trade, if boys, or domestic service if girls. They may, if needful, remain at the Home until of age, when they will be given a few pounds on their start in life, with an even greater boon, that of the knowledge that they have made kind friends whilst residing there, who will always help them with sympathy and advice whenever needed.

The good work being done by the Home of Hope can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who visit the place; no difference of creed closes the doors against the little ones; to be unprotected and desolate is the "open sesame" of that kindly shelter, and the simple Gospel of Him who so loved children, is the influence that guides and governs all within its walls.

Donations are of course much needed, and if any of the readers of *Once a Month* are uncertain where to bestow a New Year's gift, they cannot do better than forward it to the institution now described. A great and lasting benefit is being conferred on Melbourne by the Christian efforts of the Rev. C. Cherbury, for these poor waifs and strays of our great city are being reclaimed by his exertions from vice and misery and brought up to become respectable men and women, and it is not too much to ask of the community which will reap so much good from its establishment, that it should come forward with willing hearts and open hands to assist the Home of Hope, and enable it at the next annual meeting in March to be announced as almost free of the present debt of £1600.

E. A. C.









HON JOHN COLTON.

FROM A SCULPTURE BY GEORGE & WALTON.

# ONCE A MONTH.

No. II.

FEBRUARY 15, 1885.

Vol. II.

## GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. III.

THE HON. JOHN COLTON,

PREMIER OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

*"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
Mente quatit solida——"*

The man, in conscious justice bold,  
His purpose fixed resolved to hold,  
The eager crowd's unfair demands,  
The threatening tyrant's frown, unmoved,  
withstands.

In continuing our series, we produce in this month's issue a faithful portrait of one of the oldest and most respected politicians of the Australian colonies, the Hon. John Colton, Premier and Chief Secretary of the important and progressive colony of South Australia. We could write a long history of this venerated gentleman, but to do so would practically be to write a history of the colony itself from almost its foundation. We shall therefore content ourselves with a short *résumé* of his life, trusting that it may prove an incentive to our young men, by showing them to what a high position any honest and industrious young man can attain through his own exertions and perseverance.

Mr Colton was born in the county of Devon, England, in the year 1823, and when only sixteen years of age, following the example of so many others, left old England's shores to try his fortunes in a distant land. He arrived in South Australia in the year

1839, and at once set to work with all the vigour and energy so natural to him, to lay the foundation of a large mercantile business, which, keeping pace with the progress of the colony, has now a leading position in the commercial world, and Colton and Co. is a well-known name throughout the length and breadth of South Australia. It is not very long—only about two or three years—since Mr. Colton retired, after having actively managed a successful business for forty years. His first appearance in public life was when he stood for Alderman of the city of Adelaide in 1859, a position he worthily filled for four years, assisting materially in beautifying and improving the city.

Mr. Colton first entered the political arena in 1863, when he was returned at the head of the poll for the district of Noarlunga, and consequently resigned his position as Alderman. During the Parliament of that year he took part in most of the important debates, and brought a large amount of intelligence, combined with practical knowledge, to bear on the leading questions of the day.

At the general election in 1865 he was re-elected for the same district, and again in 1868 had the honour to be returned unopposed, proving the thorough

satisfaction and confidence of the electors. Up to this time he had not been connected with any Ministry, his spare time being so fully occupied with active business pursuits; but on November 3rd, 1868, he joined the Strangways Ministry, as Commissioner of Public Works. This position, as may be supposed, was one of great importance at such a time, when the various resources of the colony were being rapidly developed; and was ably filled by Mr. Colton for two years, when, owing to his strong views on the labour and taxation questions, he was defeated in his district, and resigned his portfolio.

The ensuing four years were spent by Mr. Colton in private life, and in attending to the duties of his rapidly increasing business; but, in 1874, at the earnest request of a large number of citizens, he consented to become a candidate for the Mayoralty of Adelaide, and was successful. During his term of office as Mayor, Mr. Colton again sought re-election to Parliament in his old district of Noarlunga, and was returned unopposed. In June, 1874, he joined the Boucaut Ministry as Treasurer—thus filling two very important and laborious positions at the same time, and ably assisting Mr Boucaut (now his Honor Mr. Justice Boucaut), in carrying out his well-known and justly celebrated policy. Although possessed of an almost iron constitution, the double strain proved too much for Mr. Colton's nervous system; and, acting under medical advice, he resigned the Treasurership in March, 1876, and Mr. Boucaut re-constructed his Ministry. But Mr. Colton's rest was to be of short duration. In June, 1876, he formed the Colton Ministry, which remained in office nineteen months, and carried out many important measures. In 1877, a collision took place between the Upper and Lower Houses, in consequence of which the Colton Ministry resigned, and were succeeded by the second Boucaut Ministry. On August 29th, 1878, Mr. Colton was compelled again to resign his seat in Parliament, on account of severe illness; and, we cannot do better than give a few extracts from speeches made in the House by leading fellow-members, when it was

known that this old and respected politician was about to retire into private life.

When the Speaker announced that he had received the Hon. John Colton's resignation of his seat for the district of Noarlunga, Mr. Townsend, then Chairman of Committees, and one of the oldest members of Parliament, stated that it was his opinion and the opinion of the House generally, that in losing Mr. Colton, they were losing one of the best public servants that South Australia ever had; and that he left with the full respect of every member of the House.

The Hon. James Penn Boucaut, then Premier and Treasurer, stated that the House, Government, and country regretted the necessity of Mr. Colton's resignation through ill health and although lately opposed to the hon. gentleman from causes he greatly regretted, he would say that when the hon. member was in office, he was always to be relied on, and he believed the colony had lost a most valuable public servant, and the House one of its most esteemed members; that he thoroughly understood the business of the country, and could enter into opposition in a fair spirit.

The Minister of Education (Hon. N. Blyth) expressed deep regret at the hon. gentleman's retirement, and his earnest desire that he would soon recover his health, and resume his seat in the House.

The Hon. J. C. Bray, lately Premier of the colony for three years, stated he had sat with the hon. gentleman as a colleague—no one could desire a better. He was glad to learn that a few months' complete rest would restore him sufficiently to again take part in the business of the country.

The Hon. R. D. Ross, the present Speaker of the House of Assembly, said he was pleased to hear the previous speeches. As a colleague of the hon. gentleman, if one thing more than another struck him, it was his absolute courage in taking up public matters, caring little whether the question was popular or unpopular, simply looking at it from the point of view whether it was desirable for the good of the country.

The Hon. J. Carr said he had for some time represented the District of Noarlunga in conjunction with Mr. Colton, and he greatly regretted that their pleasant and happy companionship was about to cease. He could verify as to the hon. gentleman having the courage of his opinions, and could further say that he had served his country at great personal sacrifice.

The above extracts speak for themselves without comment from us. Many other members spoke in the same strain, but it would take up too much space in this sketch to reproduce them all.

For the next two years the country missed Mr. Colton's mature and practical deliberations, but we are happy to state, that, with care and complete rest, he was restored to his usual health; and with characteristic energy, once more, at the earnest solicitations of his old constituents offered himself as a candidate, and had the great honour of being returned without having visited the district or addressed the electors.

At this time the Morgan Ministry was in power, and on their resignation, in June, 1881, Sir William Jervois, then Governor, sent for Mr. Colton, and requested him to form a Ministry. But to the regret of the country, he, knowing the responsibility such a proceeding entailed, and his personal friends advising him to the contrary, on account of his health, reluctantly declined the honour, and suggested that Mr. Bray might be sent for. The Bray Ministry was then formed, and lasted three years; but it was well known that Mr. Colton's consistent support, and wise counsel, materially helped to keep them in power. In fact, Mr. Colton was jocularly called the "Father of the Ministry." But, towards the third year, it was evident a storm was looming in the distance. After several warnings from Mr. Colton, in June last year, he moved a vote of "No Confidence" against the Bray Ministry, and after an animated debate, succeeded in carrying his motion by a good majority. Thus he was the means of bringing about the downfall of the Ministry to which he had virtually given life, showing the power he possessed when he chose to exert it. He was at once sent for by the present Governor, Sir William

Robinson, and commenced the formation of the Ministry which now holds the reins of Government in South Australia.

Many versed in politics prognosticated that he would have a difficult task; as never in the history of South Australia was there a time when the country so much required a Ministry willing to forfeit popularity by bringing in a Taxation Bill, to insist on retrenchment in every possible form, and generally to steer the bark of State over the rocks and shoals to which South Australia had been slowly but surely drifting. The low prices of copper, wool and wheat—South Australia's principal products—combined with the general wave of depression which had been felt all over the world, had brought about this undesirable state of affairs. How well and faithfully the present Ministry have done their duty South Australian readers can testify. This Ministry is constructed as follows:—Hon. John Colton, Premier and Chief Secretary; Hon. W. B. Rounsevell, Treasurer; Hon. Thomas Playford, Commissioner of Public Works; Hon. Jenkin Coles, Minister of Crown Lands; Hon. C. C. Kingston, Attorney-General; Hon. R. C. Baker, Minister of Education; the whole combined forming a strong Ministry. It is not our intention to enter into details with regard to the present Ministry, but, suffice it to say, they are discharging their duty to the country without fear or favour.

Owing to a long and trying session, Mr. Colton has naturally felt the strain on his health, and purposes shortly to visit New Zealand on that account. We trust he will return much benefited by the change, and able when Parliament meets to still carry out such measures as will be beneficial to South Australia.

Mr. Colton is an independent, outspoken man, and a staunch Liberal, possessed, as may be seen from his history, of great administrative ability. During his long and honourable career he has proved that he has courage to maintain opinions, even in face of strong opposition, and at the risk of losing public favour. He has always taken a prominent part in all measures calculated to benefit the land of his adoption, and few have equalled him

in advancing its various interests. He is a leading Wesleyan, always finds time to preside and assist at their social gatherings, and is rightly esteemed by them for his conscientious principles and well-known liberality.

Like many other leading men, he has a fitting helpmate. Mrs. Colton is, without exception, one of the most philanthropic ladies in South Australia, never tired of visiting the sick, poor, and distressed, and takes an active part in the management of several of the charitable institutions.

Mr. Colton is a true and firm friend, a genial companion, and, to the poor

and needy, a considerate benefactor. He has received from her Majesty the Queen the title of Honourable, which he holds for life. He has been styled, and truly so, "The Grand Old Man of South Australia." We trust that Providence may spare him to reach a ripe old age, and that when his career is ended it may be truly said of him—

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time."

C. M. M.



### THE MONUMENT AT POVERTY BAY, NEW ZEALAND.

The particulars of the "Poverty Bay Massacre," of 1868, one of the saddest events of New Zealand history, are well known probably in both England and the colonies. Those who have studied the subject, together with the

habits and peculiar characteristics of the Maori, consider themselves competent to say with whom the blame lies—the Maori or the "Pakeha." But whatever the decision arrived at, *that* brings no comfort to the remaining

friends of the thirty-one men, women, and children, who are sleeping so peacefully in their last resting place. The Gisborne Cemetery is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Waimeta, which flows into Poverty Bay, and is about three miles from the town. The monument erected by fellow colonists, fifteen years ago, consists of white stone, somewhat discoloured by exposure to the weather, and is about fifteen or twenty feet in height. The grassy space enclosed around it by iron posts and chains is about thirty feet square. On three sides are the names and ages, so far as known, of those massacred, and on the fourth side is the following inscription:—

“In memory of those massacred by Te Kooti, A.D. 1868. ‘In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord.’”

Within the enclosure is a large weeping willow, the light green of which contrasts agreeably with the dark green of the native *cabbage-tree* in the back ground. Hardened indeed must be he who can read unmoved the list of victims, and to whose thoughts the words above do not recur—“In the midst of life we are in death.”

Appended is an exact copy of the names as written on the three sides:—

*Massacred November 10th, 1868.*

REGINALD NEWTON BIGGS, late major commanding, and R.M. of this district, aged 38 years.

EMILY BIGGS, aged 19 years.

GEORGE BIGGS, aged 1 year.

JAMES PADBURY, late P.B.M.R.Y., aged 32 years.

JANE FARRELL, aged 26 years.

JAMES WALSH, late Lieutenant P.B.M.R.Y., aged 33 years.

NORAH ELLEN WALSH, aged 1 year.

JOHN MCCULLOCH, aged 28 years.

JANE MCCULLOCH, aged 25 years.

EMILY JANE MCCULLOCH, aged 2 years.

MARY McDONALD, aged 7 years.

JOHN CADLE, aged 28 years.

JAMES WILSON, late Captain of the Militia, aged 32 years, and his wife, ALICE

SWEETMAN WILSON, aged 30 years;

EDWIN JAMES WILSON, aged 4 years;

and JESSIE GERTRUDE WILSON, aged 1½ years.

JOHN MANN, aged 29 years.

EMMA MANN, aged 23 years, and infant.

ROBERT NEWMAN, aged 60 years.

JANE NEWMAN, aged 45 years.

NEWMAN, aged 1 year.

JOHN MORAN, aged 60 years.

MARIA GOLDSMITH, aged 16 years.

ALBERT EDWIN GOLDSMITH, aged 4 years.

GEORGE NEVILLE DODD, aged 40 years.

RICHARD PEPPARD, aged 25 years.

*Massacred December 12th.*

FINLAY FERGUSON, aged 26 years.

WILLIAM WYLIE, aged 14 years.

BENJAMIN MACKAY, aged 14 years.

—HENI.

### THE “WRONG PIZEN.”

Who did you say would swallow ink  
 Sooner than go without something to drink?  
 Porson, was it? he must have been mad—  
 Never knew anyone half so bad,  
 Though we once had a cook, a downright beast,  
 Wouldn't leave alone a drop of yeast;  
 And lots of the men have a quiet spree  
 Drinking “pain-killer” in their tea,  
 Till you'd think, for the regular swiping crew,  
 Anything out of a bottle would do.  
 Talking of that, old Geordie Blake  
 Once up here made a big mistake;  
 Came about sundown, meaning to stay—  
 There was no one about—we were late that day—  
 Went to the store, and found Tom Leake  
 Weighing out rations for the week.  
 “All right!” says Tom; “I'll be done in a flash;  
 Go up to the barracks, and have a wash;  
 There's a bottle of brandy there you'll see,  
 If you want a nip before your tea.”

leave the room so long as Patty was in it, if she or Seth felt afraid.

But Patty took courage and declared that she was not afraid at all; and then Joan sat down beside her father, and, looking round with a smile, said that it was pleasant to be at home again.

"I'm sure then I wonder that you ever went away," said Patty pertly. "I can't imagine what pleasure you find in running about from place to place; I like staying at home for my part."

She looked at Seth for approval, and he rewarded her with a satisfied smile. Joan coloured, but said nothing in reply.

"And how were the Spences?" said Mrs. Tuke, in a thin, high voice. "It's a mercy for them that they had a friend like you, Joan, for what they would ha' done, left to themselves, the Lord only knows. It's beyond me, at any rate. Still, as the saying is, 'charity begins at home.'"

"Yes, indeed," said Patty, with a curious little sniff.

"And now you've returned," continued Mrs. Tuke, "I suppose we needn't go sending milk to the Spences and the Joneses day after day, as we've been doing for the last six weeks or more, and not a penny in return——"

"You don't mean to say you've been giving away good milk?" said Patty, genuinely shocked.

"Why, you don't think we should wait till it had gone sour, do you?" said the old farmer rather grimly.

"Well, I never!" was the young damsel's sole reply. But her pursed-up lips expressed all the disapproval which she did not like to put into words.

"It *is* a waste," said Mrs. Tuke, mournfully. "No return for it at all; and no gratitude. Folks call it 'lending to the Lord,' but I do wish sometimes He'd pay interest. And Joan coming home not able to eat a bite or drink a sup, because she's been spending her health and strength on a set of shiftless sick people, and looking as white as a ghost, or else," said Mrs. Tuke, glancing at Joan, "as she is now, as red as a peony, though not so brown in the cheeks——"

Mrs. Tuke subsided. For Joan, with that sudden crimson in her face,

was sitting up and speaking in low, distinct, resolute tones.

"If I cannot eat or drink," she said, addressing herself to her aunt, "it is because I hear you call charity, waste; and care for the poor, a vain expense of strength and time. How can I sit and eat when I hear these words? I would sooner give the bit from my own plate than let the poor go hungry."

She had come home in a state of nervous weariness which made her unable to take such comments quietly. Patty looked at her with a mingling of resentment and terror; but Mrs. Tuke continued in her piping treble, all unmoved by Joan's smouldering excitement.

"That's where you was always so silly, Joan. Giving the bit away from your own plate, indeed! As if the poor didn't get enough scraps from the farm, what with milk and broken meat and broth, and nobody knows what! Sinful waste I call it: and them that wastes will come to want."

"It's what mother never allows," said Patty. "She won't give away a penny nor a crust of bread. She says its encouraging the poor."

Joan looked at her earnestly, with a softer light in her dark eyes, and rested her clasped hands on the table as she spoke. "And who else encouraged the poor, Patty? Are we not to remember who it was that left us the poor as a most blessed charge? 'The poor ye have always with you.'" A far-away look came into her face—she looked as if she were listening to some distant voice of music.

Patty shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, if you're going to bring religion in!" she exclaimed, and then she glanced at Seth and laughed. "We shan't be always giving away our substance like Joan, I'm sure, shall we, Seth?"

"We shall do what's just and right, belike," said Seth, in his slow, heavy tones. "But I doubt that Joan is over fond of giving and spending."

"What do *you* think, father?" said Joan, with a note of passionate appeal in her voice.

Reuben Darenth moved uneasily in his chair. "Well," said he, trying to evade the difficulty, "there's truth on



both sides," and left the question exactly where it was before.

Joan was silent, but foolish little Patty could not let the matter rest.

"Well, if ever I'm mistress here," she said, tossing her head and seeming quite unconscious of anything objectionable in her remark, "there's a many things of that kind that I shall change. The village people 'll find the difference."

"The difference between selfishness and charity," said Joan, with a flash of scorn.

"That's right; take the credit to yourself," said Patty, with an angry jerk of her chin.

"I only do what my mother did before me," said Joan turning rather pale, and rising from her seat. "And if her ways are to be changed, and if Hillside Farm is to be known as a place where poor folks are grudged a drink of milk and a crust of bread, I trust I may be miles away from it before I see that day."

"I'm sure I trust you may," Patty called after her, as Joan left the room. Then, seeing indignation on Mrs. Tuke's brow, and discomfort depicted in the countenance of the two men, she burst into tears, and finally departed in high dudgeon, with Seth to see her home through the country lanes.

Mrs. Tuke immediately announced herself ill with a bad headache, and retired to her room with a Bible and a basin of gruel; Farmer Darenth roamed about the farm-yard and garden for a little while in a restless way; finally, catching sight of Joan in the kitchen, he came in and seated himself in his arm-chair between the fireplace and the window. The evening was beginning to fall, and the wind was rather cold; he stirred the fire once or twice, and sent the bright flames leaping up the chimney; but still he did not speak. Joan, stepping backwards and forwards from kitchen to scullery, or dairy, with quick, decisive movements, cast an occasional troubled glance towards him. When all her work was done, she came and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Father," she said, "did I speak wrongly?"

"Well, no, Joan; I can't say that you did."

"What then, father?"

"You were a bit hasty, a bit imprudent may be."

"If I was right," said Joan, with almost an impatient sound in her voice, "what does that matter?"

Her father shook his head. Evidently he was ill at ease.

"Tell me, father," she said, trying to speak very gently, "what it is you really mean."

"Well, you spoke a trifle sharp, Joan," said Reuben Darenth, with some resoluteness. "Not but what you might be right in the main. But Patty Price is to be Seth's wife, it seems. Patty and Seth will have the farm after me; and now you've offended Patty."

"Yes," Joan assented quietly.

"That's a pity, you know, Joan."

"Why is it a pity, father? If I think she is wrong in her way of looking at things, why shouldn't I say so? You do not wish the farm to go back from its old way, and be just the means of earning a living instead of a means of helping others?"

Joan's voice was growing indignant again.

"We'd better have made more money than we have, perhaps," returned the father. "Not that I grudge what we've spent on other people, either money or time, but I know that I haven't always thought for my own children as I might have done. When I die I shan't die a rich man. I may leave you a matter of two or three hundred pounds, and to Luke the same, and Seth will go on with the farm, but two or three hundred pounds is little enough if you come to live on it, or to set up in business, and unless you keep friends with Patty the farm won't be your home any longer."

"I know it won't, father. I should not wish it to be so if you were gone," said Joan.

She had seated herself on a stool at her father's feet, and clasped her hands round his knees. Reuben Darenth looked at her firmly. They were quite alone, for the farm-servants generally gathered for the evening in an outer kitchen, and the door of communication between the two was shut.

"What would you do then, Joan?"

"I think, father, if nobody wanted me here I would go up to London and learn how to be a really good nurse. Doctor Ambrose says there's a great deal to be done in hospitals. I'm strong, and can bear seeing pain and sickness. I think I should make a good nurse."

"Maybe—maybe," said old Darenth restlessly. "But I am not sure that I should like that sort of life for you."

"Better than eating out one's heart in another person's fine house as lady's maid or nursery governess," said Joan with a sudden vehemence. "Better than standing behind a counter and measuring out ribbons. Better than——" She stopped short, looked at her father's grey worn face, and changed her tone. "It's better," she said, "to earn one's daily bread by helping people who are sick and in trouble than by making selfish lives a little easier, a little more complete. If I found I could not be a nurse——"

"Well, what then?"

"Then I think I should have to give up England altogether, and go to India on a mission."

But she laughed as she spoke, and her father did not feel disturbed.

"You might marry, you know, Joan," he said doubtfully.

"That's not likely," said Joan, with decision.

"Well, well, I don't know. But concerning Seth and Patty——"

"Concerning Seth and Patty?" said Joan, with a sudden rise of colour in her face, and a slight sharpness creeping into her voice, "I don't think I have ever said anything to them or about them which I did not mean."

It was plain that Joan had been grievously wounded and offended by Patty's words about the future time when she should be mistress of the farm.

Darenth was silent for a minute or two, and rapped upon the arm of his chair uneasily. He was just about to speak again when Joan rose from her seat with suddenly uplifted forefinger.

"Hark!" she said. "Is not somebody knocking at the door?"

She listened for a moment, while her father muttered that he had heard

nothing. The knock was not repeated, but Joan walked to the door, and opened it.

She looked out into the twilight stillness, and between her and the golden sky stood the figure of a woman all in black.

Joan waited, but no words fell from the visitor's lips. Her face was veiled; she was dressed in mourning from head to foot; she did not move forward, but her garments shook a little as if she trembled. Seeing this sign of agitation, Joan recovered from the state of surprise into which the appearance of this unknown visitor had thrown her, and concluded that she was some tired traveller who had come to ask the way, or to beg for a seat and a glass of milk. Such guests were well known at the hospitable Hillside Farm.

"Will you come in, ma'am?" said the girl respectfully. "Father's at home if you want to see him."

After a little hesitation the lady stepped forward. She had a tall, graceful figure, as could be seen in spite of her shrouding black draperies, and she carried a little bag upon her left arm. Reuben Darenth rose from his chair as she entered, and looked at her expectantly, his fine, grey, weather-beaten face taking on its shrewd business expression. But still the woman in black did not speak.

"Will you sit down, ma'am?" said Joan, more and more convinced in her own mind that this was a person who needed rest and refreshment after a long walk, or, perhaps, on account of a sudden attack of illness. She was the more confirmed in this impression when the visitor raised her veil, and showed that the countenance beneath it was pale as death.

"Is your name Darenth?" she said to Joan, as the girl waited before her.

"Yes. Would you like a glass of water?" said Joan, fearing that the whiteness of lip and cheek was increasing, and making a step towards their guest's chair.

The woman shook her head. "You are like—very like," she murmured, devouring Joan with her eyes, while Reuben Darenth drew near with a dawning suspicion that the new comer was mad. "Like—my mother," she

said, with a sudden effort to speak intelligibly. And then she added, as if she wished to explain her words, "My mother's name was Elizabeth Darenth."

"Elizabeth Darenth," said the farmer, his brow darkening. "What, my sister? she that ran away from home and left her friends and died—"

"Died of a broken heart," said the woman steadily.

She would have risen from her seat, but Joan took her by the hands and looked into her face.

"And are you my cousin?" she said. "My cousin, come from France to see us! We are very glad to see you, cousin, and we hope you will be happy here."

Then, moved by the expression of the dark eyes that met hers, she stooped down and kissed her cousin on the forehead. "Father," she said, half reproachfully, "won't you welcome my cousin to England too?"

Reuben Darenth drew near, and somewhat reluctantly offered his hand. "I don't know whether you are Miss or Madame," he said somewhat gruffly, "but you have the look of your mother about the eyes—and a touch of Joan too, if you weren't so peaked and thin—and I'm glad to see you home again, Elizabeth."

His words were not tender, but there was a friendly sincerity about the clasp of his hand and the look of his eyes redeemed his speech from the charge of harshness. His niece rose to answer him.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," she said. Her voice had a faintly foreign accent, which was less agreeable to Reuben than to his daughter. "I did not know that Englishmen and Englishwomen would be so ready to welcome a stranger and a foreigner. I thank you for your kindness. I need not have hesitated to come to you." Then some slight change in the farmer's face caused her to add, "But I can prove that I am what I tell you. You see this bracelet; it was one my mother wore before she left Charnwood. You can question me, if you like; I know her history, and something of yours. I do not think," and she turned to Joan with a singular sweet, but mournful smile, "that *you* would take me for an impostor."

"My father does not think so," said Joan, confidently. But her cousin went on unheeding.

"I have had an unhappy life. My mother died of misery, sickening for her brother and her home. She did not name me Elizabeth," with a quick look at Reuben Darenth; "I am called Madalena. I married at five and twenty, a man younger than myself. A bad man. I led five miserable years with him."

She ceased and looked down at her hands, from which she had withdrawn the gloves. The wedding ring hung loose upon the thin white finger.

"And now he is dead?" said Reuben, with a touch of sympathy.

She gave him a quick glance. "Yes," she said, "dead to me."

Reuben, with all his shrewdness, could at times be strangely obtuse. He did not consider what the last three words might mean; he accepted the statement of her husband's death in all good faith. But Joan was quick of discernment. It seemed to her that this woman's trouble was greater than that of death.

"And so you have come to your friends in England. Well, niece," said Reuben Darenth, as if he were now admitting her claim upon him for the first time, "you are kindly welcome. As long as I have a house over my head it will be your shelter if you want it. I am glad to make acquaintance with my sister's child. And so she was not happy — poor girl — poor Lizzie!"

Suddenly he turned away and went out of the room as if he could bear the scene no longer. They heard his steps go slowly up the wooden stair; they heard him enter an upper room and shut the door. And then Madalena, who had sunk back in her chair with a look of utter exhaustion, turned her heavy eyes on Joan.

"He is good," she said, "although he looks stern. And you—you look good too. You will not mind my troubling you a little while? I am not come for long; but I wanted to see the place where my mother lived before I went to her. Because, you know," she continued, while her purple-veined lids seemed ready to close upon her eyes

with very weariness, "I have only come here to die."

"Oh, no, no," said Joan tenderly, "you must not talk of dying yet. We shall soon make you well. You have had great trouble, poor soul, and you are weary of your life. You will be better and stronger soon."

She put her arms round the stranger's shoulders and drew her close to her bosom. For a moment the desolate woman tried to free herself, then yielded to the gentle pressure, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Yes, yes," she sobbed, "you are right. I have had great trouble—great trouble. I have given up all I cared for—I am weary of everything. I do not even want to find him now. Only let me stay here and rest for a little while before I die."

Joan held her for a few minutes until she grew calmer, then kissed her again upon the forehead.

"You are not like a young girl," said her cousin, looking up into the grave, beautiful face above her with a sort of wonder, "you are like a mother—you know how to love. I never had a sister; will you be a sister to me now?"

Before they separated for the night the guest said with the same look of wonder, added to a new and wistful truthfulness, "You are strange people; you have never asked my married name. I will tell it to you—it is Vallor. My husband was called Constantine Vallor."

"Then you are Mrs. Vallor?" said Joan.

"Yes, or Madame Vallor; which you like. But I do not love the name. You must call me Madalena, and let me forget the other. I have given up my past life," said the woman, turning her white, weary face upon the pillow. "I pray God night and morning that the time may soon come when there shall be no more a Madalena Vallor."

And then she fingered a rosary round her neck, and Joan believed that she was already praying. She stole away and left her to her prayers—such as they were.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN THE FOREST.

A solitary horse and rider had been overtaken by darkness in a South American forest.

It was not one of the vast, trackless solitudes, where to lose the trail may lead to miserable wanderings, and still more miserable death, for the woods of La Plata and the Banda Oriental are scanty in comparison with those along the Amazon and Colorado, but it was sufficiently deep and silent for darkness and loneliness to prove trying to the nerves of a belated traveller.

Geoffrey Vanborough had been on a little expedition to the post, a trifling matter of thirty miles or so on horseback, to Buenos Ayres and back. He was now returning to the camp where he had left his friends, whence they intended to move on their way to the *saladeros*, or slaughter-houses, belonging to the manager of the large estate on which Geoffrey had engaged himself as assistant, to which they were now driving a great herd of cattle from the plains. This expedition would probably occupy some days, and it was made in company with one or two experienced "old hands," and rather a large number of *peons*, or riders, and other labourers. Once away on the Pampas he would have few opportunities of sending letters to England or anywhere else, and he had been the bearer on this occasion of letters from Luke Darenth and Nigel Tremaine to their respective friends, as well as of his own to his sister—his only correspondent. They had been a very short time as yet in the Argentine Republic, and they were still "new hands," but the three were already popular with their rough comrades, and Nigel was attaining such skill in the use of a lasso that he declared English sport to be very tame in comparison with South American.

Geoffrey had made some purchases in Buenos Ayres, and lingered there rather unnecessarily long. Soon after nightfall he found that his Indian guide had crept away through the tangled undergrowth of vegetation, and that he was therefore utterly without means of pursuing his journey in a right direction. He pulled up and glanced

round him, mentally accusing himself of complete imbecility, and imagining the roars of laughter with which the grizzled mule-drivers, the practised hunters of bison and of ostrich, would on the morrow receive his story of the way wherein the Indian had given him the slip. There would be little danger or inconvenience in camping out for the night, but he was exceedingly hungry, and had no provisions of any kind with him. And as he looked round him in some vexation of spirit he saw in the distance a faint, steady light, which probably streamed from the window of some *peon's* mud hut or Indian cabin. Thither Geoffrey turned his horse's head, mustering his best Spanish—which was still very uncertain—for the occasion. A shelter of the rudest kind would, after all, be preferable to the open air in a place where Indians, brigands, and wild animals were alike evilly disposed towards a solitary human being, and where the native inhabitants had a great dislike to any European.

There was indeed a small house, roughly constructed as he guessed, but evidently inhabited. The night was so dark that he could not even distinguish the door, so he drew rein and called out the usual salutation—

“Ave Maria!”

There was a moment's silence, then a window seemed to be thrown open, but the light behind it was extinguished. A pistol shot suddenly broke the silence of the night, and a bullet passed so close to Vanborough's face that he heard it whizz.

Now this was a clear infringement of the rules of hospitality, and Geoffrey had a right to be angry. In very imperfect Spanish, thoroughly intelligible to any listener, however, he vituperated his unseen opponent with all the vigour at his command, requesting him to come out and exchange a fair shot with him, and threatening, in true American style, to put a bullet through the door if he didn't. To which allocation he received no answer at all.

He had his revolver ready, and might have used it but for a sound that suddenly reached his ear. It was a wailing cry of a woman or child in pain or fear. His hand dropped, he

could not make up his mind to fire into the house whence that sound proceeded. He uttered another angry protest, heard the window shut down precipitately, and found himself again in silence. No light, no sound, issued from the desolate-looking little house.

He went a few paces onward, then dismounted and tied his horse to a tree. He could not find his way in the black darkness; he might as well wait for morning and see what manner of people were those who tried to shoot a lonely stranger at their door. He thought it probable that they would not try to shoot him in broad daylight; still he knew that his delay might be considered imprudent, and was deliberating, as he lay upon the ground, whether it would not be well to put a further distance between himself and his foes, when slumber overtook him, and he slept till daybreak.

In the morning he looked to see whether his pistols were in working order, left his horse fastened, and walked to the house to reconnoitre. It had all the appearance of an ordinary settler's cabin not in very good repair; the door was open, and smoke curling up from the hole which served as a chimney. Vanborough advanced to the door and looked in. An old Indian woman, hideously tattooed, wrapped in a filthy blanket, was sitting over the fire, stirring some concoction of herbs in an iron pot. She looked at the stranger with no sign of fear or surprise upon her wrinkled, copper-coloured face; she did not even cease stirring her mess of herbs upon the fire, but she uttered a sound that was neither a call nor a cry, an inarticulate utterance that had the effect of summoning another person from the interior of the house. The man who entered was, as Vanborough rightly guessed, the person who discharged his pistol at random on the previous night. He now bowed politely, and asked in fluent Spanish how he might serve the distinguished stranger who was honouring his poor dwelling with a visit.

Geoffrey was repelled by his appearance. The man looked about thirty-five years of age; he was rather below the middle height, and wonderfully lean and lithe in every limb. His com-

plexion was pale; his eyes were dark and well-shaped, but with restless, darting eyeballs; his nose was hooked and thin; his hair very faintly streaked with grey, hung in tangled curls to his eyebrows and over the back of his neck; the lower part of his face was covered by a stubbly undergrowth of black beard. The fine grain of the yellowish skin and beautiful modelling of the long supple fingers made his hands the most noticeable part of his personal appearance. He wore the usual poncho and slouched hat of a South American; but he was even more fully armed than a settler usually is, for he carried in his belt a perfect armoury of bowie-knives, as well as the customary revolver.

Geoffrey allowed the shining tip of his own revolver to become visible, and returned the man's polite greeting with some stiffness.

"Is it always your practice, *Senor*," he inquired, "to fire your pistols as a salutation to an advancing guest after nightfall?"

He saw something like a quiver of alarm pass over the man's pale face.

"*Madre de Dios!* Can it be possible that I was so unfortunate, *Senor*, as to mistake the arrival of a friend for the band of brigands which I was hourly expecting?"

"I do not know for whom you mistook me," said Vanborough, "but I would not advise you to adopt that line of conduct on all occasions. It might lead to awkward results."

He spoke with a resolute gleam of the eye which seemed to cow the man at once. He stammered out a dozen apologies, the sense of which Geoffrey could but imperfectly follow, and entreated the stranger to sit down and share his scanty meal with him in token of forgiveness.

As Geoffrey was exceedingly hungry, he had no scruple in accepting the invitation, and therefore sat down on a pile of dressed skins and smoked the pipe of peace with his host. Juanita, the Indian crone, threw a handful of shavings upon the fire, which made the flame leap cheerily round the iron pot, and diffused a strange fragrance through the room; then, in obedience to her master's imperious orders, she prepared a decoction of *matè* or Paraguay tea, to

which Vanborough was already well accustomed; and placed on the rude table a dish of stewed meat and cakes baked in the ashes. The fare was good and abundant, and the visitor did ample justice to it, although his host's share in the meal was limited to the imbibing of a strong mixture of tea and fiery spirit, of which Geoffrey declined to partake. Juanita then filled a pipe for each of them with the strongest tobacco, and the two men lounged for a little while in front of the hut smoking and exchanging a few words between whiles. Vanborough had learnt his whereabouts by this time, and knew that he was nearer than he had imagined to his friends, and that it was therefore not necessary to hasten his journey back, especially as he expected to be in the saddle for the rest of the day. Tremaine would not be anxious about his safety, for he had proposed spending the night at Buenos Ayres, and nobody would be prepared to see him return until the sun was high.

"You are an Englishman?" said the host, suddenly quitting the Spanish tongue and speaking English with remarkable fluency. "I thought so from your dress and equipments; not from your manner of speech—oh, no—I have been in England myself."

"Indeed. Long ago?" Vanborough asked carelessly.

"Eight—ten—twelve years ago. I do not love England. I shall not visit it again."

"What part of England do you know? London, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have seen London. But I know other places—Bristol, Liverpool, and some little places—little 'country places,' you call them, in the east part of England. Do you know the east part of England, too?"

"Yes, I know it," said Geoffrey, idly watching the blue wreaths of smoke as they curled away from his mouth into the sunny air. But his eyes came back to the man's face with an expression of astonishment, quickly veiled, as his interlocutor continued.

"Do you know a place called Charn wood?"

"A little," said Geoffrey calmly. But his look of amaze and momentary pause had not passed unnoticed.

"And you know perhaps—or know about—a family called Darenth—Darenth—some name of that kind, is there not?"

Geoffrey hesitated a moment. "Perhaps I do," he said tranquilly. "May I ask you, before going any further, whether you are a friend of that family?"

"A friend? oh, yes," said the man, smiling, while his eyes glittered in a peculiarly unpleasant way, "and more—a connection. It is connection you call it, I think? No blood relationship, but a bond, a tie. It was my brother who lost his wife in the shipwreck of the schooner *Mary Jane* in the year 1870. She was the daughter of Elizabeth Darenth, who ran away from Charnwood with a Spaniard, one Carlo Perez, and died of grief—like a fool—when she found that he was making a fortune at roulette. The child, Madalena, got all his money, and married my brother Constantine."

"And was shipwrecked?" said Geoffrey, incautiously betraying his interest in these details. "What became of her husband?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Senor, how can I tell? Some say he was also drowned; some say he was killed in an affair in Mexico. I never saw him since my boyhood. His name was Vallor—Constantine Vallor—you know the name?"

A singular watchfulness crept into his long, dark eyes as he waited for Geoffrey's reply.

"No," said Geoffrey, "I never heard it."

"Better so," said the Spaniard, smiling a little; "It might not please you to remember his name."

"What is your own name?"

"Vallor, Senor, naturally; but my baptismal name is Sebastian. I was my brother's junior by some years. If ever I go to England again I shall visit Charnwood, and take the account of the Senora Madalena's death to her relatives. She has left relatives no doubt?"

"Probably," said Vanborough, beginning to think he had said enough.

"I met my sister-in-law once," continued Sebastian Vallor. "She was then on her way to England. She told me of Charnwood, of the Darenth

family, and of the great lords that lived close by. There was Senor Wilfredo, whom her mother had no reason to love. He persecuted——"

"Sir Wilfred Vanborough is my father," said Geoffrey, quickly and haughtily.

The man's eyes flashed with a new expression of gratified cunning.

"Pardon, Senor, I was not aware, I will be silent."

And he made a parade of sudden reserve and respect which galled Geoffrey almost more than the insinuation had done.

"It is time for me to be going," he said, disliking his host's society the more he saw of it. "I must wish you good day. Many thanks for your hospitality," and, as if by accident he dropped a gold piece on the ground. The Spaniard did not seem to notice the action, but a slight smile curled the corners of his thin mouth, and his foot stole gradually to the place where the coin was lying and covered it. Geoffrey was satisfied. To offer payment openly might have been treated as an insult, yet to go away without making any was impossible. Now they were quits. But matters took an unexpected turn.

"I am going your way," said Vallor. "Allow me to accompany you, Senor. I will but speak to Juanita and then return. I have heard of your camp, and shall be glad to arrive there in such good company."

He brought out his horse—every body rides in South America—and to Vanborough's disgust insisted on accompanying him. But Geoffrey Vanborough, how great soever might be his secret disgust, had equally great difficulty, save under stress of excitement, in making it manifest. He looked a little stately, and was as dignified at first as a Spanish Don could have been, but after a time his careless good nature and tranquil insouciance won the day. Before long, Sebastian Vallor was telling him stories of his adventures in various parts of America, including experiences as miner, backwoodsman, school teacher, doctor, and mesmerist, and Geoffrey was listening and questioning with interest.

"And what are you now?" he asked at last.

Sebastian Vallor answered with dignity, "Senor, I am an electro-biologist."

"What's that?" said Geoffrey, bluntly.

"For the answer to that question you must study the forces of nature," said the Spaniard in his stiff but correct English. "We divert her strength through the channels of our own senses to the physical life of other men. The world calls me a mesmerist, charlatan; I know myself to be a philosopher, a chemist, an apostle of the higher sciences of life. I have inherited the stores of Indian wisdom, as well as that of modern days——"

It was then that Geoffrey laughed. His laugh was not an unpleasant, not a scornful one, simply a laugh of good-humoured ridicule and pitying amusement. He laughed lightly, and his companion's eyes suddenly flashed fire.

Sebastian Vallor stopped short, and his face changed slightly. He said, in a smooth, calm voice, as if nothing had occurred to disturb him——

"These matters do not interest you, Senor, I perceive. Pardon me for obtruding them upon you." And then he smiled and talked much of South American life and habits; and Geoffrey Vanborough was not in the least aware that his incredulous laugh had gained him an enemy.

It seemed that Vallor had some acquaintances in the band of drovers and cattle-dealers now on their way to the farm on which Geoffrey was working. With these he made himself at home, and Geoffrey, glad to be rid of him, rejoined Tremaine. He found him still suffering from a slight attack of fever and ague which had confined him to his tent for a day or two. Vanborough gave him an account of his new acquaintance, and laughingly proposed that he should visit them in his capacity of electro-biologist and physician; but Tremaine declined the visit. The friends concurred in desiring to keep Darenth out of the way of his doubtful "connection," and therefore tried to retain him as much as possible at Nigel's side, on the plea of requiring his services; and for some hours the pretext was successful. But when the march began again, and Nigel was on horseback, there was no further possibility of tacking their

"faithful henchman" (as Nigel called him) to their steps; and they contented themselves with giving him the outline of Vallor's story, and warning him against pursuing the acquaintance. Luke took the matter very soberly.

"I've heard tell of my Aunt 'Lizabeth," he said. "They say that our Joan be the very moral of her. Joan, she was always set on hearing what became of Cousin Madelin. She'll be sorry she was drowned." And then he deliberately walked off to accost Senor Sebastian Vallor, and to make inquiries for himself respecting his lost cousin.

Nigel laughed. "You've taken nothing by that move, Vanborough."

"Nor lost anything, I trust," said Geoffrey, who had followed Luke's movements with a look of some anxiety. "Well, he must take care of himself now."

But it soon transpired that Vallor had shown no great disposition to make friends with Luke Darenth. He repeated the account of Madalena's death which he had given to Captain Vanborough, and then cut short the conversation. Luke returned to his master's side in some dudgeon, and did not seek out the Spaniard again.

At sunset Nigel's feverishness increased, and when they halted for the night he was glad to creep into his hammock and lie there quietly, while the rest of the company prepared the evening meal, and sat or stood about the camp fire, drinking, telling stories, and singing songs. When Vanborough, at Nigel's earnest solicitation, at last left the tent and sought his acquaintances outside, he found himself in the midst of a strange scene.

Around the little camp lay a vast stretch of flat country, scarcely broken by forest-tree or human dwelling for many a mile. The solemn sky with its myriads of flickering lamps, arched the wide plain like a mighty dome, and made the settlers' encampment look like a tiny island in the midst of some dark and tideless sea. In the encampment itself, all was life and cheeriness. The fire threw long ruddy tongues of flame into the night, and their glow brought out a constant succession of Rembrandt-like pictures, succeeded by intervals of gloom, as it fell in turn



upon the bronzed faces and stalwart frames of English settlers, upon the more picturesque Spanish figures in poncho and sombrero, upon the ubiquitous Indian with his plaited jet-black locks, and dirty blanket slipping from nude, brown, graceful limbs.

But as Geoffrey Vanborough approached them a hush seemed to have fallen over the group. There were three central figures, round which the men were ranged in silent curiosity. Perhaps we might say four, as behind the shoulder of the principal actor in the scene stood a weird-looking Indian crone with a blazing torch in one hand, which she held aloft in such a way as to throw its beams full upon the face of a boy before them, while her own remained in shadow. Geoffrey recognised the man as Sebastian Vallor, and the other person concerned was Luke Darenth.

The boy was a pretty little half-breed, who had been running about the camp for some days, and was known as Pépé. His large gazelle-like eyes and playful ways had made him a great favourite with the men; all the more so as he was popularly supposed to be scarcely in his right mind. He was now standing with his face to Vallor, who was moving his hand slowly up and down before the boy's eyes. Luke Darenth was so close to them that Geoffrey surmised that he had some special interest in the matter, and so he had.

For as Vanborough drew near, he heard the Spaniard say in English—

"You will see for yourself, my good friend, that there is no deception in the matter. I know nothing of your life, your home, your friends; I have told the boy nothing, and he himself can speak but a few words of English. You will hear for yourself. I will not even translate what he says—let some other gentleman do that."

He looked round for aid, but the men were unwilling to undertake the task. "Caramba!" said one of them; "translate for the devil yourself if you will; we will stand by, Señor, and see fair play."

A laugh went round the circle; Vallor bowed and smiled, then took the boy by the shoulders and turned

round to the bystanders. The child stood rigid, pale as death, his eyes almost closed, his mouth half open.

"Now, Señor," said the man, turning to Luke Darenth, who was looking half stolid, half amazed, and wholly dissatisfied, "be as good as to test the clairvoyance of this medium. If you will place in his hand a letter recently received from a friend, you can put him in communication with that friend, and he will tell you what that person is doing."

Luke sulkily produced a letter from his pocket. "Will that do?" he said, offering it to the boy.

The man hesitated. "When did you receive it?"

"Last week. From England."

"It may have passed through so many hands that the chain is broken," said Vallor. "However, we will try: although in this case I cannot feel sure of the result."

He held the letter to the boy's forehead for a moment, then to his heart, then placed it in the passive fingers, and asked him what he saw.

Vanborough wished he could wrench the letter out of those profane hands before a word was said. The only letter which Luke had received last week was one from Joan. He had much ado to contain himself during the course of the proceedings.

The boy spoke after a moment's pause. Vallor translated as he went on, for the benefit of the Englishmen; but the *patois* of Spanish and Indian was well understood by most of the persons present.

"I see a large room," said the boy; "a room with brown walls, and black beams across the ceiling. There is a wooden table with shelves above it, and blue and white plates and dishes on the shelves. There is a deep fireplace, like a cavern, and a brass fender, and in front of it a black chair with a red cushion where an old man sits—an old man with white hair. He is not dressed like the people of this country. He has a grey coat, and something red tied round his neck. There is a lady leaning over his chair and speaking to him. It is the lady who wrote the letter."

"Is this correct?" said Vallor, turning again to Luke, who stood stupefied. On receiving a grunt of assent he allowed the boy to proceed.

"The lady is tall; she has black hair and eyes; her face is like a beautiful rose. She wears a yellowish-coloured dress, and a black ribbon round her neck. The ribbon is thrust inside her dress; it has a gold ornament fastened to it—I think it is a little gold coin, but I cannot see to what country it belongs. I think it came from a cold country, far away. She——"

"Luke Darenth," said Vanborough, who was now standing at Darenth's elbow, in a tone which was meant for a whisper, but which in its intensity drew all eyes upon him, and all ears from the Indian boy and his interpreter, "if you have any respect for your family, you will not publish its private affairs for the entertainment of your comrades. If you do not stop this exhibition, I will."

Luke gave one startled glance into Vanborough's stern, displeased face, reddened deeply, and stretched out his hand for the letter. But a murmur went round the circle; the men were not disposed to surrender their prey so readily, and the mesmerist interposed.

"One moment, gentlemen. He really must not be so suddenly dis-

turbed. Raving madness might ensue if he were roused abruptly. Allow me." And he began to make a few backward passes.

But the boy went on murmuring disconnected sentences, which he did not translate, and of which Geoffrey could but dimly catch the import.

"Autumn—evening—a lady comes into the room and stands by the fire. Not the same lady—oh, no! A tall woman in black, with wonderful eyes and straight hair like silk. She wears a wedding ring and a bracelet of twisted silver chains. She is waiting for some one—she wears a picture of him on her heart—the name written there, is Constantine—Constantine."

Suddenly Vallor ceased his movements, and started back. His lips were lividly pale; his eyes rolled wildly. "Great heavens!" he ejaculated in a tone of consternation, "*he sees the dead!*"

The letter fluttered from the boy's hand to the ground; he fell forward in a sort of swoon, and the Indian woman sat down beside him and lifted his head upon her lap.

"Come away," said one Spaniard to another. "The miserable has raised the devil, and knows not how to lay him again."

(*To be continued.*)

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## NEW AND OLD.

Glad sight, wherever new with old  
Is join'd through some dear home-born tie;  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.  
Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove,  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

—Wordsworth.

## ALL OVER THE WORLD.

## [AN AUSTRALIAN'S HOLIDAY.]

## PART III.

## THE SOUTHERN WORLD.

Under this arbitrarily adopted heading of "The Southern World" is continued the sketch of travel from that point of Port Darwin which concluded Part I. as the scenes of the Eastern World.

Torres Straits is here, at Port Darwin, fairly entered upon, and except for the heat of the climate the traveller would desire a longer stay amongst the "summer isles of Eden" that here so abound. For some reason or other, our vessel makes a stay for a few hours at one of these islets—"Booby Island" by name. Any one desirous to lead a hermit's life can certainly do so on this spot—always supposing a capability of enjoying the warmest weather and a taste for fish and fishing. A fine cavern exists on this island—quite up to any hermit's want of a home. There is a spring of fresh water and plenty of wood. For the rest, there are fish and sea-birds in abundance, and no need of much or indeed any clothing. "The world forgetting—by the world forgot," the hermit of Booby Island might be here happy as the boobies which he would have in crowds for goodly company.

Palmerston is the port of Northern Australia, and the capital of Port Darwin. When the heat of the weather allows of it the visitor may leave the cooler shelter of the ship and crawl about this tropical place. Umbrella held in one hand for shelter, and handkerchief in the other for wiping the perspiration from one's eyes, I take a little look at this over-roasted place, and its ever-roasting people. The native element is very conspicuous about it, and the aborigines here seen, show what the climate has produced. They are a tall,

lank and dried-up looking race—hot-house plants having no strength in them. Their tattooing is peculiar, consisting as it does, in raising fleshy swellings as bands where desired. This is done by making cuts into the skin, which are kept open until a ridge of protruding flesh is raised, where and of what form desired. Romeo tells us that "he jests at scars who never felt a wound." These natives of the Port Darwin districts wear their scars as ornaments, and for fashion's sake only make the wounds which so raise them.

The white inhabitants of Palmerston, which place is to me hotter in climate than I had found any part of India, tell me that the hours of labour are here climatically regulated to four only. No Trade Unions have been necessary in Port Darwin to reducing to four hours' labour the eight which artisans and mechanics have fixed upon elsewhere. The wonder to me was how any white man could work at all—the occupation of wiping away the perspiration from one's face being I found all-sufficient. There are metes and bounds set by nature, wherein the white and black skins may labour, and Northern Australia is decidedly outside, by some distance, of the white man's labour boundary.

Somerset is the next place called at—only to find that all its people have moved bodily out to neighbouring Thursday Island. This removal brings them further into the Straits and nearer by a few miles to the New Guinea coast. As situated before at Somerset, they were on the western point of the entrance to the grand Gulf of Carpentaria—a fine situation on the mainland which has been deserted for such a

ridiculously named locality as Thursday Island, a place fitting enough probably for a Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday.

The Queensland ports now interest one, on the onward voyage, jointly with the great Barrier Reef and its many dangers. It is between this reef and the mainland that our vessel makes its way. Every half mile of this dangerous navigation is marked with buoys and other danger signals. Additions to such are to be seen further off on the line of the reef where lie the remains of many a wreck. I am not sorry to reach Rockhampton, and be then out of the range of this Barrier Reef. I am more glad also to pass Brisbane, on the way to Sydney, and get again into the clothing of a temperate climate—to wear again slippers with heels to them, and to enjoy the comfort of bed-covering by night—to have done with fanning oneself and using up three handkerchiefs per day in wiping one's ever perspiring forehead and face.

Sydney, revisited after the tour of the world, is perhaps better liked than when first seen. The equal of its bay has been seen elsewhere at Cork, at Rio Janiero, at Naples, and in better form altogether in the Golden Horn at Constantinople. Also all the beauties of Port Jackson have been seen as "linked sweetness long drawn out," and that to a length of forty-eight hours in the voyage up the inland sea of Japan. There is always, however, something left to be discovered on a second visit everywhere, much as new beauties are to be found on every fresh reading of Shakespeare. A visit to the Blue Mountains, that I now make, shows me something quite novel and worth a special visit in the Fish River Caves which detain me very pleasurably for four days. Something like a month, I begin to think, might well be spent in the surroundings of Sydney, a week being at least required at Sans Souci and the scenery of its George river. The river Hawkesbury and its adjuncts demand another week from the visitor, and altogether I am satisfied that there is about the capital of New South Wales enough in store for many holiday trips.

My excursions about the harbour extend to a visit to Clontarf, which

will be recalled by English and other visitors as the scene of the shooting of Prince Alfred, by one O'Farrell who was hanged for his offence. A visit to South Head shows me the memorable spot where the wreck of the Dunbar occurred, of the crew of which, but one survivor remained clinging to the rocks to tell the sad story of the wreck and how the captain mistook that rocky indentation for the entrance to Port Jackson. At Botany I see the historical spot at which Sir Joseph Banks the famous botanist landed. The pleasure-house of an hotel now situated here, bears his name, but the bay has proved quite useless as a port. To Paramatta I pass up the pleasant river of that name, and see some of the oldest houses now standing to be seen in Sydney's suburbs, as also a botanical garden as well worth seeing as is that of Sydney. Here at Paramatta, a visitor should not neglect a visit to the well-known orange gardens of the late Mr. Pye. Permission can be obtained by card or personal application on a note of introduction easily to be got. To taste the flavour of oranges fresh picked from the trees, and to compare such taste with that of the fruit as previously known is alone worth a visit to these extensive gardens.

In Melbourne, my now better instructed eyes see the makings of the London of the South—no city of the world is so London-like as is the capital of Victoria. To that resemblance daily additions are being made. It has the advantage of suburbs, which will be linked to it by the coming tramways, and so made a part of the vast and rapidly-growing metropolis of the south. Everything is shaping to such result. The large ideas of those who laid out its broad roads and footways and its fine reserves, are reproduced by those who have designed its public buildings and institutions. The Public Library of Melbourne is a credit to any capital. There is not its equal in all America. Comparisons between the gold-digging born capitals of Victoria and California, nearly of equal age and origin, are all to the credit of the Australian city, and especially so in the matter of climate. Ballarat and Sandhurst show, on a second visit, as equally progressive.

Those inclined to hurry away from Victoria's capital in search of the picturesque should be reminded that much of it may be overlooked near at hand. There are few spots better than Fernshaw, and the road to it from Healesville, to be found in the way of fern tree scenery. A day's visit will suffice for doing that much. Those who can stay longer may extend the drive to Marysville, and see the Stevenson Falls there. Those so doing, will find, that this waterfall compares well with the Lodore Falls of Cumberland, the Dargle Falls near to Bray, in Ireland, the Falls of Foyers near to Inverness, and the Falls of Staubbach in Switzerland—the height of the Stevenson Falls being as great as any of them, and the body of water quite as large. Railway accommodation affords easy access to Mount Macedon and the fine views obtainable from its summit. The like means of transit will take one to Colac from the Red Rock, near to which a wonder of a fine view is to be obtained, including therein several lakes. The ride by the rail can then be continued to Camperdown and Mount Leura, and thence, by coach, to Warrnambool and Portland. From the latter place, the fine rocky scenery of Cape Bridgewater and its caves, can be easily reached by a short drive, well worth the taking with such object.

Passing on from Melbourne to Adelaide, I see there a new city altogether, to what it appeared on my former visit in Fifty-two. It is as well laid out as is Melbourne, in the matter of wide streets and goodly reserves, and its buildings compare very favourably with those of its sister capitals of New South Wales and Victoria. As the little sister of the group, it is pleasant to notice many points about it that speak prophetically well of the future of Adelaide. Enterprise and good taste are doing much for it, as seen in its newly-formed lake, and botanical gardens. Its tramways are, in everything, far before those of Sydney, and the easy access now made to its Mount Lofty suburbs gives its people a hill retreat—such as the Anglo East Indians resort to—during warm weather. It is not too much to say that looking upon Melbourne as

the future metropolis of the Australasian world, Adelaide may, some day, be known to visitors as *La Belle City of the South*.

Onward going, I cross to Tasmania, and in twenty-four hours from leaving Australian shores am entering upon its river Tamar, and so voyaging to its southern capital—Launceston. I am fortunate in passing up the Tamar at high water time, and so see it to best advantage. At low tide, as I afterwards see it, the contrast in the long mud banks left on both sides is very unpleasant. Launceston reminds one of a quietly going provincial town in the old country. Of that old country character, is, indeed, much that is to be seen throughout Tasmania. The hurry-scurry life and business-like bustle of the Australian cities is nowhere visible. Life is taken very easily, and for that reason probably better taken. Jogging along on its slow-going railways I feel the influence of the place in the unexcitable frame of mind it engenders. I am satisfied that my pulse beats less rapidly, and that thus the “fever and fret” of life is abating. At Hobart I am in a sensibly cooler climate than when in Launceston, having passed to the other side of the dividing range of hills that runs through the island. Hereabout is most to be seen by visitors, who will do well not to tarry too long at Launceston. The bay is well worth exploring, and second only to Port Jackson in its many points of beauty. The drive around Mount Wellington on the Huon road is memorable to those who make it, and the ascent of the noble mountain is something not to be omitted by any visitor who would, as he goes about the world, see that which is worth seeing by the way.

The ascent of Mount Wellington I found to be of easier accomplishment if horseback aid be taken to it. The horses to be had at ten shillings a day in the neighbourhood are used to the work, and it is as sitting in an easy chair to let them walk up three parts of the way with one. There is enough work for the lungs and legs to do afterwards by those who would take a little exercise. Leaving the horse at the Springs until one's return, it is all the

better if a guide be taken thence for the rest of the ascent and the return journey. The aid of a guide is in most places worth the little extra expense it entails. So much can be thus better seen, and so much seen that would otherwise be overlooked. Enquiries naturally arise on a score of points which can by such aid be readily answered. Experience in travelling has told me that it is false economy to spare any little expense that will help to the traveller's information on that which is to be seen. Mount Wellington proves to be a very respectable thing in the mountain way, of some 5000 feet in height. The views to all sides need the clear weather which summer-time usually here affords. The "ploughed field" is shown in a large extent of pumice stone boulders which have to be crossed, a not difficult matter when it is remembered that it is impossible to slip on the surface of such stones.

As a tourist, I have to visit New Norfolk, some twenty miles out from Hobart, to see there the salmon ponds and the hop grounds. The fish are plentiful enough in the ponds here, but I learn from the caretaker that they are but salmon trout. He fails to make me understand what he does not seem to comprehend himself, what the distinctive difference is between salmon and salmon trout. As it is, I find that he cannot show me a salmon, young or old, of any size, but of the trout any quantity is to be seen. The hop gardens are a good hope of profit to the Tasmanians, and would be a better one if the aid of Chinese gardeners could be obtained. Irrigation is what seems to be most requisite to the success of the hop grower, and in that as in many other things, the Chinaman is an expert.

The New Zealand steamers on their way from Melbourne, make monthly calls at Hobart. The voyage is thus shortened, so to speak, by forty-eight hours, and in four days' time I thus find myself landed at the Bluff, which is the name of the southernmost point of New Zealand's South island. Of all the Australasias, I am advised that New Zealand is most picturesque in character. India is the oldest and most artistic of lands in which to travel.

Of the artistic, there is nothing in New Zealand, but nature has supplied the want of the works of man in better handiwork of her own. In matters of the picturesque, the traveller may throughout the Southern and Northern Islands see that which is not to be seen elsewhere, and carry away remembrances which will be pleasurably recalled for a lifetime.

At the Bluff I take the rail for an hour's ride to Invercargill—an inland town rapidly growing in every sense of the word. Streets are extending on all sides, and the gaps to be seen therein will likely not be seen on a second visit, and certainly not to the same extent. Bankers, merchants and retail traders are building in the main thoroughfares, and private residences in villa, cottage and terrace shapes are spreading all around. As the capital of a pastoral and agricultural district, Invercargill has a future before it little liable to any of the disastrous revolutions of fortune which happen to towns dependant upon digging and other unstable sources of success.

At Invercargill I take the train on the branch lines to the up-country lakes at Queenstown and Kingston. Here I am among the mountains and in the Switzerland of New Zealand. The scenery is that of mountain, loch and glen, and as good in that way as anything that Scotland can show. Ben Lomond towers above one here, and above the lakes, as its namesake does at its antipodes. Pleasant villages are found on the borders of these lakes, the depth of which is stated to be something very great. A drive out to outlying Arrow Town is something that must not be omitted by any visitor, forming, as it does, an introduction to the best part of the scenery to be seen on a mere three days' stay in this quarter. To those having more time, a three weeks' stay, or three months for the matter of that, can be well occupied, and especially so to those in search of health and coolness.

Returning down from this lake-land of the South Island I go on a pleasant ride across Southland to Dunedin. A very pleasing sight to the eye of the tourist is afforded by the scenery of Southland in its well grassed country and

rolling down that would delight the eyes of the sheep farmer and cattle grazier. Dunedin is reached towards evening, and proves to be a busy city, most picturesquely situated. Tramways run down its principal streets, chief of which is Princes-street, of nearly three miles in length. To one side of this the diverging thoroughfares run to the water's side, and to the other up steep hills. The drives around Dunedin are very fine. Along the cliffs I go first day for fourteen miles to "The Camp," a castellated residence, built regardless of expense, and opened as a show place to visitors by its most hospitable and enterprising proprietor. Next day I am driven along the cliffs in another direction to the Port, from which I return by the rail at their feet to the city. The views on these cliff drives are very pleasing to the tourist, and show Dunedin in different picturesque aspects. Two days are next taken in drives around the city belt, by which Dunedin's suburbs are well seen.

A special excursion by steamer now takes me to the West Coast Sounds. Two of these excursions are made every summer, and are alone worth taking the voyage to New Zealand in matter of interest to the tourist. There is nothing like them to be seen elsewhere, save in the Norwegian fiords, which are here reproduced clothed in the verdure of the Southern hemisphere. The voyage to the Sounds and back, occupies seven days, during which the tourist is entirely dependant upon the resources of the steamer for all his wants. Though on shore every day, he is away from all the works of man and all that civilization can supply. Nature has made the Sounds for its own seclusion—nooks of beauty that are quite uninhabitable and always will be so for reasons which will be apparent to every visitor. Perseverance Inlet, Chalky Sound, Dusky and Doubtful Sounds, and half-a-dozen others, have all their distinctive differences, and all are as Captain Cook discovered them a century ago. Out of the way of the world's traffic, their shores are shut in by inaccessible mountains on all sides, save the narrow rocky entrances by which the steamer finds its entry. The

last one visited by the steamer, Milford Sound, is different to the others in the sternness of its verdureless and rocky grandeur—an awe-striking sight indeed, and one never to be forgotten as an awfully wonderful one.

Coming back to Dunedin, I pass on by rail to Christchurch, calling at Timaru and at Oamaru by the way. At Oamaru I see the quarries of white freestone, of which the little town is built, and which supplies the building material of which Christchurch is being rapidly re-built. This latter city is a rapidly growing one and its famous museum is the finest in all Australasia. As the life work of Dr. Von Haast, its curator, this collection of Australasian characteristics is a most extensive and notable one, an honour alike to the city, the country and its collector. Tramways are here, as at Dunedin, a means of rapid transit about the city and its suburbs, and a short trip by rail takes me to Lyttleton, its port.

A grand ride of Alpine character is that which I now take from Christchurch to Hokitika, across the width of the Southern Island. The first day's scenery is nothing rauch, being over the Canterbury plains, an unpicturesque journey by the side of the winding Waimakiriri river. The astonishment for the tourist, lies in the journey of the second day, adown the western coast slope of the mountains. This Otira Gorge road, as it is called, was made at a cost of £130,000 some fifteen years back, when Hokitika was in the hey-day of its gold digging success. All that has now departed, but the road remains for the benefit of the tourist. It is simply one of the grandest mountain drives that the world can show. On this, their western slope, the mountains are clothed with verdure, interspersed with waterfalls. The road, adown which the four-horsed coach takes one, is a ledge cut out from the mountain sides, up, down, and around which it winds in ever-varying scenes of grandeur and beauty. The rivers and water-courses are crossed by bridges of novel construction, and as curious as anything seen on the way. By evening Hokitika is reached, and a day's coach ride finished that will be ever remembered.



WATERFALL ON OTIRA GORGE ROAD.—P. 103.

At Hokitika a day's stay may be made to go up the Mahinipau River to Ross Town, and another day be given to visiting the fern tree gullies of Kanieri, and in an excursion to Waimea. The ride leads onward to Greymouth, from whence a coastway drive must be made to Nelson. This proves to be a flat uninteresting place after Dunedin and Christchurch, but the journey onwards to Picton and Queen Charlotte's Sound balances the matter. This Sound is unlike those seen on the west coast, in being a habitable one, with the town of Picton at the head of it. The tourist going up Queen Charlotte's Sound, and out of it by way of Tory Channel, will well understand why Captain Cook made this Sound his wintering quarters on his voyages round the world. Nicer quarters for the sea-weary mariner are not readily to be found. Shut out from the world, its mile broad waters, and sloping grassy sides, afford a pleasant prospect of rest to the world-

weary that will be fully appreciated by all visitors.

Wellington, on the other side of Cook's Straits, is the next stage, and this capital of New Zealand will not detain the tourist beyond a day. Its central position is its sole claim to the honour it possesses as the seat of Parliament and Government. Around the eastern or western coasts of this North Island I may now go by steamer on my way southwards. There is Napier to be seen on the east, and Taranaki in the west, with Mount Egmont by the way. There is, however, a four days' ride by rail and coach that can be taken inland, by which most can be seen of the country. Going this way, I shall see the volcanic mountains of Tongariro and Ruapehu, and the grand lake of Taupo at their feet. The journey will be broken by stays for a night at Napier, Tarawera, and Taupo on my way to Ohinemutu, Rotorua, the hot springs, and the wonders of the white and pink terraced mount of Lake Rotomahana — for



which reason I choose this overland journey.

Arrived at Ohinemutu I am in sulphurous quarters; the air is redolent of that odour, and my watch-chain blackens with the fumes. The country is percolated with wells of hot water of at least a dozen different mineral characters. I may wash here in alkaline water needing no aid from soap, and bathe in sulphurous pools that are of a curative kind. Other medicinal waters are in plenty and the local doctor is at hand to tell me of their various healing qualities. One of them leaves a silky smoothness on one's skin, as if I had taken a glycerine bath. All are of some ninety degrees in temperature, and I may here soak and boil down—so to speak—to any extent desirable. All around the earth is of a volcanic character, sending forth here and there fumaroles or smoking apertures of sulphurous character. Lake Rotorua itself is a vast expanse of warm water, around which the Maoris live independent of all necessities in the way of coal and wood fires for cooking or cleansing purposes.

A day's drive from Rotorua takes me to Rotomahana, another extensive sheet of warm water, on either side of which lie two of the world's wonders. These are to be seen in the white terraced limestone mount on one side, and the pink terraced one on the other. These are simply hot water volcanoes. Through the ages the hot waters exuding from their summits have worked their way downwards, forming basins by the way, and colouring such basins by the mineral qualities of the water. These basins of water are from three to five feet deep, and of all temperatures—lessening in degrees of heat as they go downwards. Overhanging the rims of these basins are limestone fringes or stalactites such as are seen from the roofs of caverns. As coloured by the water they make lacework-like fringes to their basins of a pleasant aspect to the tourist's astonished eyes. To bathe in any of these basins, looking forth thence on the lake below, and scenery around, is to take a bath that a Roman Emperor might have looked upon as a luxury, and the like of which the rest of the world cannot furnish.

The road downwards to Auckland is made by me by way of Tauranga, a pleasant watering place for the end of a day's drive round the hills. From Tauranga I take steamer for Auckland, calling by the way at Waiwera, a delightful seaside resort, and very like to the Victorian Lorne in its character. Here is a large hotel—the one house of the place—which in its size and the characteristics of its many visitors reminds one of the hydropathic establishments so much frequented throughout Great Britain.

Auckland is in general aspects a lesser Sydney, and very much its inferior in matter of climate. The moist heat felt at the capital of New South Wales is in Auckland felt in an intensified degree. Both places are doubtless delightful in their wintry seasons. The city is like Dunedin in having hilly diverging streets from its main artery—Queen-street—which is, by the way, but a quarter the length only of that of Princes-street, in the capital of the Southern Island. Splendid views of the city and its surroundings are obtainable from these side street eminences, and notably the one to be had from Mount Eden, which, visited by day or night, furnishes an unequalled diorama of its surroundings. This capital city of the North Island of New Zealand has the great advantage of two harbours—the one on its eastern coast being separated by about four miles only from that on its western one. Joined by a railway now, the visitor foresees the time when they will be united by a canal, and many hundreds of miles of seagoing traffic be thus saved to commerce.

From Auckland I am taken by steamer round the eastern coast to the Bay of Islands, famous in story as the scene of much that is memorable. It was here that sailors found a modern Alsatia ere Britain took possession of the country, and here also that Heki, a native chieftain, raised the first rebellion to England's rule. Here, at Russell, our vessel is delayed a day for coaling, and I take advantage of the half-made railway for an engine ride over the half-made road upcountry to picturesque surroundings. I am here in the country of the Kauri pine; a

tree that furnishes finest of timber, and in its decay has left behind, many feet below the earth, deposits of gum which, fossilized by thousands of years, is becoming a valuable article in commerce. Strange in character as the gold diggers of Australia are the Kapia or gum diggers of New Zealand's North Island.

From New Zealand I make my way to England by way of Australia and the Cape of Good Hope route. This way is not the most expeditious, but life and its proper uses are to be measured in many ways. Much time is afforded to one by a long sea voyage, in which a week seems to be a month, and a month a year in length. The days which pass so quickly on shore are here found long enough for all purposes, and books deemed unreadable before become quite companionable. It was on such a voyage that I read in a fortnight what I should not have found time to get through in a twelve-month of life ashore. I wondered no longer that such a busy writer as Anthony Trollope made two voyages to Australia and back in the later years of his life, and guessed well enough how much his time for writing was well used and expanded by his so doing.

Cape Town, as first place of call, proves sadly disappointing to those who expect a busy port and well built town at the world famous Cape of Good Hope. Dutch characteristics are all that are visible in a place owned chiefly by Dutch landlords. A heavy, leaden rule, and utter want of all spirit and enterprise, has kept the town a century behind its time. The landlords do nothing, and probably are all absentees—drawing the utmost penny of rental from struggling tenants on short leases. The visitor from Britain here sees his first sight of bullock drays—teams of twenty or thirty being a common spectacle. The town is soon seen, and its "lions" are a visit to Table Mountain and a drive to the outlying suburbs of Wynberg and Constantia. The memorials of a visit to Cape Town with which most visitors depart, are parcels of ostrich feathers and an unpleasant opinion of the Dutch.

The next call made by our vessel is at Ascension, an island but a week's

voyage from the Cape. This English possession is doubtlessly more costly than profitable, and in that respect like to many other of England's acquisitions. A shelving beach of whitest of sand leads up to the few white-faced houses which the settlement possesses. On what its people live, beyond the turtle here to be seen in tanks, is not at first sight discernible. The "lions" of the place are its Green Mountains and the conical volcanic cinder-heap, a thousand feet in height, on which the flagstaff and "look-out" station are placed. To scramble up these eminences is welcome work to legs long tired by shipboard life and want of exercise. The toil of ascending the cinder heap is similar to that of ascending the cone of Mount Vesuvius—the feet sinking ankle deep at every step. All the trouble is, however, repaid both here and at Vesuvius by the delight felt in the descent. After a look around on what little is to be seen of land, and that too much of sea of which the eye has long before tired, the heels of the tourist again sink in the cinders. The momentum and his weight carry him, however, rapidly downwards in steps that convince him that the legend of the seven leagued boots is not so much mythical as hitherto thought to be. The half hour of ascent is lessened to five minutes or less in the descent. So much of impetus is still left that I find myself running with ease, and as half-impelled for the half-mile that yet remains of level land towards the beach.

Leaving the Island of Ascension, the next stage of our voyage brings me to the Cape de Verd Islands, at one of which, that of St. Vincent's, we make a call. It is off the African shore, as the map will show one, and off that part of it lettered on the maps as the Great Desert of Sahara. This has evidently once been a part of it and may be looked upon as a detached sample—a sort of small specimen of dreary burnt up barren desert. It is a mere sand and cinder spread place where we land, and there is nothing else visible on whichever side I look. The insufferable heat of the hot sun seems to be thrown back by the baked earth, and the result is a stiflingly warm air that renders moving

about very tedious. Not much exploration is done at St. Vincent's. As a wet blanket to myself and party stopping long upon it, we are told that the yellow fever is prevalent there. Its one store has a strange curio in a large shanty, at the rear of which is an old billiard table on three legs. For the missing leg a pile of stones has been made as a support. How the table ever got to such a wretched out-of-the-way hole of a place is a great matter of curiosity, and is only explainable by the supposition of a shipwreck having been the sole cause. Like to many of ourselves, its people have, as a poet expresses it, "Destined for a better sphere, by misery been shipwrecked here." The place belongs to the Portuguese, and looks like it in that its wretched state bespeaks it as part of the property of some nation which has seen better days. The poor white-washed affair used as a Governor's House, sets one thinking and speculating on what ought to be his salary for wasting his existence in such a spot. Various estimates are given by ourselves, upon slips of paper, of the salary each would expect for filling the office of Governor of this place for a year. By that means, we arrive at two conclusions, the estimate formed of the discomforts here apparent, and the value each one sets upon himself and his services.

Our next stage, of another week, brings us by way of set-off, to a place worth visiting and worth taking some trouble to visit too. It is unfortunately generally in sickness that people seek Madeira, but this invalid resort is one of the most beautiful islands in this world. It is as within a degree or two nearly in the same latitude as Sydney, and therefore its climate is well appreciated by those, who like us, have been visiting lately, such hot countries as the Cape of Good Hope, Ascension, and the Cape de Verds. The harbour has a very inviting look, increased by the pretty green and white painted boats that are plentifully about. It is, we find, another possession of the Portuguese, and therefore don't expect much in it beyond what nature has generously bestowed. In that idea, we discover ourselves to be quite right. The native people are most poverty

stricken-looking beings, and seemingly half starved. It is impossible to think of the place as a healthy one, looking at these shrivelled specimens of its native production. They sell their oranges and fruit so cheaply that I am ashamed to take so much for so little, and leave any change in their hands by way of satisfying conscience in the matter.

It is strange, I think, that folks suffering from weak lungs, should be sent to Madeira. It is just the place where the very strongest are wanted. It is, the whole island, but a mountain risen, Venus like, and much so in its beauty, from the sea. No wheeled vehicles exist in it. There is no chance for wheels in its steep footways. A sort of sledge or sleigh supplies their place, and beneath its wooden slides the driver now and again, throws wetted rags to keep the friction from setting fire to the wood. Where this rude contrivance is not used goods are packed on horseback, and the driver gets himself pulled up hill by holding on to the horse's tail. This horse-tail mode of conveyance looks ridiculous at first, but the eye soon gets used to it on seeing that it is the fashion of the place. Any fear of danger from such a mode of travelling is removed on learning that a horse cannot kick out behind when going up hill.

The remembrances of Madeira will, with most of its visitors, be strongest, most lasting, and most pleasant in the matter of its peerless wine. There are other wines of the world that leave a pleasing recollection with those who drink of them, but none equal to that of Madeira, as tasted from the cask in the underground cellars of the sea-girt mountain upon which it is grown. Falernian, Catawba, Lacryma Christi, and the wine of Lebanon are not easily forgotten drinks. There are also some French wines, which, tasted in the cellars of Bordeaux, are superior to what has been tasted from the bottle under the same name elsewhere. It is similarly the case with Madeira. There may be a good old store of it in some country houses, in which the excellent things of this life are stored for long time, but of wine called Madeira I had never tasted elsewhere the equal of

what was here obtainable in Madeira's island.

Laden with goats' skins of this precious liquid, we visitors leave an island, which too many of its visitors are ever unable to do. The cemetery here, at Madeira, is a sad record of such a sorrowful fact. Away from kindred, home, and friends, those who have come here for health have too often found but a grave. That "dread disease, which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, nor poverty brought exemption from, which sometimes moves with giant strides, and sometimes with slow and sluggish pace, but slow or quick is ever sure and certain," follows here its victims, deluding them daily with the hope of life until the fatal moment, when strongest in that hope, another life claims them for ever for its own.

Of the goats, so plentiful in Madeira, another use is made beyond that of using their skins for wine holding. Chamois leather shoes, made of nicely tanned and yellow coloured skins, are specialities of Madeira's manufacture. With a pair of these upon the feet, every visitor leaves the island, and not a few with a spare pair or two for after wear elsewhere. There is also a head covering to be had quite as distinctive, but not so generally adopted as the goat skin shoes. This is a little saucer-shaped cap, with a stiff pigtail protuberance at the centre. This diminutive affair covers only a fourth of one's head, and requires some knack

on the wearer's part to keep it in its place. It would not cover the shaven part of a monk's head, but the natives adopt it as their favourite head-covering. The first roll of the ship, sends my cap of this kind into the sea, leaving me however, with the wine and the shoes as sufficient souvenirs of Madeira.

Crossing the Bay of Biscay, calm as a mill-pond on this occasion, I am in two more days landing at Plymouth, and again in Old England. I have now seen the ways to Australia, by its Overland Route, and its American one, also those by way of Torres Strait, and the Cape of Good Hope. There is much to be said for each, but I have endeavoured only to show what may be seen by the way. "Many men, many minds," says the proverb, and all tastes may be satisfied, on some one of the four routes. The Overland Route offers old world lands—the old and artistic India, and the ancient Egypt, as sights by the way. New Zealand and the new world of America, are to be seen by other routes, and Java, China, and Japan, by those who will go by way of Torres Straits. Either way has its specialities for those who have eyes to see, and who going with interested minds determine on seeing what they can of the world before leaving it. Says Pope, "Life can little else supply, but just to look about us and to die."—A truth much too often forgotten by most of us.

J. H.

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### TRANQUILLITY.

There is a calm the pure in spirit know,  
Which softens sorrow, and which sweetens woe ;  
There is a peace that dwells within the soul,  
When all around the clouds of darkness roll ;  
There is a light which gilds the darkest hour,  
When dangers threaten, and when tempests lour ;  
That calm to faith and hope and love is given,  
That peace remains when all beside is riven ;  
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.

—Edmeston.

## A QUERULOUS MOTHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Marry a dark woman! Not if I know it!" exclaimed Lionel Britton. And he thrust his hands deeper into his trousers' pockets, and gave his head a toss, frowning and trying to look very determined.

He was standing on the verandah, on a fine November morning of the year just passed, with his back against one of the posts, talking to his mother. It was no good for Lionel to try and look determined in the presence of Mrs. Britton, and he knew it was no good; he would have to give in sooner or later, for Mrs. Britton was a woman who made a point of having her own way; if she did not manage it by talking she did by tears, so Lionel might just as well have spared his words. Some time or other he would find himself obliged to knuckle under; no declaration of his could break through the web that destiny with the help of his lady mother was weaving for him; at least he thought not.

Mrs. Britton, without looking at her son, drew some more silk from the basket at her side, and humbly, in a grieved manner, continued her knitting. She was a clever woman, Mrs. Britton; she always had some work on hand she was doing for Lionel, and whenever it was her purpose to argue a matter with him, out came the work. It was an ingenious device, this of hers; it aided her greatly in the course of her arguments, enabling her to surmount the greatest difficulties. She need only hold up her finger, and Lionel was silent while she counted the stitches in her knitting, and here was an advantage she gained over her son; for she could count as many or as few stitches as she liked, and afterwards turn the argument in the direction most agreeable to herself. Mrs. Britton had lately made up her mind that Lionel should get married; also her mind was made up with regard to the person most fitted for him; this was her own niece, Polly Stevenson, like her son an only child, and an heiress. As yet she had merely got the length of discussing the subject of marriage, having begun in a far-off general kind

of way, sounding, as it were, her son's views upon the matter; she knew them all perfectly, for it was not, by many, the *first* time this ground of discussion had been gone over. Mrs. Britton did not say much this morning, in fact, she was rather silent—silent for a good reason, one hitherto almost unprecedented; she was getting the worst of the argument. Lionel was not to be duped into promising soon to marry. He waited until Mrs. Britton had knitted round two sides of the red and blue striped sock in her hand, and then he spoke again, petulantly this time. "Why, mother, every female relative I've got is black. All my six aunts—"

"For shame, Lionel!"

"Why for shame? Isn't it true? Isn't Aunt Maggie dark? and Aunt Annie? and Aunt Mary? And the other three, are they not all as black as night nearly?" Lionel halted slightly after each interrogatory note to give effect to his questions. Mrs. Britton's needles clicked violently; her indignation grew.

"And out of all their twenty-one daughters, can you pick a *fair* one?"

"Yes," replied his mother with decision; "I can."

"Which?"

"Polly," with greater decision, and a jerk of the head.

"Polly!" exclaimed Lionel, with a shrug of the shoulders and a laugh. "A little insipid lump!" He was made quite aware, by the intonation of his mother's voice, that Polly was the young lady she had in view for him. And he hated Polly accordingly.

Mrs. Britton put down her work to draw her handkerchief from her pocket. Lionel's remark cut her to the heart. To think that he should call Polly, Polly Stevenson, her dear sister Clara's *only* child, an insipid lump! It was most unkind; it was horrible of Lionel! And she burst into tears. "To think that I should have to call you *my* son!" she began, slowly re-appearing from behind her handkerchief when a space of several minutes had elapsed. "To think that I should have the disgrace

of calling a man who wilfully attacks a young girl without father or brother to protect her, *my son*! oh, it's horrible! It's a pity Lionel, a *great* pity, but you'd show more respect to the mother that bore you. She has *some* feeling left, though she *is* an old woman, and of not much use apparently to anyone in *this* world now," she said, speaking in the most pitiful tone within command. "Ah!" she continued, shaking her head sorrowfully, "Tom Britton little thought when he made Martha Black his wife, she'd live to see the day when she'd be treated and spoken to like a slave, a *very* slave! You've little cause, Lionel Britton, to treat your mother so, or to call her relatives names—little, little cause. Poor Polly! What harm has she or any other of your mother's relations, your own flesh and blood, ever done to *you*, I should like to know, ungrateful boy? They've been kinder to you than you deserve, ever since your poor dear father died and left *me*, a young and pretty widow, to battle with the world—I was pretty once, whatever you may think of me *now*—alone and unprotected, with a poor delicate child to rear and bring up in her loneliness. And it wasn't an easy matter to nurse and wash and dress you—ay! and sit up night after night without closing an eye, expecting you wouldn't see the morning. Ever since then, all these weary years, my relations have been your best friends, and this is all the thanks I get!" She stopped her crying to look angrily at her son. "You call poor Polly, a girl without a fault, a girl too good for you, my *own* niece—names!" Lionel remained silent, and Mrs. Britton began to sob again. "It's precious little your *father's* family have ever done for you, or are ever likely to do—precious, *precious* little. You may think much of all your mother's done, for it isn't long she has to live; not long," she burst forth, with most extravagant self pity, "she has to live! She'll be laid in her grave soon enough, sooner than you think." Mrs. Britton was given, in her melancholy humours, to speak much of her death, especially when as at this moment, she was angry with her son for remaining silent. He, poor fellow, never knew what to say or

do under these circumstances. Walk away he would not—he was too tender hearted—perhaps his mother really was in distress; speak he could not, it only added fuel to the flame. Mrs. Britton was most unreasonable in her anger. *He* was really the one to be pitied. "It wouldn't at all surprise me if you were to tell me to-morrow morning that you were going to marry May Britton—not a bit would it surprise me. I know you contemplate something of the kind; I know you've a hankering after your *father's* nieces," she continued bitterly. "And a nice lot they are; selfish! ay, selfish to the back-bone, every skin of them. Go and marry one of them, and see what you'll get! Yes, *go* and marry one of them, and make me miserable for the rest of my days!"

"Mother, *do* be reasonable," said Lionel, tired of this querulous outburst, tired of listening to complaints that were so frequent. "What's the use of worrying yourself over trifles? You know quite well I shan't marry yet awhile."

"Trifles! Yes, that's *always* the way. I might as well hold my tongue for all the sympathy I get—all *my* sorrows are *trifles*. I suppose it's a trifle to have nursed you through whooping-cough and measles, and that dreadful scarlet fever that was nearly the death of you!" From his youth up Lionel had been encouraged in the belief that it was through his own wilfulness he had been subjected to these infantine maladies, and, at thirty, he still hung his head and felt himself in disgrace when his mother touched upon them. "It's a trifle, too, that you won't marry when I ask you to—you mean to wait until I'm dead and gone—and before the grass is green upon my grave you'll have taken a wife. And a fine sort of a wife you'll take if you're left to yourself!" Mrs. Britton's sobs came in short gasps, and she began gathering her work together. "Ah, well! You'll maybe think more of your mother when she's gone—you'll find worse people in the world to deal with. Perhaps you'll live to have children of your own that'll turn round upon you, and then you'll understand what it is. 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a

thankless child!" And, having made her son as thoroughly miserable as it was in her power just then to make him, Mrs. Britton rose and went into the house, while Lionel, poor patient Lionel, occupied his mother's vacated chair, and stared hopelessly at the bare tops of the blue gums in the garden. Suddenly he put his hand to his heart, his lips parted, and for a minute or two he breathed with difficulty. He was more tired than a hard day's work could have made him. This constant struggle of having to deal with a querulous disposition like his mother's, and do combat with irritable words that *would* rise to his lips, was daily becoming too much for him. He would have liked to get away from it for a time, but he dared not suggest a holiday on his own account—it would be worse than ever for him when he returned. Perhaps the best thing in the end would be for him to marry Polly.

Mrs. Britton returned in about an hour. "Are you there Lionel?" she enquired cheerfully from the doorway. She had had her cry out, and was quite bright again, with the traces of her recent tears still upon her face. She expected to find Lionel cheerful too, and was disappointed when he came along the verandah, replying gravely to her question, "Yes, mother; do you want me?"

"I'm very sorry, Lionel, if I were cross; but you shouldn't have spoken like that of Polly," she said, by way of excusing her irritability.

"Never mind, mother—never mind about Polly, it doesn't signify. You used to think her rather dull yourself, I remember; but perhaps she's brighter now. You forget I haven't seen her since she returned from England."

"Neither you have, poor boy," said Mrs. Britton. "But we're going to Brighton to-morrow, Lionel—don't forget—to lunch." There was every reason to hope that, matters judiciously managed, her son would yet prefer Polly Stevenson to any other maiden in or out of the Southern Hemisphere.

"I know you're going to town this morning, Lionel; I'll just give you a bill I want paid. There's a mistake in it, and there's no good *my* going about

it; a *poor* widow without a protector might just as well try to fly as to settle things at that store. Come inside, I won't keep you a minute." Mrs. Britton was anything but a poor widow. I should rather call her a widow in very comfortable circumstances. Her villa was a substantial residence in a good suburb, with a garden round it, and she had two maids for indoor and a boy for outdoor work, besides her coachman. And for protector she had her son, the tall dark-haired, grey-eyed, gentle Lionel, who had just gone out at the gate, crossed the road, and was sauntering leisurely through the gardens towards the city.

When he arrived at the store, he found himself, after some parley with the accountant, obliged to see the manager. He was out, but was expected shortly. Lionel would wait. He employed his time in walking about the place, looking at the different articles for sale, till his eye was caught by some cards on one of the tables. His mother, he knew, liked sending Christmas cards to all her friends—it was one of the excitements of the year to her—so he began turning them over and laying aside the prettiest, when he was attracted by a pleasant voice just behind him saying, "No, that is not all—I want a ham, please—an English one."

Lionel did not turn immediately; he waited until he heard the thud of the ham upon the marble slab—then he looked round. A small figure clothed from head to foot in crape, with a narrow rim of white bordering her bonnet, was standing beside him. He saw her right hand put out to take the test from the man, and raise it to her dainty little nose. "Yes, that will do," she said, "and you will send it out to-night, please;" and away she walked.

Lionel followed her with his eyes. Who was she?—It was a wonder he should notice her at all after discovering that she was dark; her eyes, brows, lashes, and hair were sombre as those of his darkest relative. When she went towards the door, an unaccountable desire seized him to know where she lived, and hastily pushing his cards back into the box on the table

he walked out after her. She had crossed the street, and was just entering the gate to the railway station, and he was yet on the opposite pavement when a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice exclaimed—"Hullo old fellow—how are you? Haven't seen you this age!" Some rather impolite language rose to Lionel's lips, but he checked it, and allowed himself to be detained some minutes, long enough to admit of his arriving in the station just as two trains whistled out of it in opposite directions. Which was *her* train? It was impossible to tell. Lionel gave his ticket to the guard, and walked back disgusted to the store to await the manager.

Next day he journeyed with his mother towards Brighton, and as he journeyed he began to take fright at the thought that he was going to Polly—to feel as if he were compromising himself by going there to lunch to-day. His dull little cousin would eventually enter into his life, in spite of every effort of his against it—he foresaw that in time to come, it would be Polly instead of his mother who would sit opposite him at breakfast in his own dining-room, asking what he would like for dinner. He was bound hand and foot.

"Lionel, just look if there is a cab at the gate," Mrs. Britton said when the train drew up at the Middle Brighton platform. "I wrote them not to trouble about sending the carriage, and it's a good bit to walk." There was a cab, and Lionel had put his mother into it, and was himself about to follow, when two ladies came to enquire if there was room. One of them wore a widow's dress. Lionel raised his hat and stepped aside to allow them to enter; then he got in too, and they drove off.

In less than half an hour he was walking towards the tennis lawn at Sea View with Polly Stevenson beside him, and thinking her not so very stupid after all; for she was telling him about the people who lived next door, Mrs. Raleigh and her young widowed daughter, Mrs. Hurst. "I wonder you don't remember Helen," Polly was saying. "I was her bridesmaid, you *must* have heard, Lionel; why her husband

only died about a fortnight before we went to England. Every one was talking about it, and pitying her because she was so young, and wondering how she would be left. Do you want to know her?" There was a shade of anxiety in Polly's face and voice as she put the question, and Lionel observed it and wondered if his cousin already looked upon him as *her* property—if she expected him to marry her. "Mother and Aunt Maude are going to pay visits round about this afternoon, so perhaps, if you're good, I'll take you in with me to see Helen. But doesn't Aunt Maude know them?"

"I think not," her cousin replied. "We came in the cab from the station together, and they neither bowed or spoke."

"That's funny," said Polly. "Aunt Maude knew them once. I'm positive she did."

During lunch, to which they were shortly summoned, Mrs. Britton informed her son that his aunt wanted him to remain at Sea View for a few days, and if he cared to do so Mrs. Stevenson would drive her home, and she could send his portmanteau down. It was really his mother who had suggested the visit, and Lionel agreed, after some hesitation, to stay, much to *her* satisfaction and *not* so much to Mrs. Stevenson's, the latter having during her visit to England changed her views with regard to her daughter's settlement in life. She was afraid to tell her sister this, though, and now feared she was making matters worse by appearing to encourage Lionel in what his mother chose to call his "suit." Had she not asked him to remain at Sea View, and if everything turned out contrary to her sister's hopes, would not Mrs. Britton blame her accordingly? Oh, well, she couldn't help it—if Polly didn't wish to marry her cousin she shouldn't insist. Often enough had she told Maude she didn't believe Lionel cared for Polly, except in a cousinly way, and if her sister wouldn't be warned she must take the consequences if things went contrariwise. Lionel had come to Sea View, and he could stay or go as he pleased. She wouldn't interfere. Polly and he must manage their own affairs.



And Mrs. Stevenson stuck to her resolution. The young people came and went and amused themselves, but never once did Mrs. Stevenson tread upon that too dangerous ground—*interference*.

In this manner a week went by, and Mrs. Britton received no news from her sister excepting that the young people were well, and were going out a good deal to tennis, dancing, and other parties. Lionel was enjoying himself and at present had no thought of coming home. So far, good. Mrs. Britton resolved that if nothing had happened by the next Saturday she would go to Sea View, and bring her son and niece back with her. Polly would stay and enjoy the Pantomimes.

She would have gone down by the very next train, I am afraid, had she had the slightest inkling of a conversation just then taking place on the lawn at Brighton. "I know you must think me very rude, Lionel, to tell you all this when you never even hinted at wanting to marry me," Polly was saying. "But you see just how it is; your happiness is at stake, and so is mine and other people's," she added with a sudden rush of colour into her face, thinking of the young man who last night had asked her to be his wife, and who would come for his answer to-day. "And if Aunt Maude hears what people are saying, that you and I are engaged, she'll pounce upon me and make me marry you. I know she's set her heart on it." The tears stood in Polly's eyes, and in her distress she caught her cousin's hand in hers. "I know that too," said Lionel patting it. "But don't cry, dear; I shall tell my mother when I get back that you jilted me, but that I'm not heart-broken."

"Oh no, no, don't, Lionel, Aunt Maude will hate me."

"All right then, I won't, provided you let *me* have the pleasure of giving you away to this young man," Lionel replied as a "young man" came towards them. Polly turned her head away, blushing very much, and her cousin made some excuse for walking off.

How was he to face his mother with the news that Polly was going to marry Captain Stanton? How was he to face

his mother at all? for during all the week that was past, what had Lionel himself been doing but falling deeper and deeper in love with Helen Hurst? He had had opportunities every evening of seeing her—Polly took good care of that. Often he played to her, for he was a remarkable pianist; and he liked to watch the great liquid eyes as they looked the thanks she could not speak. They had games of tennis too, playing sometimes from sunrise to breakfast, when the fresh morning air brought the colour to their cheeks, heightening Helen's beauty, and making even Polly's freckled face look pretty.

And on the next Saturday, Lionel was walking in Mrs. Raleigh's garden with Helen. His head was inclined towards her, and he had one of her hands in his; he was waiting for a reply to some question he had put, and she held her face upwards to look at him as she answered. "Yes," I think it was she said, for he looked very happy as she left him and went into the house. She came back presently down the staircase and along the hall, and as she came every place seemed to be ringing with music; all the house was filled with it; she opened a door and through the first broken chords Mendelssohn's glorious Wedding March began to swell grandly. Helen sat down in a corner of the room, clasping her hands, and listened rapturously whilst her lover poured forth his soul in music.

And poor Mrs. Britton arrived at Sea View just seven days too late.

Polly was at home with her mother, whom, very wickedly, she had not enlightened regarding Lionel's doings. She sat there, the dull stupid little thing, smiling pleasantly at her Aunt Maude, and holding her left hand over her right, conspicuously displaying the diamond hoop on the third finger. Mrs. Britton saw it at once, and between laughing and crying caught her niece in her arms, and began to caress her.

"Why did you keep me in this dreadful suspense? When did it happen?" "Last Saturday—this day week," Polly said demurely, while her mother grew red, and fidgetted in her chair.

"This really is too bad of you, Clara. Why didn't you let me know?"

"I didn't think you'd like it, Aunt Maude," said Polly, replying for her mother.

"Not *like* it, my dear Polly! it's what I've been looking forward to for years! And where is Lionel? I must see my dear Lionel!"

Lionel was there to answer for himself—there in his mother's presence with Helen on his arm. Mrs. Britton stared from one to another in profound amazement.

"You here, mother!" her son said. "I am glad, for now I can introduce to *you* first, my wife that is to be—your future daughter."

"*Your* wife! *My* daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Britton. "How? What? You are *not* going to marry *Polly*?" Lionel shook his head. Mrs. Britton drew forth her handkerchief, and looked solemnly at her niece; the stupid little thing was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Polly! Polly Stevenson, is *this* true?" almost screamed her aunt.

"Yes," replied Polly; and immediately her relatives came in for their share of abuse. Mrs. Britton had always thought they were deceitful. She had been dubious for some time past of the wisdom of allowing Lionel to marry Polly, and *she'd* let the world know what they were! ZAC.

## LOOKING BACK.

[BY A LOOKER ON.]

### PART II.

"Steam has been alluded to, in earlier remarks, as the son of fire and water, and electricity may be in some sort called the daughter of earth and air. Our ancestors had only the aid of the four elements, but, by the increase so obtained from that number, we have, thus to express it, the use of six. As great as the advantages given by steam power, are the promises of what we shall obtain from electricity. It already lights up, as with daylight, many of our streets, arcades, theatres, banks and public offices, carries our messages round the world in so many minutes of time, and, stranger still, enables us to talk with far distant speakers, and to hear their messages in reply. It can now not only be divided as a light, but can be compressed and carried about in a portable way, to be unpacked and used as needed. It is of double value in the lighthouses around the coast, and gives daylight without danger, or need of the Davy lamp, to our mines in their deepest workings. Of its score of other already developed and developing utilities, its

propelling powers for land and sea travelling must not be forgotten. Already it has been adopted on more than one railway on the European continent, and in Great Britain.

"And what a future is not opened to us in the prospect presented by these two latest discoveries in electricity, Edison's division of the light, and Faure's discovery of the method of compressing, and packing, and the portability of the electric force. By this latter discovery the cloud seems to be disappearing which has up to this time darkened the future of electric lighting. I allude to the expense of generating it. It has hitherto been found to be, as now generated by steam-engine power, more than thrice the cost of common gas. By Faure's discovery it looks likely that now the portability of electricity has been proved, and the storage of it made a demonstrable fact, the expensive steam-engine will not be needed for the manufacture of the electric light. The force necessary for turning the machines by which the electricity is efficiently gener-

ated is to be found in waterfalls and wind-mills, and that as effectually as in steam power. The water power of Niagara and of a score of other waterfalls about the world will, it is now likely, be no longer wasted. Improvements will no doubt be made in the process initiated by Faure for packing, storing and conveying electricity from where it can be inexpensively generated to where it is needed for the many purposes for which it will in the future be found useful.

"What poor Tom Hood called the 'far dominions of pain' was more fully understood fifty years ago, when but a few favoured ones escaped more or less of his experience. None of the alleviations from torture of which we now know, and daily avail ourselves, were then in use—no chloroform, ether, or other kind of anæsthetic aided the sufferer in his escape from torture. As many then died from the nervous exhaustion caused by pain as from the effects of operations that might otherwise have proved a means of preserving life. How many thousands, tens of thousands of lives, have not chloroform and ether been the means of prolonging, and how many operations have been faced by their aid, and with a successful issue, that would not else have been dared. The yells which made the operating rooms of hospitals unendurable to spectators are no longer heard, and the surgeon's work is all the better and more promptly performed now that he can operate unresisted by struggles and unnerved by shrieks. Seeing the operations performed now-a-days it seems to us incredible that such like could ever have been attempted, much less performed, in the pre-chloroform period.

"Other help to the sufferer in these 'far dominions of pain' has been found in the hypodermical injecting syringe, by which morphia and other anodynes are easily injected by the patient at the times of those periodical seizures, those paroxysms of pain out of which such aid takes the sting, and for a time at least, the victory. Arnott's invention of the water bed has now saved the sick from the sufferings of bed sores. Carbolic acid and other like aids have helped to purify the air of the sick

wards of hospitals, and science and art have furnished in smaller matters much wherewith to soothe the troubles of declining years. There is no question that it was an oversight of nature not to make our teeth as renewable as are our finger nails. To allow the stomach to retain a craving for food while the means of masticating it were allowed to decay and be lost altogether is a flaw in nature's plans. It has been said that 'God never made his work for man to mend,' but it is incontestible that the dentist with all his modern contrivances mends many of us to good purposes in articulation, mastication and digestion. To that good end, the modern vulcanized indiarubber plates and the mineral teeth are a cheap and efficient means of affording help to thousands, who similarly situated fifty years ago could not have availed themselves of the primitive and expensive substitutes then only existing.

"Another aid to those going down the hill of life has been afforded in the rimless spectacles, now sold so cheaply, and of a third of the weight only of the clumsy old metallic and horn rimmed articles with which our grandfathers were disfigured. The cases in which these antique articles were folded and put away, to be too often not found, with their contents, when wanted, will now rapidly disappear. A simple and inexpensive form of holder has been of late years introduced, attachable—brooch-like in its form and fastening—to any inner or outer part of the coat or vest. Within this holder runs a wheel, which, by a similar simple arrangement to that by which our window blinds are drawn up to any required height, enables the wearer to draw out the silken cord holding his folding eye-glasses to any required length, and there to hold them for any required time. A slight jerk given on their removal from the eyes causes the cord to run back again around the little wheel within the holder of it. All the trouble of using spectacles, and the half dozen movements formerly required when putting them on and taking them off are thus at an end, and so is all risk of mislaying them or their cases, as also the risk of any breakage by a fall."

"That you may draw breath for a moment, let me get some more tobacco. —I'll trouble you for a match, too!"

"It occurs to no one, I suppose, to account for the present prevalence of smoking, indoors and out, as compared with the lesser practice of it in past time. Our grandfathers indulged in tobacco in the forms of chewing and snuffing it, for the simple reason that no such ready means as we now have of lighting pipes and cigars existed fifty years ago. No street and general out-of-door smoking was possible, when the means of getting a match lighted was only by resort to a flint and steel and a tinder-box. It seems to us of the present time curious indeed that for so many centuries no easier means than this existed for obtaining a light. We are now accustomed to carrying a pocket box of matches, and to obtaining instantaneous fire, by striking one anywhere and everywhere for pipe-lighting purposes. It would curtail our smoking one half at least, and seriously affect the State revenue and wholesale and retail profits derivable from tobacco, had our smokers to carry flint and steel and tinder box, and fly to shelter, as they would have to do every time a match had to be lighted. Our grandfathers were restricted by such means to indoor smoking, and to aids for pipe-lights from fires and candles.

"Those candles! what nuisances they were ere the discovery of wicks that needed no snuffing. What a bother was that repeated application of the snuffers every quarter of an hour, and what soft, ill-looking, and ill-smelling things were tallow candles, before the welcome discovery that the extraction of the glycerine from the fat left something that was nearly as good in appearance, and one-fourth the price only, of those wax candles of which it forthwith took the place. The tallow candles of those days were contemporaneous with other things of which the very mention calls up long dormant recollections. Every dressing-room was then furnished with a boot-jack and curling irons. It was customary then not only to encase the feet, but half of one's legs in leather, and to draw on these leg coverings by the help of a pair of boot hooks, while the drawing of

them off was effected by the aforesaid boot-jack. Everybody from fifteen to fifty, curled his hair of a morning, plastering it also with oils, and those pomatums, which are happily long ago gone out of use.

"While every dressing-table of our grandfathers was thus furnished with curling tongs, there was to be seen beneath the table the inevitable pair of dancing pumps. How the fashions have changed in this matter of dancing! Fifty years ago, dancing was learned and practised to an extent that now-a-days, when our ball givers find dancing men so scarce, can hardly be credited. Stout old gentlemen formerly practised fancy steps, and in their tight-fitting pantaloons and their pumps, pirouetted about in a way we should now deem ridiculous anywhere off the stage. Visitors to Europe, now find dancing almost a dead letter, and in both London and Paris many public places of resort at which it was popular thirty or forty years ago are now altogether closed. The 'wallflowers,' as the non-dancing men were then derisively called, are now more the rule than the exception in ball-rooms, and the trade of the shoemaker, so far as dancing pumps is concerned, is as dead as is the manufacture of brass coat buttons, and the making of those large coloured silk handkerchiefs called 'bandanas,' which were so necessary when snuff-taking was as fashionable a form of using tobacco as cigars and cigarette smoking is now. We may attribute the decadence of dancing to the increase of other means of amusement necessitating less exertion, as also to the increasing necessity which young men feel for using their heads more than their heels in the struggle for distinction.

"I wonder often how many of our boys know why it is that folks call their pocket knives by the name of 'penknives.' How few indeed of those under sixty years could now use their little knives in fashioning a quill pen as their grandfathers had almost daily to do. Many of our most valuable inventions had hard fights for their existence. The introduction of the stocking loom by which the knitting of our socks was taken away from the fireside work of wives and sisters led to

serious rioting and to the destruction of valuable property. Nearly every effort to introduce machinery for manufacturing purposes was made matter for opposition and riot. And yet many industries seem to have suffered no diminution by what was thus supposed to threaten their entire annihilation. To take only an instance appreciable by every one—more candles are made and consumed now than before the introduction of gas. Kerosene, so much later brought into general use, has not diminished the utility and demand for either gas or candles. It will doubtlessly be found that electricity, candles, gas and kerosene, will all find their usefulness fully valued, and be in the future in as much request as before the several introductions of what seemed such dangerous, if not annihilating, rivalships. There is seemingly a place in the world for everything which has proved itself useful. More horses will yearly be required, notwithstanding the competition of locomotives, cabled tramways, compressed air and electrical motor powers.

“How our grandfathers would stare at the perfection to which we have brought photography! It is not fifty years ago since Daguerre discovered how to fix the image in the looking-glass. His discovery applied only to the fixing of the likeness on sensitive plates of prepared metal. All London was busy, in the early days of the Forties, in getting one Beard, who first popularized Daguerreotypes, as they were then called, in London, to take their portraits upon these metallic plates which were supplied to the sitters, when taken, in cardboard cases neatly glazed and bound. It was not until the days of the Fifties that these Daguerreotypes were supplanted by the further invention of photography, when paper, properly prepared for the reception of the picture, took the place of the metallic plates. The albums of the drawing-room tables of our forefathers' time had been supplied only with some literary contributions to which visitors were expected, in either verse or prose, to make additions and add their signatures. The portraits of our relatives and acquaintances have now been sub-

stituted for their literary efforts, and there is but little question that it is a more satisfactory manner by which to remember them. Photography has since been made useful in endless ways in the arts and sciences, extending even to helping astronomers in their studies of celestial phenomena. Those who live longest will doubtlessly see the finishing touch put to perfection in this art by the discovery of a means of photographing colours as we now, by photographic aid, successfully portray form and figure.”

“Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Your list of additions to our civilization is like the side-show of phantoms given by the witches to Macbeth!”

“A few more of the notable things shall suffice for the many. Of the primary agencies so helping us onward, steam, electricity and gas have played very prominent parts. Secondary only to these in the good cause come the inventive brains of the Americans. The why and wherefore of such characteristic inventiveness of this progressive people is not difficult of solution, and largely supports the Darwinian idea of natural development to meet necessity's requirements. ‘The prehensile nature of a monkey's tail, being of assistance to the animal in its life among the branches of trees, was accorded to it,’ says Darwin, ‘as such power of holding on proved additionally needful to what it had only at first from hands and feet.’

“The population of the vast American continent being scanty, labourers were scarce, and their assistance expensive. Labour-saving machinery became therefore a necessity, and the American brain developed inventive powers to meet the wants of population and cheap labour. That this is the true theory is to be seen plainly enough in the case of Eastern nations. Population there being redundant, and labour of the cheapest, no inventions are ever made. Labour is so plentifully offered by the hundreds of millions of China and India, that there is no need there to apply machinery to any of its European purposes of saving labour and multiplying manufactures.

“The inventiveness of the Americans, so called into existence by the neces-

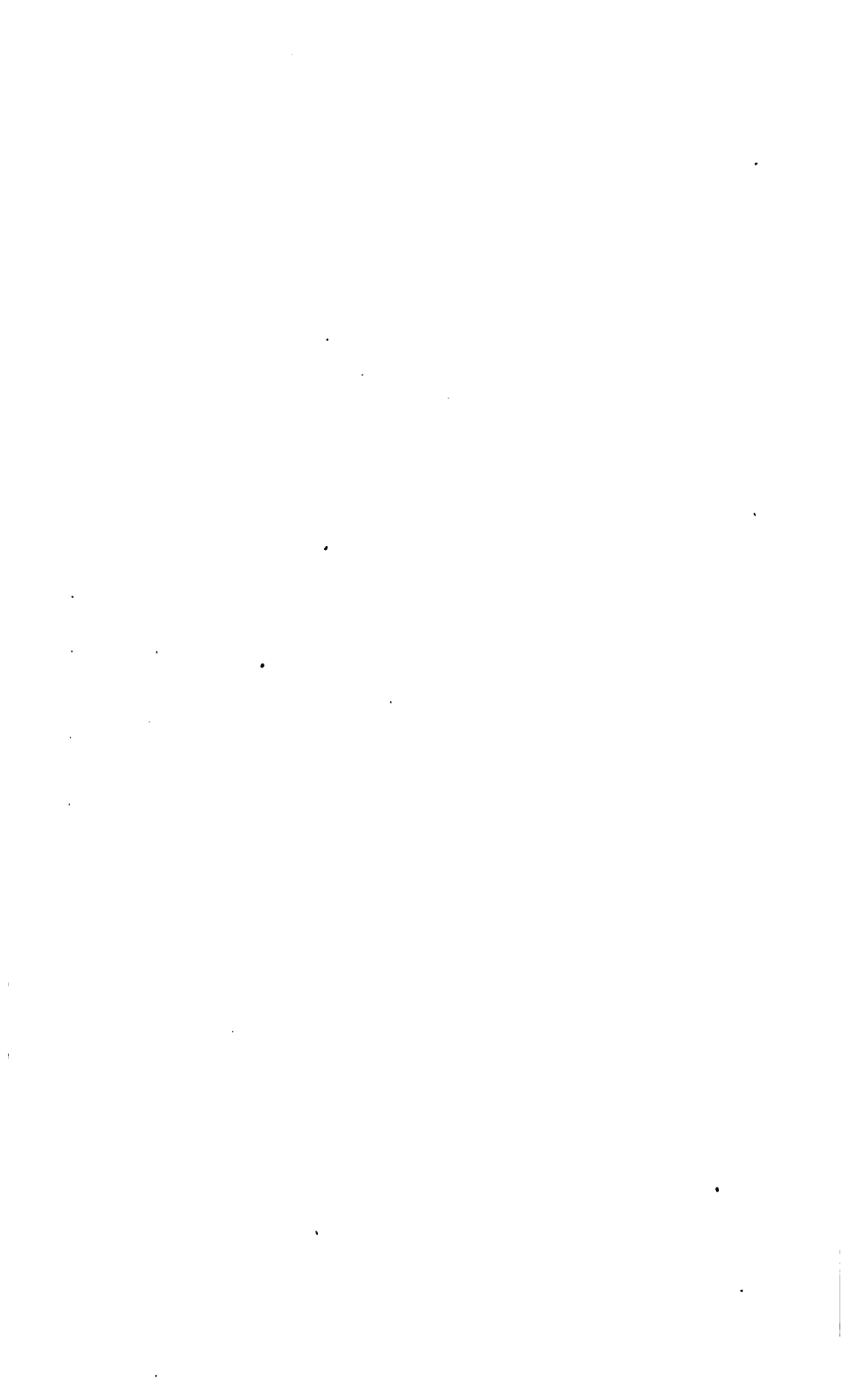
sity of providing auxiliary aids to human labour, has done wonders in promoting the progress of civilization. Their Morse disputes with our Wheatstone the invention of the electric telegraph, and it will possibly never be agreed upon to which of them the greater honour is due. In extending the usefulness of this greatest of modern inventions, Americans kept equal steps with Europeans, and the rivalry has been of incalculable advantage to the world at large. To the American Edison—the most prolific of inventors—chief honours must be paid for developing the method of electricity in other ways. Fully two hundred patents have been taken out for the inventions of this ‘prince of patentees.’ What a shock—as with an electric battery—the world received when it was cabled from America to Europe and Australia that this wonder-working Edison had discovered how to divide the electric light. We all recall how gas shares fell to a third of their value, and how those whose fortunes were in such investments became panic-stricken, and thought themselves ruined. They know differently now, and see, as before hinted, that there is no cause for such fears.

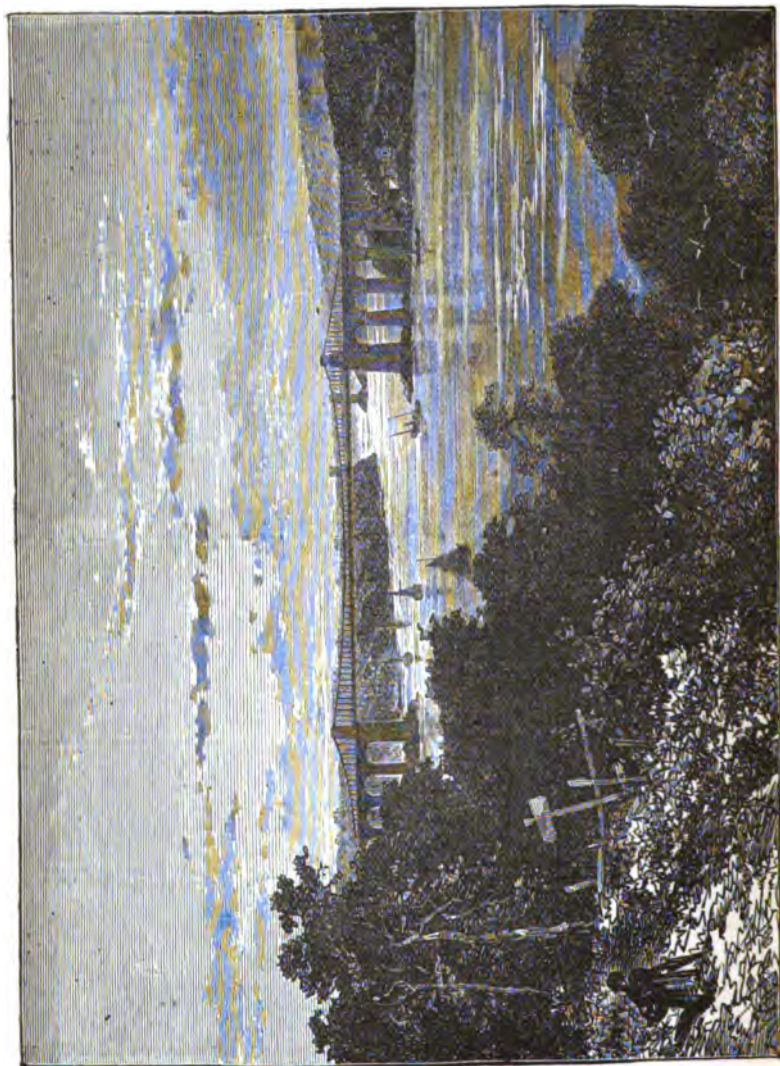
“Glancing only for a moment at such helps to our household labours, as washing and wringing machines, knife cleaners, potato peelers and lemon squeezers, let thought be given for a longer time to the wondrous and revolutionising invention of Elias Howe. That active-minded American has perhaps done more to alter the character of our domestic life and introduce a novelty into our customary avocations than has any other inventor. From the beginning of the world to less than fifty years ago, we worked with the needle threaded in the way of Adam and Eve when they ‘sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.’ It was imagined by no one, until the coming of Elias Howe, that we had all that time been threading the needle at the wrong end of it. His sewing machine has demonstrated that much to us all.

“In some form or other, modified and improved by some addition or other, the sewing machine is now deemed a necessary piece of furniture in every household. It has provided work for

tens of thousands, and its usefulness has been extended to the labours of other than feminine hands—tailors, saddlers, sail and tent makers using it. It cheapens the making of our clothing, as it does of our boots and shoes, umbrellas and parasols. Wherever a needle has been in use the sewing machine steps in to help the worker, lighten the labour, expedite its doing, and cheapen the cost of it; how much it does so may be well understood, when we learn that no less than twenty thousand stitches go to the making of an ordinary shirt. On a lately made visit to a man-of-war vessel, I found the sailors at work between decks using the sewing machine as cleverly as might any maiden. I had not expected to see Tom Bowline and Ben Bunting at such work, but it all the more impressed the spectator with the wide-spread utility of Elias Howe’s labours.

“We are now witnessing the beginning of an invasion of all labour, which, in the person of the indefatigable Chinaman, will work wonders in the civilised world. Nature had, until lately, shut up the four hundred millions of Chinamen from competition with the workmen of Europe and America, by implanting in them instincts quite antagonistic to emigration. These patient, toiling, temperate, and easily satisfied artisans and labourers have now, solely by European aggressions, been disturbed from their hive, to which they had, like the swarms of bees they so much resemble, clung tenaciously, and would otherwise have so continued to do. As the Goths and Huns overran the Old World, so will the Chinese the civilised world of our time. Not the less will such invasion be felt, and though its character will be peaceful, yet its results will be fully as effective, if not more so. Gradually it will be found that these Mongolian labourers will eat quietly, but not less surely, into industries and labours of all kinds. By such means the price of labour, as now paid, will be reduced, and competition be consequently of a more crushing character. Chinese labour, as was seen in the construction of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway across the vast continent of America, mainly done by such aid, is a new power where cheap





MENAI BRIDGE.—P 119.



labour is wanted. It will gradually be wanted everywhere, and for good or ill this new element in the world's civilisation will be found by our descendants to be a most powerful one.

"While such invasions of our common fields of labour are witnessed, it lends a zest to life, both to the labourer and the looker-on, to see the additional novel occupations to which the working world may turn its hands. For hundreds of years, our ancestors followed the same routine occupations much as the Hindoos are compelled to do by the laws of caste. The sons learnt the fathers' trade, and as a rule followed it. To do so, seems to be now more of the exception than the rule. What a change from all this occurred in the year '48, and again in the year '52, when the gold diggings of California and Australia gave a new occupation to tens of thousands from out the enterprising and energetic of all the peoples of the world. Even the dormant Chinaman, for the first time in the unknown number of the ages of his existence, took ship and left his native land to labour elsewhere. What a stir was made in stagnant households in fitting out one of the family in this new venture. What hopes and anxieties went with him on the journey, and how the reports he sent determined the movements of thousands of others who waited only news from those pioneers. What inventions have not gold digging and quartz crushing led to, and what large additional industries have these not furnished to the workers of this work-a-day world. Gold digging in California and Australia, stimulated diamond digging in the Cape Territory, silver digging in Nevada, and Kauri gum digging in New Zealand's North Island—all of which novel industries seem as yet to be only in their infancies.

"Scarcely second to the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and to the finding of diamonds on the African coast, has been the discovery of petroleum. It has been indeed found more profitable for an American farmer to 'strike oil' on his farm, than for a gold-digger to 'strike a patch,' or come upon a 'pocket' of the precious metal in his diggings. What petroleum is, and how formed, is yet a dispute

among geologists, but about its value in commerce there is no disputation. How it came to be overlooked, as a commercial product, until some twenty-five years ago, is what we have to wonder at. While our grandfathers were muddling along, making darkness only visible with their whale oil lamps to the street corners, how grandly kerosene would have helped them along. It was wanted then, before the discovery of gas, far more than it has been since. But in discoveries, as in other things, it seems to be either a famine or a feast. Camphine and naphtha were but new additions to lamp-lighting powers, and to the displacement of oils, when kerosene came to set them both aside. Humanitarians may be gladdened with the thought that such discoveries are for the benefit of the sperm whale and its species. Now that Americans have led the way in the discovery of petroleum, it has been looked for, and found, as plentifully in the old world as in the new. An Asiatic supply will likely soon successfully compete with the American one.

"In the ways of Engineering, what vast wonders have not we people of the past fifty years had presented to us. Let us only begin with the suspension bridges, the bridge over the Menai Straits, and those tubular bridges quickly following, which caused so much talk in their time. Brunel next followed with the Thames tunnel, spoken of at its opening as one of the wonders of the world. We hardly drew breath in our astonishment at the next engineering undertaking—that of tunnelling of the Alps, which we have seen so successfully accomplished in the Mont Cenis tunnel—the passage through which at the rapid speed of railway travelling takes up a full half hour's time. While this gigantic undertaking was in progress, another, equally grand, was conceived in the way of separating two continents, and making an island of Africa. This disturbance of nature has been effected in the Suez Canal, which has already worked wonders for profitable commerce, turning the tide of traffic into altogether a new route. When it was discovered that such engineering work proved so commercially remunerative, we have engineering

enterprise diverted to a still more titanic labour. The crown to all engineering enterprise—wonderful as it has been in the present century—will likely be seen in the cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, now making such rapid strides towards completion.

"What Rip Van Winkles we should all be in the matter of surprises if we thought more of these things! They have been too much with us, and have grown up with our growth, half unnoticed in our lives, too much given, as Wordsworth says, 'to getting and spending, and so laying waste our powers!'

"Yes! and the more necessary then is an occasional review, if but to awaken attention to what is happening, and to expectation of what is to come. Only as of yesterday we read that the great problem of navigation of the air is likely to be solved. Is it not worth living that we shall be likely one day to travel through the air as we do now over land and water? Two clever Parisian engineers have been experimenting with the newly discovered powers offered to us by electric accumulators, working a motor for steering a newly-shaped balloon. The light weight of these accumulators, and the strength of the power so given, promises to end the difficulty which the heavy weight of steam power raised to all attempted ballooning by such aid. Already the new balloon, engineered by this electrical agency, has been found to answer the helm, and has been steered against the wind at the will of the adventurers. It was thus worked back and descended exactly at the spot at which it went up—being turned round and brought thither against the wind. This may not mean complete success at once, but it is a good beginning. Tennyson's dream of the air 'filled with commerce and argosies with magic sails' may yet be realized in our lifetime.

"The world is being, so to speak, contracted by such agencies, and the nations brought nearer to each other by ready means of transit. A steamer has now been constructed with a speed of twenty-four miles an hour, which promises to bring America within six days of England, and Australia within

a fortnight of Europe. For individual means of travelling, we are likely soon to have a carriage provided superior to anything horses or steam has yet given us, inasmuch as another French inventor promises to make the working of the tricycle no longer a labour. Electrical accumulators can be placed beneath the seat at a weight of something like thirty pounds, only supplying, he says, a power that will take two people a journey of fifty miles or more. Are Mallock and all others not well answered that life is worth living when these things are considered? Even if we do not take advantage of the enjoyment they may afford, is it not worth something to see the show thus afforded by looking on at life?

"When referring to the contraction of the world as a way of indicating the improved and speedy means of transit over its surface, it may be as well to refer to its expansion also. In that way it will be sufficient to glance at what England has done only within our time or the time of most living men of mature years. Sir Richard Temple, in his paper lately read at the meeting of the British Association at Montreal, has well summed it up, and I may quote a few of his remarks. 'The British empire has grown now to include more than a fifth of the habitable globe. Its flag flies over some 315 millions of people, and of that number a million could be put under arms. It has 250 men-of-war afloat, of which no less than 63 are ironclads. In its merchant service are 30,000 ships, manned by more than a quarter of a million men. This water service transacts almost one half of the sea-going business of the world. This British empire builds two-thirds of the vessels annually floated. Its banking returns show a capital of nearly a thousand millions sterling, and in reproductive industries a similar amount is found to be invested. The actual wealth of Great Britain in real and personal property has been set down lately at nearly nine thousand millions, and at nearly thirteen if Indian, Canadian, and Australian possessions be added. The yearly income of the thirty-six millions of population of Great Britain is between

twelve and thirteen hundred millions, all of which grand results are due solely to the progress we have made in civilisation during the last fifty years."

"There are evidently more than 'Alice' who 'live in wonderland.' If we could all be more contented I daresay we should be more happy to live on and remember in how many ways 'time works wonders!'"

"You are coming round to a right view of the matter! Look at the discoveries in the chemical way. They have been so rapidly made that ten-year-old books, treating of chemistry, are as out of date and valueless as are most ten-year-old law books. What was said by Lyell of geology and its rapid strides might now be said of many other of the arts and sciences, that their goal of to day, is but their resting-place to morrow, and their starting point for the day after. What additions to valuable colours have we not extracted from coal tar? Within the last seventeen years only, a liquid colourless in itself, and oily in character, has been obtained from such material. Treated by admixture with different chemicals, this product has given us some half-dozen or more of new colours, pleasant to all eyes. Of these aniline dyes, as they are called, the best known is magenta, but ladies will at once recall all the others in their violet, green, and purple varieties. The soot collected from the sides of gas retorts, has lately been discovered to make the best carbon points used in electric lighting.

"A late invention has made type-printing by a hand machine, a ready substitute for writing with the pen. More than one author has already by this means seen how his matter looks in type before sending it to the printing press. Photo-lithography has wedded the arts of the photographer and lithographer, enabling us to condense the largest maps to smallest size, and so cheaply multiplying their utility. The art of printing in colours has so developed that it has become difficult for the unpractised eye to distinguish between oil and water colour paintings and drawings, and their imitations in oleographs and chromolithographs. The walls of our rooms are therefore graced by pictures which our forefathers looked upon as obtain-

able only by the wealthy. In everything wealth is losing its former value as ministering to what were formerly deemed the luxuries of life.

"The improvements in the telescope and microscope have revealed to us something further of the wonders of creation in its most wonderful aspects—those of magnitude and minuteness. Science has enabled our astronomers to measure the distances from the earth of some of the fixed stars—those suns of inconceivable magnitudes and centres of planetary systems to which ours in comparison, is but paltry. We learn that one of these fixed stars, these wondrous suns, is at such a distance from our earth, that it would take a railway train going forty miles an hour without stoppages, no less than sixty-eight millions of years to reach it, and that if the fare on such supposed railway was only one penny per mile it would require no less than eleven hundred millions sterling to pay for the journey thither. Such considerations as these, and the like of them, help to raise our minds from what Bunyan calls the 'muck-rake,' and while they enlarge our ideas give us also a feeling of most humbling humility.

"The microscope helps us also to the same good end. Its powers do not however as yet enable us to see any insect, any minute animalculæ, so small as we are when compared with the size of our globe. An illustration of this may be made by the common comparison of the earth with an orange, the two being not unlike in shape. The inequalities on the surface of an orange are in comparison with its size as the mountains and valleys are to the size of our globe. Yet microscopic power cannot yet show any form of animated life so minute, that would not enable its possessor to creep and crawl with ease over these ups and down on the surface of the orange. We know then when we consider our own inability to scale the highest mountains of the Andes and Himalayas, how much more insignificant we are compared with the size of our planet, than any insect that the microscope has yet enabled us to discover."

"Is it not a pity that no theological discoveries have been made? We are

all where we were in theology, and where our ancestors were also !"

"And yet even in that matter we of the latter days have had the advantage of our grandfathers—if it be an advantage to see a new religion made under our very noses. What the Koran is to the Mahomedans the Book of Mormon is to the Mormons. It is just as sensible and intelligible and not a whit less readable. In the Salt Lake city of Deseret you will find a large population rapidly increasing who are as firm believers in Joseph Smith and his book as are the Turks and Arabs in Mahomet and the Koran. Smith's martyrdom at Nauvoo, far from exploding the romance of his pretended discovery of his book on golden plates, to which a whole family testified, did but set the martyr's seal to the faith of his believers. In Deseret, colleges and temples are devoted to the rearing of the teachers of this faith and to the preaching of its doctrines. Is it not something for those who live in these latter days to see how little, how very little, the enlightenment of the mind affects the faiths in which men are reared? Byron said of love 'that it was of man's life a thing apart, but woman's whole existence.' Philosophers may say the same thing of our faiths, seeing what we have seen and seeing what we see."

"And the conclusion of the whole matter seems to be only that those who live longest will see the most !"

"And be all the wiser and better for it! 'Knowledge,' says Bacon, 'is power,' and power helps to give us satisfaction if not contentment. The strong man is happier than the weak one in feeling less helpless! But take the wider view. In living in the times we have the privilege of existing in we are the most favoured people that have yet seen the world. Compared with the condition of the previous occupants of the earth it is a positive privilege to live in the present era. All blessings, as I have but scantily pointed out, seem to have been reserved for our time. Tennyson calls us, in Locksley Hall, the 'heirs of all the ages,' and following his thought,

we appear but now to be coming into the most valuable part of the property. The wealth of the world during the last fifty years only has increased a thousandfold compared with all its increase during the preceding thousand years. If that statement looks astonishing to financiers let me say that it is made upon Gladstone's authority.

"If it were possible for man to live, as the frog does, in a state of suspended animation for a hundred or more years, there are many thousands, tens of thousands, like minded with myself, who would gladly give up ten years of present existence for an awakened life of one year only a century hence. Our organization does not, however, permit of that privilege. Physically organized as we are, the frog has altogether the advantage in retaining a hold on life when the very conditions of its being seem to be denied. In our case the conditions of our being not being complied with we must cease to be. It is all the more necessary that we make the best use of our short time here. The best use is certainly not to be found in joining the hurry-scurry of the world in the rush to be rich. The occupations of those so engaged seem to be all absorbing, leaving them no time to live, to think, to observe and to generalize their deductions from what is observed. Frenzy, in fact, seems too readily to seize upon us all in a bewildering endeavour to acquire wealth, with which not one in ten of us ever obtain any additional pleasures. This characteristic devotion to business daily intensifies, though no philosopher regarding its effects would pronounce it to be creditable to our regard either for health of body or mind. Rather than be drawn into a whirling vortex it is better to stand aside and to look on at life. It should be happiness enough to the observer to live in such times as ours, and to be content to do all that is possible to lengthen a life to which every year adds additional interest in the world's rapidly developing wonders."

"A LOOKER-ON."

## BY SEA AND LAKE.

## CHAPTER VI.

## GOSSIP.

"Yet life" you say "is life; we have seen and we see

And with a living pleasure we describe;  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity.

Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and  
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"Lenley," to quote farmer Joyce, "would talk on end for the space o' six days about nothin', an' *then* it 'ud on'y stop cause it couldn't make no more out on't; an' when them folks got a hold on a real story, Lor! what a fuss they did make to be sure—an' what a nise, more'n a 'ole field o' crows together! an' there warn't no countin' what they'd make on't, or whether they'd leave it right end or wrong end uppermost when they'd done—most like both."

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or other of their parlours whenever business obliged her to pay a visit to Lenley, which was generally once in each week. But from year's end to year's end Joyce never entered their dwellings, unless indeed any unlooked for calamity occurred, and then he was always foremost in offering assistance. On the other hand, the village cousins disliked him, because he was "close and mighty purticular." In fact they were afraid of him, for he kept their tongues from *his* affairs by never talking of theirs; and they could not for the life of them, get at how much of his money was safe in the bank at Hastings, or the amount he turned over within a given time, or even what it cost him in the year to live—all of which it would have been highly gratifying to them to know. But he never allowed them to know; he "spoke up free enough" on any other subject, but upon money and family matters he was obstinately dumb. Leave inquisitive people alone, however, for finding ways and means of gratifying personal curiosity; in a poor, mean kind of way they are to be compared to the spider, that drops and drops from the wall, but struggles upward again with untiring persistence determined upon reaching the goal. But the persistence that commands our admiration in the insect, disgusts us in the individual who goes poking about into impossible holes and corners, seeking information that can make him neither better or worse, and throwing out vague suggestions about other people's affairs.

Two subjects were agitating the mind of Mr. David Jenkins, the butcher, a remarkably inquisitive person, as he cut up a loin of mutton into chops on Tuesday afternoon in his shop at the corner of Channel-way and the Lenley-road. One of these subjects was the cause of his frequently resorting to the

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or other of their parlours whenever business obliged her to pay a visit to Lenley, which was generally once in each week. But from year's end to year's end Joyce never entered their dwellings, unless indeed any unlooked for calamity occurred, and then he was always foremost in offering assistance. On the other hand, the village cousins disliked him, because he was "close and mighty purticular." In fact they were afraid of him, for he kept their tongues from *his* affairs by never talking of theirs; and they could not for the life of them, get at how much of his money was safe in the bank at Hastings, or the amount he turned over within a given time, or even what it cost him in the year to live—all of which it would have been highly gratifying to them to know. But he never allowed them to know; he "spoke up free enough" on any other subject, but upon money and family matters he was obstinately dumb. Leave inquisitive people alone, however, for finding ways and means of gratifying personal curiosity; in a poor, mean kind of way they are to be compared to the spider, that drops and drops from the wall, but struggles upward again with untiring persistence determined upon reaching the goal. But the persistence that commands our admiration in the insect, disgusts us in the individual who goes poking about into impossible holes and corners, seeking information that can make him neither better or worse, and throwing out vague suggestions about other people's affairs.

Two subjects were agitating the mind of Mr. David Jenkins, the butcher, a remarkably inquisitive person, as he cut up a loin of mutton into chops on Tuesday afternoon in his shop at the corner of Channel-way and the Lenley-road. One of these subjects was the cause of his frequently resorting to the

shop door, and shading his eyes with his hand to look up the village. "Drat the boy, what's 'e efter? 'e's not one o' them lads as gets skylarkin'; what can 'e be efter now?" grunted Mr. Jenkins, returning to his chops for the third time, and casting a glance at a vehicle standing at the opposite corner of the lane. Channel-way was little more than a lane that ran half a mile to the southward, dividing Mr. Jenkins' from Mr. Bickles the grocer's establishment, and the vehicle was at Mr. Bickles' door, primal cause of Mr. Jenkins' agitated mind. "Why on earth of a Toosday, of all days in the week?" Mr. Jenkins' curiosity inclined him to step across the lane, and speak to the big broad-shouldered man, standing beside the cart lighting his pipe, and pressing down the tobacco into its bowl with his thumb. But there are times when a few yards of ground become as impassable as a flooded meadow; and when a man of one's acquaintance turns upon one a back, stout and stooping, with a certain dignity about it that admits of no familiarity, what can one do but remain at a distance until the countenance revolves towards one? Jenkins cast furtive glances at Mr. Joyce's back between his chop-pings, but at the end of five minutes it gave no nearer promise of revolving than when first it made its appearance. Any other individual of the butcher's acquaintance could not have been there half that length of time without receiving a friendly clap between the shoulder-blades, but Jenkins could not screw his courage to a pitch sufficient to meet the astonished mildly enquiring eyes of the farmer after such a venture. He fidgetted about his block, picking up the ends of meat and throwing them into a basket; his growing curiosity showed itself in the frequency with which his glances were directed towards the opposite corner; and when it became too much for him he walked to the door and looked up the street again, sharpening his long knife loudly and importantly, and keeping his head turned as much as possible away from Bickles's. "Jice could coom an' speak to him ef 'ed a mind to; e' warn't a goin' to waste 's time a trottin' efter folks as thought sich a mighty lot on

themselves;" and he fixed his eyes steadily upon the road. It was a warm afternoon; the sun lay hot upon the village, upon the white, low-roofed verandahs of the shops, upon the grey, unsheltered spaces of pavement between, and upon the wide, dusty road-way that runs east and west, apparently elevating itself at the western end into a perpendicular line as it nears the church; the spire of which, surmounted by a gleaming weather-cock, is the only portion of the sacred edifice that is visible from Lenley, for as you come to the top of the hill the land dips away again, and St. Mary's lies in a hollow. Down this straight line, between three and four o'clock, came a solitary horseman, digging the heels of his coarse boots into his animal's ribs, to make him go faster. But Dob was proof against kicks, and lifted his hoofs lazily, taking his own time, and swinging his tail from side to side to remove the flies that disturbed him. Billy had to be patient; for the old dappled steed would move no quicker unless he had a mind to, and he had no mind to trot through the dust and heat, even to please his young master, who clicked his tongue against his palate, and cried "git up!" to no purpose. Dob walked leisurely on, blinking and stumbling, until he arrived near the shop, towards which he loitered, standing stock-still at a particular spot of his own choosing; while Billy rolled himself flat on his stomach across the saddle, and dropped to his feet dragging his basket after him.

"What 'a *you* been efter?" shouted his father. "I been wunnerin' what 'ad coom o' ye. Ye needn't mine te pit the 'orse up; I'll like 'ave a job fur ye in two minits."

Billy had thrown the reins over his arm and was walking off to the stables. He was fourteen, small of his age, with a round freckled face, prominent blue eyes, and what is generally known as a tea-pot nose. He was an only child, all the little Jenkinses who came before or after him having died, and was naturally the pride of his father's heart, who foresaw that he would make his mark in the world. The boy paused on front of his parent. "Wheer to?" said he sharply.



Mr. Jenkins looked knowingly at his son, and nodded in the direction of Bickles's. "'Astin's." Billy understood, but he shook his head. "Ye'll 'ave te do yer own jobbin' this time; I ain't yer man; two mile there an' two mile back on that slow-paced brute 's *more* 'n enough fur me; it's a sight too much, an' I ain't agoin' to kill myself fur nobudy." Offwalked Billy to put Dob up in spite of his father, who was above "banterin'" words in the hearing of Joyce; otherwise Billy, to make use of his own phraseology, would have "cotched it." Mr. Jenkins watched the farmer get into his cart and drive away. Making sure of the direction he took, he went through a room at the back of the shop, where Mrs. Jenkins kept the accounts, down a passage, through another room, and into the yard, where Billy was sitting on a tub, whistling and holding a bucket of water for Dob to drink out of.

"Tek the saddle off o' that 'orse if ye dare," said the butcher angrily. The boy stopped his whistling and winked; it might have been at the horse, it might have been at his father. "Goin' to 'Astin's, Mr. Jenkins?" said he in a mildly aggravating tone.

"No I ain't, but *you* air."

"Am I though?" said Billy, and it was rather "Oi" than "I." He got off his tub to put down the bucket, leaving Mr. Jenkins for the space of two minutes uncertain as to his intentions.

"Yis; ye *air*."

"So I am," said Billy, putting his head under the tap. "An' 'ow much am I to git fur comin' an' goin'?" he enquired, when, his ablutions completed, he had dived into the kitchen for a towel that hung behind the door, and dived out again. "Eh, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Two bob, maybe."

"No ye don't!" said Billy from behind the towel, where he was rubbing his head vigorously.

"If ye do yer bisniss well, and git there sharp, I might think o' givin' ye a extra sixpence."

Billy deigned no reply to this generous offer, but continued drying his hair very determinedly—there was no hurry so far as *he* was concerned.

"I might be indooiced to make it

three bob," said Mr. Jenkins impatiently, "if you was to be off—in two minits say."

"Five bob," said Billy, as if the matter were decided out of hand.

"No, three," said Mr. Jenkins.

"Five," said Billy, rubbing away diligently at another damp spot.

"Three, an' not a farthin' extra."

"Five, or I don't budge a inch."

"Three," said Mr. Jenkins, raising his voice.

"Five," said Billy, without raising his voice.

"*Three*—d'ye '*ear*!" shouted Mr. Jenkins angrily.

"Five," said Billy, unmoved.

"*Three*, drat ye!" bawled Mr. Jenkins, stamping.

"All right," said Billy in a conciliatory tone, lifting his head, with his red hair all on end, out of the towel and grinning; "ye can go yerself, Mr. Jenkins!" and he disappeared into the house whistling.

"Four," said the butcher in desperation, as he thought of the distance Joyce was gone by now. "Ye'll 'ave *four*, Bill?"

No reply.

"Yer the aggravatinst creetur iver wus! D'ye '*ear*, Bill? ye'll git four if yer sharp an' nigh up to Johnson's in three minits."

Still no reply. Billy went whistling up the passage.

"Drat it!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins fairly enraged at last, "if the boy ain't enuff to make a parson sweer! D'ye '*ear*, Billy? Take the five, an' if I ketch ye's this side o' the toll more'n ten minits, I'll shake the life out o' ye, I will, ye young imp! sure as my name's Davy Jenkins."

"*Will* ye? I *think* ye will, Davy Jenkins!" was the impudent retort, as Billy shut himself quickly into a room on his left—where he greased his hair and clothed himself in his Sunday garments.

"Ye needn't 'urry about gettin' back," the butcher said when Billy's foot was in the stirrup. "Once ye ketch sight on the party, keep yer eye on 'im mine—d'ye '*ear*?"

"I do," was the concise rejoinder.

"A straw tells how the wind's a blowin'—don't it Mr. Jenkins?"

"It do, Billy." It was the parent who winked this time; he thought his son referred to Joyce's affairs.

"I picked up one this afternoon," said Billy, mysteriously; "an' if ye 'adn't a'got arglin', barglin', as usal, I'd a giv' ye the noos. Git up Dob. Hi! git up sir!"

"Noos! What noos, Billy?"

"I dessay it won't 'arm fur the keep-in'," said Billy, urging Dob to a canter.

"Plague 'im! 'e'd try a saint this weather!" muttered Mr. Jenkins. He was no saint.

Billy returned from Hastings a couple of hours later without having seen Mr. Joyce, and found the farmer's wife taking a cup of tea out of the best teapot with Mrs. Jenkins, who had been doing her utmost to discover the reason of Mrs. Joyce's visiting Lenley two afternoons in succession—but disappointment was visible in every feature of her face. Susan was "that close," there was no getting *anything* out of her; and when Mr. Joyce came along presently, and bore her off without giving the Jenkinsons more than "good evenin'" and thanks, both husband and wife were considerably irritated, and watched in silence until the vehicle disappeared over the brow of the hill.

"Don't you tell *me* that summat ain't wrong wi' their bisniss! Folks don't make all that work o' goin' two days runnin' to a town wi'out there bein' summat as ain't straight. Sum people thinks as they're mighty clivir, but they shouldn't dispise 'em as they'll maybe be glad t'ave fur a stan'-by one o' these days; an' Jice 'ad better mine whut 'es efter," said the husband.

"I'll warrant that that Bickles knows. It's all along o' him Jice is so curt. I allays said as Susan lowered herself with bein' so well acquainted with them grocer people," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I can't abide them Bickles myself; Mrs. Bickles makes a deal o' mischief with her gossipin', for all she's so sweet and amiable lookin', and she's a woman as looks a long way afore her nose too, is Mrs. B. Already she's a notion of our Billy for that Anna of hers, but I'll take good care I don't get none o' *her* flesh and blood to a daughter-in-lor o' mine, *I* can tell her."

"I wunner," said Jenkins, following his own train of thought, "can 'e 'ave los' by them low-lyin' padducks 'e 'ad from Baines? Serve 'im right if 'e 'ave! the party as 'ad 'em afore 'im wus well nigh ruined, an' I troubled myself a goodish bit te let Jice know that; but 'e won't listen to no advice, 'e's that 'igh-stumached, an' 'e won't take no tellin', right or wrong, wi' that proud way of 'is."

"Jice should mind as pride goes afore a fall," said Mrs. Jenkins severely, "and he'd best look to his ways afore stickin' hisself up for a gentleman, which he ain't, nor ever will be to my way o' thinkin'. And he needn't think to be short to them as is as good as him—leastways better, for we ain't ever as *I* knows on druv a dung cart in *our* family, thank goodness!"

If Mr. Jenkins dreaded one thing more than another in this world, it was his wife's tongue when she got upon the subject of family—once given a fair start and there was no stopping her. "She were fur all the world like a pig as sumbu'dy'd got by the tail, whin it run on wi'out iver lookin' to see wheer it were agoin' to," he repeatedly told her; and on the present occasion he cut short her speech. "Tain't o' no consiquence, Maria, whither a man's druv a dung cart or a barrer, so long as 'e don't look down on 'em as can do as much."

"Tain't o' no consiquence! Mr. Jenkins, I'd scorn to say sich a thing if I wus you. Tain't o' no consiquence, I suppose, to have a man stickin' hisself up over you, cause he can give his wife a bonnet more in the year than she's any right to, out o' other folks' money as like as not. And what was *her* father, I should like to know, as *she* should hold her nose so high? A poor wasty kind o' chip as couldn't call his soul his own! That's what he wus—an' you'll never get Maria Jenkins to say to the contrary. And it's like her imperence to talk in that way o' the Hall and Mrs. Reid and the young ladies, till you'd think, if you didn't know better, as she was quite hand in glove with the gentry, and as they wus back'ards and for'ards every blessed day o' their lives. And she to ask 'em to her Lizbeth's wedding—"

"No!" said Jenkins," she ain't done that?"

"Pon my word she did! You wouldn't believe the face she's got—*she's* a clivir one with all her closeness, is Susan. Settin' up to them as is above her, and it's many a good laugh the Miss Hays has at her expense, I don't doubt. And no blame to them neither! folks as doesn't know their own place generally comes by misfortun' as 'ull teach it to 'em—and we'll live to see them Jices on their marra bones yet, or I ain't livin' in Lenley this day. Billy," she said, opening the door and walking into her private room, where that young gentleman was regaling himself with bread and treacle, "come here and tell yer father didn't Susan Jice say as the gentlefolks from the Hall was agoin' to dance at her Lizbeth's weddin'?"

"Didn't she jist!" said Billy, settling himself in his chair.

"There!" said Mrs. Jenkins to her husband.

"Anyway t'aint *her* doin', it's Jice's," said Jenkins.

"Don't you tell me!" interrupted his wife—"it's Susan."

"I'll tell ye summut," said Billy, licking his sticky fingers, "as Mrs. Jice nor nobody don't know on'y me."

For some time past a dispute had been going on in the village as to which of the young ladies at the Hall Mr. Clifford intended to marry. Long ago Lenley had decided for itself that he must marry one of them. His duty in that respect was clear and plain to the villagers, and Bickles who considered himself a very observant man, thought it must be Miss Florry. "Every Sunday of her life a'most at service, hadn't she as sure as sure, mornin' and evenin' sut alongside o' Mr. Clifford, leastways *between* him and Mr. Ted, and didn't *that* go for somethin'?" Jenkins, to whom the remark was made, spoke loudly and emphatically in reply. "You jes' mark my words," said he, "if Mr. William takes any lady from out the 'All, that young lady's Miss Sally, or my name ain't Jenkins—an' Jenkins I was born an' bred to believe it wus."

Since the time it was known that Mr. Clifford was once more to become

an inmate of the Hall the discussion had grown hotter, and the butcher and grocer had more than once had words over it. So when Billy concluded his narrative, which referred to this matter, and which, as he impressively put it, was "to flatten Bickles slap," Jenkins, who loved nothing better than to extinguish the grocer, ideas and all, bade the boy "run over an' ask 'im to step this way 'arf a minit," which order, Billy, having disposed of as much bread and treacle as he conveniently could, obeyed. The appearance of the grocer was a signal for Mrs. Jenkins' head to go an inch higher. She stood to receive him—it is easier for some people to feel dignified when standing. Mr. Bickles nodded good evening; she took no notice. About the only thing Mrs. Jenkins was clever at, was quarrelling; and she was as good a hand at provoking a quarrel as there was in the village.

"Ay," said the grocer, looking at Jenkins, "What's up? Anybody dead?"

"Dead!" said Mrs. Jenkins, scornfully. Bickles felt that he ought to have known what was the matter without being told.

"Not a bit of it," said the butcher, cheerfully; frowning at his wife to make her hold her tongue. "Nobudy ain't dead as I knows on; but Billy's got summat to tell ye—ain't ye, my boy? Tell Bickles now straight whut ye seen this afternoon."

"What I seen?" said Billy, feeling very important, and pondering over the most effective way in which to tell his tale.

He wanted to astonish the grocer to the utmost, so he began slowly and cautiously, "Well I wus ridin'—"

"Niver mine *that*," interrupted his father. "Tell Bickles whut ye seen."

"I mus' 'ave been sumwheer, else 'ow could I a' seen whut I did see," said Billy, smartly.

"Tell Bickles, my boy." A smile shone on Mr. Jenkins' broad red face as he contemplated the effect upon the grocer, of his son's words.

"Well," said Billy, "I was ridin' across that scrubby bit o' land, *you* know, over th' other side o' the 'All, with my basket. I was goin' down to ole Mother Green's—"

"Ay," said the grocer, looking bewildered. Mrs. Jenkins enjoyed his bewilderment.

"*You* know—the cottage whut's down on the shingly; an' 'all at once I turned my 'ead, an' I seen—lor! what d'ye think I seen?"

"Dunno," said Bickles; he wasn't good at guessing.

"Dunno!" exclaimed Billy, "in coorse ye dunno—'ow could ye know unless I telled ye? Well, I seen a boat."

"Ay," said Bickles in his quiet way; and Billy, who expected him to be astonished, was annoyed at his indifference.

"Yes, a boat, an' there wus sumbudy in that boat—sumbudy as you know. A lady."

Mrs. Jenkins, with an indignant frown on her brow, opened her lips to speak; but closed them, at a look from her husband, without saying a word.

"Somebody as *I* know? A lady?" Bickles scratched his head. Billy enjoyed his perplexity. "Mrs. Jice," suggested the grocer.

"Mrs. Jice indeed! a fine lady she'd make!" said Mrs. Jenkins with a derisive laugh. "What nex', I wonder?"

"Dunno anybody else as I could call a lady," said Bickles, unconscious of the wound he was giving Mrs. Jenkins.

"*Mr.* Bickles," began that lady haughtily—Billy interrupted with the slightest hesitation, and Mrs. Jenkins glanced at the door, and then significantly at his wife. "Sumbudy from the 'All," said Billy.

"Oh!" exclaimed the grocer, a smile overspreading his pale countenance; "Miss Florry—"

"No," said Jenkins chuckling; "tell Bickles, my boy."

"Miss Sally!" Billy watched the effect of his words; but as they produced no astonishment, he said, "An' there wus sumbudy with 'er—who d'ye think?"

"Dunno; 'er brother most like."

"Oh ye thick 'ead?" shouted Billy triumphantly. "It were *Mr. Willum Clifford!* now d'ye understand? They wus all alone 'im an' 'er, an' they went a long way out—mus' 'ave gone to Beachy 'Ead pretty near."

"Him and her all alone?" said Bickles, genuinely astonished at last.

"Yes, stoopid," said Billy, much gratified thereby.

Now Billy had only seen the boat start, and he was quite aware that when Ted Hay had put Sally into it he had followed; but he kept that piece of information to himself.

"I never thought—" began Bickles, who was instantly crushed by Jenkins.

"I told ye all along, iver since they wus children together, no bigger than Billy there, an' use to come ridin' down of a Saturday mornin' wi' the orders, as that's 'ow it 'ud be. Anybudy with 'arf a eye could a seen 'ow 'e wur-shipped 'er—'im an' 'er wus allays together."

"That they wus, *Mr.* Bickles," put in Mrs. Jenkins, who found it impossible to refrain any longer from speaking. "Often enough has my husband said to you in my hearin' afore ever *Mr.* Willum thought to set foot in them furrin' parts—*Mr.* Jenkins has said, and I've heard it too, so you needn't deny it—'*Mark* my words, Bickles,' he's said, '*Mr.* Willum he's after Miss Sally.' And you needn't try to deny it in *my* presence, *Mr.* Bickles, for I wouldn't listen. There's them as don't know a lady when they sees her, cause they ain't never been accustomed all their lives to 'sociate with sich, and would swear their souls away assayin' they hadn't said this or that, when there's them standin' by as knows different. I can't abide that sort myself—a poor white-faced lot as can't say a word for theirselves, 'cept their wife's back turned—and allows theirselves to be henpecked at mornin' noon and night, from one Sunday to the nex', without so much as utterin' a squeak."

A look in her husband's eye warned Mrs. Jenkins that it was time to stop, and at the last word she swept majestically from the room. Her temper was ruffled, and she was annoyed with Jenkins for not allowing her to have her say out. So she put on her hat, and slipped round the back way to Mrs. Philpott, her particular friend, to tell her the news both about the Hall family and the Joyces; and how it was said something had gone wrong with the latter's business. And while she tried on a pair of slippers in the





bootmaker's establishment, she let out, without fear of interruption, her indignation against the offending Bickles. "A creetur to be pitied with such an addle-headed wife as he'd got!"

It was owing to the talk in the butcher's shop and elsewhere in Lenley, that Geraldine Heriot paid a visit to the Hall at an early hour, a few days subsequent to the return of the family party. It was about eleven o'clock, and the sun was pouring itself upon lawn, hedge, and terrace, with an even flood of light. There was still a breath left of the early dewy air, and it swept over the flowers occasionally, to remind them that noon was not yet come and they might still hold up their heads. The birds sang unceasingly, and butterflies flitted hither and thither on brilliant wings.

Sally and Tottie were alone in the morning room, enjoying a *l'ête-à-l'ête*, when Geraldine in her tight skirts and fashionable headgear strolled in through the open window.

"Well, I suppose I may congratulate you Sally," she said.

The two girls stared at her, and there was a brief silence.

"Congratulate *me*!" said Sally, pushing a chair towards her. "What about?"

"Oh, don't pretend you don't know," said Geraldine jocosely. "Everybody is talking about it, even Dr. Smith. I met him yesterday evening at the Hudsons. He said he supposed it must be true, but he hadn't seen any of you since he heard the news, so couldn't be *quite* sure. I think, seeing we are such friends, you might have let me into the secret before it became public talk."

"I don't know what you mean," said Sally helplessly. "Secret? I didn't know there was a secret," and she looked enquiringly at Tottie.

"Sit down and explain yourself, Geraldine," said that young lady rather sharply, "I hate mysteries about nothing." She sat bolt upright in her chair, and fixed her round, blue eyes on Geraldine, who took the seat offered by Sally, feeling rather uncomfortable—the more so as Tottie waited for her to speak. She soon regained her composure, however, and facing the two

girls, began tranquilly to explain. "I took the trouble in one or two instances to contradict the statement."

"Indeed!" Tottie's eyebrows made a transitory movement of surprise, and she gazed with wide-open eyes at Geraldine. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to explain what the statement was," she said in her brisk matter-of-fact way.

Geraldine moved uneasily in her chair, and looked out of the window. "Let me——," she said slowly, wondering if she could overcome the difficulty in which she found herself, by passing the whole thing off as a joke.

"Well?" said Tottie, when they had waited a minute or so for Geraldine to speak again, "you don't get on very fast."

"I was thinking," Geraldine said.

Tottie's eyebrows made one of their rapid movements, archly expressive of her thoughts.

"Yes," began Geraldine again, "it's just about a week ago since I heard the first of it. It was my maid who told me the night we came back from London, and that's just a week to-day. I met Sally next day going to the farm——"

"Proceed," said Tottie. Geraldine had paused again.

"Well, she told me, Shaw, I mean, that it was all over the village that Mr. Clifford was coming home to be married. Of course I was curious at once to know who the lady was."

"Naturally," said Tottie in her calm voice.

Geraldine was not quite sure but that a laugh lurked somewhere behind that calm exterior, and she found some difficulty in proceeding. "But Shaw couldn't give me a hint—or wouldn't."

"Wouldn't, most likely," said Tottie, with a *souffron* of scorn in her voice.

"At any rate," continued Geraldine, nervously, "I heard all about it yesterday."

"Where?" said Tottie unmercifully. She read in Geraldine's face that she dreaded being questioned.

"I happened to be in Lenley," Geraldine replied stiffly. "A week ago the talk was that Mr. Clifford was coming back to marry one of the young ladies at the Hall. Now they've got it







the inlaid casket from which one of the attendants has lifted the bracelet—all bring to the memory the gorgeous arrangement of such rooms, and testify to the fidelity with which the artist has used his brush. The countenances of the two girls who are evidently only thinking of how best to heighten the beauty they are about to adorn, contrast well with the pure loveliness of that of Queen Esther. But, fair as that face is, the gazer almost forgets it when meeting those soft, dark eyes, with their far-off wistful look, that tells of thoughts in which the proffered ornament bears not the slightest part. The beautiful clasped hands speak their own tale of a woman's shrinking dread of the deed she is about to undertake, but from out those lovely eyes, soft and melting as they could surely look at those they love, shines forth the noble courage and pure faith that will, by the help of the God of Israel, carry her through the coming ordeal, and which even then enables her to say the grand motto-words of the painting—"So I go, and if I perish—I perish." Almost opposite to it is placed "A Question of Propriety," which shows the artist's genius in a totally different style. It is a work full of power, and is one of the favourites of the Gallery, though, from the nature of its subject, lacking the depth of feeling to be found in his "Queen Esther."

In fine contrast to the latter is John Pettie's "Arrest for Witchcraft." The pitiful scene of the aged, sorrow-worn woman with her thin, feeble hands, tied roughly in front of her by thick cords, dragged onwards by the soldiers on either side, who are holding her cloak with half-contemptuous, half-fearful touch—the crowd of taunting men and women, one frantic creature actually held back from committing personal violence—the two gallants dressed in the extreme of fashion watching the scene, one bowing in mocking derision to the innocent cause of the uproar—all stand out in fine relief, as contrasted with the luxury, the reverence, the beauty of Edwin Long's work. A deservedly popular painting is "La dernière étape de Coco," by P. Beyle, who exhibited it in our recent

International Show. It represents a travelling caravan come to a pause in a dreary expanse of snow, the poor weary horse having fallen dead on the slippery ground; beside it stands the proprietor in a gloomy reverie, and kneeling down by the faithful animal whose loss she deplores, is his wife, her own attitude telling that she grieves for a favourite, as well as for their own deplorable situation. A boy from the platform of the caravan looks down with the careless unconcern and curiosity of childhood, and at the head of the horse sits a little dog, whose drooping tail and ears and dejected look, tell that he also mourns a friend and companion. The work is a good example of the French school. Close beside it is almost the gem of the Gallery, "Ben Eay in sunset glow"—a picture to sit and muse over till the imagination is carried away to bonnie Scotland itself. The subject is a group of cattle gathered round a pool in a wild moorland; in the foreground are some of the hardy ferns and flowers to be found in such a place, and in the distance are a range of hills, part in soft, deep shade, part in bright sunlight and purplish lights and shadows. The whole painting is literally *bathed* in the golden light, that tells the sun is sinking to rest in gorgeous splendour; and the rough coats of the cattle, their free, unstudied attitudes, and the grand modelling of their forms, all combine to render this a striking and thoroughly effective work. Towards the head of the Gallery hangs a fine bit of English scenery, "The Weald of Kent," by Samuel Bough, A.R.S.A., showing a long baggage-train guarded by soldiers, winding over a wild, hilly road, whilst the labourers stop to look at the unaccustomed sight, and an old shepherd drives his flock to one side of the path. In the distance may be seen a heavy-rainfall, and dark clouds are slowly gathering over the scene. "Arab Prisoners," by Hodgson, is a work of which there is but one opinion as to its excellence. The group of conquerors and conquered are seated on some rocks, and a woman is mercifully offering to the latter, water from her pitcher. The expression of relief in the face of the man who is

drinking, and whose hands, tied behind his back, prevent his aiding himself, the longing expression of the other prisoner, who, faint and weary, waits his turn, the half-laughing and yet mocking look on the cruel faces of two of the captors watching the scene, the careless indifference of the remainder of the party, are all rendered with true artistic feeling and skill; as is also the thoroughly Eastern treatment of the subject.

A clever picture by Mr. Gotch is on this side of the Gallery, vividly depicting a homely, every-day scene. An old fisherman, returned from his morning's labours, is seated on an upturned boat, enjoying the cup of tea brought to him by his little grand-child, to whom he has just propounded a question in "Mental arithmetic," which doubtless has often in early days puzzled many of the visitors to the Gallery as greatly as it has evidently done the girl to whom it is addressed. With a half-cross, half-wondering look on her rosy face she stands hesitating as to her answer, and in childish fashion drawing one foot in and out of the strong country-made shoe. The whole composition is good, the entire interest centring in the two figures; and the humour visible in every line of the old man's rough, weather-beaten face, is irresistible.

Mr. R. Dowling's genius shows well in his graphic rendering of "A Sheik and Son returning from a Pilgrimage." The crowded street, where buyers and sellers pursue their ordinary avocations without a glance at the passing procession—the chief figures in the scene and the musicians following them—the wretched dogs quarrelling over their bone—the beauty and accuracy of the architectural designs—the admirable perspective—all speak of a master's hand, and render it one of the most striking works in the collection. Opposite to the "Moses" hangs Layrand's well-known painting of "The Brigands," whose popularity never seems to wane. Not far off is "Noli me tangere," a painting to linger over and muse upon, but from its subject scarcely a fitting one to dilate upon in these criticisms—the sight of the three crosses dimly

visible in the early light of the first Easter morn bringing very different and other than mere critical thoughts to the mind. So also does the beautiful "Memories of the first Palm-Sunday," by Edith Courtauld, which, for expressive and sympathetic treatment, may rank as one of the gems of our Gallery. Did space allow, several other works, including those of M. Buvelôt, could be mentioned in terms of praise—more especially his "Waterpool at Coleraine," painted for the Exhibition of Objects of Art, in the Hall of the Public Library, held in March, 1869. Nor would a description of the Gallery be complete if C. West Cope's grand painting of the "Pilgrim Fathers" were omitted from the list, or that true bit of rural home scenery, "England," by T. Creswick and R. Ansdell; nor yet should "Autumnal Showers," "Start Point," "Check-mate," "A Norwegian Fjörd," and "Druidical Monuments" pass unnoticed. In specially mentioning these paintings, it is not intended to convey the idea that they *alone* are of merit, but simply that they are named, amongst numerous other fine works, as being general and deserved favourites with the community.

The list of the portraits of Her Majesty's representatives in the different colonies is a long one; and it is to be trusted that that of our present popular Governor will ere long be added to it.

A never-ending fund of interest and art-education is to be found at the Gallery, in its collection of water-colours, etchings, engravings, chromolithographs, etc., which would do justice to an institution of much longer standing than the one in Melbourne.

The Victorian Academy has, after much disappointment and care to those interested in its welfare, now reached its fourteenth year. It was not however till 1873, that the Society obtained from Government the grant of land at Eastern Hill, and even then, the condition was attached that within a year a building suitable for purposes of exhibition should be erected upon it. The Annual Exhibition of Works by Colonial and other artists had for the

previous three years been held in rooms hired for the occasion, but at the end of the time specified, a Gallery, forming the rear of the proposed edifice, was built, and the Exhibition of 1874 took place in it. Want of funds has unfortunately prevented the further plan being as yet carried out, the debt on the portion already completed having only just now been paid off. The hopes of the Society as to its successful career, have been very often doomed to disappointment; no interest, such as might have been naturally expected, was shown by the public, and the scheme at times languished, until even its most ardent supporters felt discouraged. To its credit be it said, the Artists' Society of Victoria has held on through every difficulty, and it is to be hoped, as the love of and education in Art increase in the colony, that brighter and more prosperous days may be in store for it.

The governing body consists of a President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Council, who meet every month for business purposes. The first meeting held to discuss the possibility of founding an Academy of Arts took place in 1869, at the house of Mr. James Robertson, and it was then proposed to try and enlist the interest not only of artists, but also of all those who could be truly termed "lovers of Art." Both Mr. Robertson and Mr. O. R. Campbell were indefatigable in their efforts to carry out the idea. Later on, a sub-committee was formed to draw up rules, etc., and no less than twenty-six names were sent in for membership; the members and associates to be elected by the Academy, which consisted of twenty artists and six amateurs. The meetings at that time were usually held at some hotel, but a great improvement was accomplished when the trustees of the Public Library offered a room for the purpose.

On the 8th of March, 1870, a request was made to Viscount Canterbury to become a patron of the Artists' Society, to which he consented, and on the 19th of the following October an Exhibition Committee was appointed, as well as a Hanging Committee, many of the best Victorian artists here at the time being comprised in the

latter. In December of the same year the Academy showed its first collection of works in the "carriage annexe," as it was then called, but the use of it was refused for the next one in 1872, and, as has been mentioned, a room was hired for the occasion. A great increase both in exhibitors and exhibits was to be noticed, there being 169 of the latter and forty-nine of the former. It was at this time that the Art-Union of Victoria was started; but the conductors of it have decided to give it up, and the Academy itself will probably make all future arrangements in regard to it. The third Exhibition was in a room above Messrs. E. Whitehead and Co.'s stationery establishment in Collins-street East, and was most successful, the exhibitors numbering eighty-three, and their exhibits 277, 33 of which were sold.

Since 1874 the Academy has held its meetings and Exhibitions in the Gallery on Eastern Hill, and for some time, previous to the course of instruction in studies from life now given at our National Gallery, a similar one was conducted there with good results. Great alterations are of course to be remarked in the list of names of those originally interested in the scheme, and of the earlier contributors seven are dead, nine have ceased to compete, and three are working in the old country. But amongst those who may be termed rising artists, either amateur or professional, the Academy may point with satisfaction to the Misses Earle and A'Beckett, and Messrs. Thallon, Curtis, and Mather.

Besides the annual show of paintings and sculptures, a collection of drawings in mono-chrome, etchings, engravings, etc., known as the "black and white," has been yearly exhibited since 1882, and some good work has been displayed.

A notice of the Academy of Arts would not be complete without reference to the Secretary, Mr. F. B. Gibbes, whose efforts for its success are unwearied.

It is much to be regretted that so many good artists keep aloof from the Society; more *esprit-de-corps* would be beneficial to both them and it. Mr. H. Hainsslin, an artist rapidly rising in

public favour from his skill as an animal painter, in which branch of art he is undoubtedly first in Melbourne, and Mr. Goodwyn Lewis (whose successful portraits of Sir J. O'Shanassy and Mr. Benjamin have been already mentioned in the "Art notes," set a good example at the March Exhibition, by sending in some fine works; and it is to be hoped Miss Bell and Messrs. Folingsby, Downing, and Patterson may see fit to follow it on the next occasion. With such substantial and first-class aid as those artists could furnish, the Academy of Arts would have good ground for believing that their Exhibition of 1885, would be but the forerunner of a series, of which Melbourne would have no reason to be ashamed. Even as it is, the Artists' Society of Victoria, often shows most pleasing exhibits, which promise well for the future.

Some very good water-colour drawings are amongst the 250 collected by Mr. Fletcher, for the portion of the South Gallery, over which the promoters of the Jubilee Exhibition have appointed him Superintendent. The Institute of Painters in water-colours is well-represented, as works from the following gentlemen are to be found there; C. Cattermole, J. Mogford, W. May, J. Absolom, G. Kilburne, L. J. Wood, as well as many known exhibitors at the best Galleries of London, amongst them E. W. Cook, J. A. Aitken, John Varley, David Law, A. W. Weedon, Max Ludby, John Gully, Thomas Pyne, and B. Gioja.

In the former Belgium Court hang about 200 oil-paintings. Among English artists there represented may be named, J. Miles, Robert Dowling, Miss A. Grant (a pupil of the former), G. Goodwyn Lewis, D. Law, J. F. Linnell, J. Barker, and other painters of note. The "Daniel in the Lions' Den," by R. Dowling, is amongst them, but as its merits were discussed in the "Art Notes" of last November, no further mention of this fine work need be made, save the fact that it attracts the attention it so well deserves. Amongst the foreign exhibitors may be noticed A. Daubigny, Petersen, Steffani, Weber, Ockel, and several others. The Australian artists represented in

the collection have mostly forwarded landscapes, amongst the exhibits are some by Messrs. Buvelôt, Patterson, Mather, E. Von Guerrard, H. J. Johnstone, Thallon, etc., and by the late I. Whitehead. As a detailed description of them was given last month, it is sufficient for present purposes to state that a very fair show of ability has been collected, more especially when it is remembered how short a time for so doing was placed at Mr. Fletcher's disposal.

A studio has been temporarily opened in the same premises as Mr. Freeman's Art Gallery, previously described in the "Notes," and containing some first-class statuary, brought over and arranged by Mr. C. F. Summers, of the Via Margutta, Rome, and son of the well-known and much-regretted sculptor, who made Melbourne his home for so many years. Amongst the exhibits are works by the two Messrs. Summers, the late Professor G. B. Lombardi of Rome, and his brother Giovita, whose singularly promising career has been also closed by the hand of death.

The wonderful skill shown by the latter sculptor in representing animals and birds with almost life-like fidelity, must be seen to be in any way understood. His three works are, a group of a hen and chickens; a goat and kid (life-size); and a pair of game-cocks fighting. This last subject is painfully true to nature, and the gazer marvels how marble, the hardest of materials, could have been worked into positions so full of energy and vigour, and instinct with motion. The fierce exultation that marks the whole bearing of the victor, as well as the agony expressed in the attitude of the conquered bird, are delineated with the power of a master-hand; but grandly carried out as the idea is, the eye turns with relief to the companion exhibits. The goat and kid are represented with rare skill, and the modelling of the graceful animals shows how familiar Giovita Lombardi was with their every action. A really wonderful feature in this group is the manner in which the coats are portrayed; every hair appears distinct from the other, and yet there is no hardness—all seems natural

and flexible. Perhaps the favourite exhibit of the three, is the "Hen and Chickens," the mother, with plumage slightly ruffled, and with the proud, complacent air always to be seen in such a case, stands surrounded by her newly-hatched brood, one little soft, fluffy creature having taken refuge in the warm shelter of her half outstretched wings. The attitudes are so real and the chickens so exquisitely formed, that one is inclined to lift them up. All the coldness of marble is gone, and the mother's plumage is so soft, with every feather just defined, that the visitor is lost in wonder at the sculptor's unrivalled power in fashioning it. The original clay model of this work of art was cast in bronze, and may be seen in the palace of the King of Italy, at Mouza, near Milan. The trustees of our National Gallery would do well to purchase these three specimens of Lombardi's genius—for they should not be separated. They would be excellent studies for those adopting Art as a profession, and they would be of infinite value and adornment to the Gallery; more especially, as no further work can be obtained from that skilled hand and brain that now lie at rest in the grave—for death claimed Giovitè Lombardi at the early age of twenty-eight. His brother has, in this Gallery, four admirable life-size figures, amongst which may be specially named "Deborah singing the song of victory," and "Ruth in the field of Boaz." The former has a pedestal, whose bas-reliefs, by the same hand, illustrate further incidents of the beautiful scripture story. Smaller figures, such as a "Veiled Rebekah," the "Mater Dolorosa," "Modesty," etc., are also by the Professor, as well as a charming work, "Cupid in a chariot, drawn by Doves," which seems to point to both brothers possessing, though not in the like degree, the same gift as to bird portraiture in marble. Decorative sculpture is represented by good busts exemplifying the "Four Seasons," and shows G. B. Lombardi's talent in another style.

A bust of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, placed near them, and executed by Mr. C. F. Summers, would be a fitting ornament to our

Town Hall, the Prince having been so connected with the ceremonies performed at the commencement and completion of its erection. It is said that the Queen is greatly pleased with this effort of Mr. Summers. Four exhibits are from the chisel of the sculptor's late talented father, "Two Friends," which is a poem in marble, the figures of the boy and dog telling their own little story; "Maternal Affection," a group to win a mother's heart; "The first lesson," a smaller, but very charming one, and the bust of a Roman peasant-woman.

The Gallery is not intended as a permanent one; but it is to be hoped that Mr. C. F. Summers may see his way to occasionally favour the art-loving portion of the Melbourne community with other exhibits, as worthy of praise as those he has been showing for the last few weeks. It is to be regretted that so little encouragement has been shown him by either our Government or the wealthier members of Society; and it is whispered that the sister-colony is willing to show his exquisite collection the due appreciation it has unfortunately failed to receive here.

To allow Giovitè Lombardi's works to go from amongst us, will be an irreparable loss, as the only other existing proofs of his genius are, one and all, in the palace at Mouza; and therefore any hope of obtaining works by him is impossible, if the present opportunity be allowed to pass.

Since writing the above it is pleasing to be able to state that a grant of £2000 has been voted by Parliament for the purpose of purchasing several of these admirable works, including the three groups by the sculptor just named. The trustees of the Public Library have likewise granted £100, to be expended in obtaining really good examples of painting on ceramic wares from Messrs. Howell and James, of London. It is further announced, that Lady Loch has kindly promised to obtain the valuable aid of Sir Frederick Leighton in the selection, so that students in this branch of art may look forward to a display which will worthily repay examination.

In concluding this Article on "Art in Melbourne," it is gratifying to note

that the love of it is steadily making its way amongst all classes of our community. Of course there is much room for advancement ; but still there is good ground for hoping that our city may one day be as distinguished for its appreciation of Art, as it is at present celebrated for its devotion to football and cricket. Poonah-painting, crystal-work, etc., cannot rightly be considered as belonging to legitimate Art, yet they have their own uses, especially to invalids and elderly people, who have neither the strength, the health, nor

perhaps the ability, to enter upon anything of the higher order. The danger of such pursuits is to the younger members of society, who may be tempted to content themselves with what at the best are but pretty drawing-room decorations. Resting only with the knowledge and the skill which these require, they may never aim at those of greater value, which, if patiently sought and perseveringly practised, will open to them the avenues that lead to real Art.

E. A. C.

## HOW JACK FORGAVE.

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian." "That means," said Wamba, "that she does not forgive him at all."

*Ivanhoe.*

As an Englishman weary of town, I was filled with delight on hearing from an old school-mate. We had been youngsters together, and had parted in the height of our friendship. He went to Oxford, and before completing his studies for the church, came to Victoria, and accepted an appointment as a Scripture reader in the bush. When I arrived in Melbourne, I remembered Jack, wrote to him, and, in reply, received an invitation to spend Whitsuntide with him. How I looked forward to that holiday ! With what delight I pictured our meeting ! The simplicity of Jack's country home, the talk of old times, would be wholesome pleasures after the conventionalities of society.

So eager was I to anticipate these pleasures that I decided not to wait for the evening mail, but to travel by a goods train, so as to spend a portion of the Saturday afternoon with Jack. Accordingly I packed a small "Gladstone," and waited for that train at midday, with the determination, leaving conventionalities behind, to go in an easy way to meet the Jack whom I had known in England.

Acting up to this intention, I sprang into the guard's van, exchanged my

hard hat for a soft felt, and turned round to find a pair of familiar eyes watching me with mingled surprise and amusement. I believed I blushed on being thus detected, but I went over and told the owner of those eyes that I hoped to have an awfully jolly holiday, as I was going to stay with an old schoolfellow. Then I sat down beside her. I think she liked me better for the frankness of my manner ; I know that the next three hours passed very swiftly. For her benefit I recalled incidents of school days which had long lain forgotten. In fact, I cast a regular halo of romantic recollections around Jack, until my own longing to see him was a dozen times magnified. When my companion left me, half an hour before my destination, I felt so enthusiastic that I almost thought of confiding in the guard, when he leaning over the brake drew my attention to some remarkable tree ferns. We then talked of the "Maiden Hair," which grows so freely in the open bush, and which we English people think so much of. From ferns we wandered in some unexplainable way to the merits of English beer, I protesting that the real beverage was unknown in Australia ; the guard declaring that he never wished for anything better than could be obtained at *Mac's*, in the next township. Accordingly, as we had to wait for a

passenger train at the next station, we adjourned to try the colonial beer. Then we returned to the van, and a quarter of an hour later I greeted Jack upon the platform of his own railway station.

I ought to have felt glad he had changed so little, that he looked almost as small and as boyish as of old; yet somehow I was not glad. He could have stood under my arm; I appeared to have shot up, and to be left looking down upon him. He told me that he had moved the previous day from the farm where he had lodged, and had gone on to a selection of his own; he was getting a snug place, he said. I felt myself growing envious on hearing of Jack's success; no doubt he had a cosy cottage, and was loved by the people about him, whilst I had attained nothing more substantial than a few programmes of dances, and perhaps some withered flowers. I grew so desperate that I splashed ankle deep in clay as we tramped along the bush track, and Jack said, "Ah! old man, you are not used to this sort of thing!" The sound of his voice pleased me, and I fell back on old times, but Jack appeared to have forgotten or to have lost interest in the past. He seemed only anxious to get home, and panted along breathlessly. I don't know why I thought of that girl whom I had just parted from, but I saw her distinctly, and pictured her going through the bush under the trees in the winter sunset. That reminded me of a bunch of forget-me-nots I had coaxed from her. As I showed them to Jack, he said, "Yes, I remember them at home; pale milk-and-waterish sort of flowers, quite out of their element here, where everything is so big and free." He waved his short arms in a grand way, and added, as he scrambled through a slip panel, "now we are in my place."

I know it was base of me, but I laughed when we entered the cottage. It was a one-roomed hut, very picturesque and all that sort of thing, yet my envious feelings left me as I struck my head against the low door-lintel.

Jack said, "Oh, I forgot; you are such a height!" He sat down on his stretcher, and dangled his feet, as I put

down my bag; then he said, "You won't want anything to eat yet—I suppose you dined before you left town. I think I'll get to my work before it grows dark." I was about to mention the refreshment I had with the guard, when it dawned upon me that Jack might be going to write a sermon. I asked him if it was so. "No! O no! I am not in orders yet, so I cannot preach a sermon of my own. I am doing some carpentering; in fact, I am building a chicken-house." "A *what*?" I exclaimed. "A chicken-house; you see I mean to be quite a farmer. I have had a pair of chickens given to me; they are in there"—pointing to a box in the corner of the hut. I looked in his face, half expecting to see madness in his eye, but he was perfectly sane. He did not look one day older than when I had last seen him, six years before, when we were "boys, merry, merry boys together." I felt that I had altered a good deal, and did not know whether to feel dissatisfied with myself or with Jack. I went outside with him, and, whilst regarding the skeleton of the chicken-house (large enough to have held fifty fowls), mentioned, in course of talk, the beer I had had with the guard. To my surprise Jack laid down the hammer, and, with a severe expression, said, "I am surprised at you! I should never have thought that you would have done such a thing, coming as a guest to the house of a preacher of the Word." It was a mercy for the frame of the chicken-house that it happened to be at my left hand, as I stretched out my right and caught the side of the hut for support. I was fairly convulsed; but seeing the sorrow on Jack's face, I apologised for my lack of dignity on my arrival at his home, and even went so far as to tell a "crammer," by saying I was laughing at something I had read. I put on a decent show of regret and went in to get the book. I stayed reading "Out of the Hurly Burly" by the light of the fire burning in the large fire-place, until Jack came to ask me to lend him a hand. He had forgiven me; I felt sorry I had laughed, and laid aside my book without a murmur. But I did think Jack rather sanguine, expecting fresh eggs every morning from those chickens, which



ought to have been still under their mother's wing. Then we differed again over the perch. I said, "if I was a chicken I would never be such an idiot as to perch about a foot from the ground." Jack said his chickens had more sense than to want to go so high as to glue their heads to the roof. I felt that he had some authority over his chickens, and that I had none, so I gave in without further debate, and returned to the fire.

Jack came in when it got dark, lighted a lamp, made some grand tea in a regular witch's black tea-pot, and cooked some steak. I did enjoy that meal; I told Jack so when we had finished, and were sitting over the fire; he seemed pleased, and said, "Ah, yes; I always liked quiet simplicity. I am glad to see that you are getting to have a liking for a home." Here seemed an opportunity to go back on old times, to speak of our real home, so I said, "When I wrote home, Jack, I told them to tell your people that though I had not seen you, I had heard that you were well, and happily settled in the bush." I thought that he would have been gratified to hear that I had shown some interest in him. On the contrary, his small face grew indignant as he answered, "Yes, I know you did; you went and told them I dressed like a native." "That was just what I did say; I wanted to show them that you were free from the conventionalities, not, like me, a victim of fashion." But this answer did not soothe him. He replied, "You had no right to hold me up to ridicule to my people, thousands of miles away." Here was base ingratitude. How could I tell that Jack's relatives would be so insane as from what I had said to picture him like an aboriginal in 'possum skins? I could not apologise; for I could hardly tell Jack that I had not known before that his people were so stupid.

After that, I read my book, and wondered what that girl who had given me the forget-me-nots would have thought could she have seen the way in which my dreams of Jack had been fulfilled. I said "good night" in a friendly way, and was just beginning to doze when something struck the side of the hut.

Jack (who had irritated me by falling fast asleep at once) woke up and said "Oh, it's Betty." I was in agony. "Jack," I said, "whoever she is, she can't come in here." "It is only my cow," he explained. We were silent for a moment, whilst that brute rubbed her head against the side of the hut; then came Jack's voice out of the darkness. "I ought to milk her, poor thing!" I did not answer. This man from Oxford was horribly conscientious; I knew what he meditated, and would not offer aid. Presently he said "Look here old man, if you wont mind holding a lantern for me, I'll milk her." He struck a light, and I could not refuse. Betty had on a bell, which Jack could hear when she strayed miles away. We could hear it now through the wall; but she stopped sharpening her horn against the hut to listen to our conversation.

I crouched under the low doorway, holding a lantern while Jack called "Betty." She had been away all day, and so was ignorant of the chicken house. She ran past me, her bell jangling—Jack said afterwards that it was in her eagerness to get to him. I am inclined to think that the way I waved my arm might have had something to do with it. At all events she bore down upon the chicken-house, and carried it before her, tossed her head wildly, and threaded the frame-work of the roof across her horns, then fled down the paddock. Jack came in saying sadly, as he shut the door, "I ought to have reminded her of the chicken-house." After we had retired again, he sent these words of comfort across the darkness. "What a mercy the chickens were not in their house! she might have trampled on them." I answered "Yes, it was a good thing." Yet I wished—oh, how I wished, that those chickens were anywhere but in the box so near my bed. They seemed to know that their home was shattered, and piped disconsolately all night. Worse still, Betty came back. She rubbed her head against the hut, and clanked her bell, until I wished that the chicken-house had remained permanently upon her horns.

Towards morning she wandered away, and I awoke to find that Jack had

cooked the steak, and was waiting for me to have breakfast.

When we had finished he took up his books, and we went to church. It was a nice little place, and every one seemed to look up to and reverence Jack. I felt that I must be calm and dignified, if only for his sake. Every one knew I was Jack's guest, and regarded me with envy. I felt happy as I sat looking through the open door at the dense bush, brightened by the sunlight. There was a swallow's nest over the tiny porch. I could see the birds flying to and fro. They would soon be flying away to winter in unknown regions. They reminded me of home. I pictured that other church which Jack and I both knew so well. Then I remembered that I ought to pay more attention to the service, and so I listened. "The Dorcas Society will hold their meetings in my house," said Jack with emphasis upon the *my*. This was too much for my gravity. I was wrong, but the vision of an army of ladies filing into Jack's hut overcame me. Where would they sit? On our stretchers, in the room where Jack cooked his immortal steak? I caught his eye; he turned scarlet. I felt like a criminal, and dreaded the consequences of my conduct. When church was over, I plainly apologised. I did think of again resorting to a "crammer," but I decided to be truthful. Jack had once had a sense of humour; I made the incident seem as ludicrous as possible, but he never smiled. Some people spoke to him and invited him to dinner; but he declined, saying, that as his friend was only paying a short visit we should like to be alone. And I, that unhappy friend, groaned, thinking no misery could be keener. He did not say very much, but summed up my enormities briefly. "I never thought that any member of your family would be so ungentlemanly as to come to a man's house with the systematic intention of ridiculing him." I felt as if I ought to be hanged; and was very humble as we sat down to a yard and three quarters of what Jack called *skirt*, but what I would have thought a kind of steak.

We went for a walk in the afternoon, and got on very well. I was hopeful

of getting some pleasure out of the trip after all. But in the evening, after "tea," consisting of more *skirt*, we had a dreadful dispute. Jack was telling me of a sermon he had heard. I was worn out after a sleepless night, and began to yawn. Jack thought me inattentive, for he said, "I think you have forgotten your manners." Any other time, I should have been amused at Jack—*little Jack*, my junior by a whole year—reproving me for a breach of good manners; but now I was displeased. I told Jack so, and ended by saying, "Perhaps you wouldn't be so polite if you had passed the whole night expecting a wretch to bore a hole through the wall, and to impale you on its horn every minute." Jack shook his head sadly, and replied, "That Society had spoilt me; I had lost all pleasure in quiet enjoyment." Here I lost my temper, and told Jack that he had behaved in a jolly unfriendly way, and that he was "a miserable little Oxford shrimp." Jack replied that he feared that the beer I had taken the previous day with the guard had disagreed with me, and offered as an antidote to make me a cup of tea. I must say *he* never lost his temper. I actually apologised when we said "Good-night."

Jack said he was afraid Betty was not coming home to night; and I breathed a fervent prayer that that cow were a hundred miles away. We slept peacefully, and rose in good time for *skirt*. We were just arranging to go for a ride, when Jack said, "Here is the Butcher!" I was so delighted, that I offered to take in the meat. I said to the man, "What have you brought?" "*Skirt*, sir," he answered. I was desperate. I turned to Jack and said, "Jack, in Heaven's name why didn't you get chops?" Poor Jack raised his hands in horror, and said, "I might have known you offered only because you thought it another opportunity to make me the subject of your irreverent ridicule." This was the final feather. Jack took me for a ride, yet in much the same way that he would have taken a hopeless lunatic, who might at any moment become dangerous. Finally, he escorted me to the railway station. As I got into the





WATTS RIVER.

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train I remembered that I was again to meet the girl who had given me the forget-me-nots. They hung dead and withered from my button-hole. I pinned them up securely to show her that I had treasured them. Jack saw me, and a light came into his eyes. "You are in love," he said. I felt myself turn all sorts of colours at this sudden attack. Jack grasped my hand with

something like the warmth of old times. "Good-bye, old man," he said. "*That accounts for everything!*"

And to this day, that innocent, unconscious girl, who was unfortunate enough to give me those forget-me-nots, is in Jack's mind responsible for all my misdemeanours during my unlucky stay with him.

CAREW.

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

### NO. VII.—VICTORIA.

Every hope of becoming interested in pastoral pursuits having been now frustrated, as I thought, finally, I turned my attention to search for auriferous quartz reefs. Wood's Point was in 1864 attracting great attention. The late Mr. Aplin, of the Victorian Geological Staff, had just returned from a visit thither, and had published a very sanguine account of what had been discovered, and hinted that there were probably many other spots like Wood's Point yet to be discovered.

We had then recently returned from the Lachlan, and the Christmas holidays were at hand, but instead of taking a rest and observing the holidays, Mr. S. and I determined to start at once. We purchased three rejected police horses, and started up the Yarra. At that time there was a mere bridle track over hills and through valleys. After passing the Yarra Flats, we soon got to the track, and our adventures began. The temperature had been high for several days, and when we got into the valley of the Watts river there was every sign of a coming thunderstorm. Towards evening we could find no place to camp, except on the river flat amongst the enormously large trees, alive and dead, which abound there. With the thunderstorm, strong winds in descending currents bent and shook the trees, and such a camp was neither a safe nor a pleasant one. Next

day we recrossed the Watts, with its fine volume of water running knee deep along its rough stony channel. On emerging from the river our pack-horse tried a new landing and got bogged, lying quietly till he was unloaded, when he scrambled out. We soon discovered that this track to Wood's Point would not immortalise the man who made it. In road engineering, the way must be made longer to render the gradient easier, and after the necessary elevation is reached it should be maintained, if possible. But the track, after leading us up to the top of a spur of the Dividing Range, brought us down again into the deep valley of a tributary of the Watts, and thence up again at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the crest of the Dividing Range. To our great surprise, we soon learned that we were descending into the deep valley of the Acheron River, a tributary of the Goulburn. There was a fine clear stream, and a good ford; but a few yards beyond there was a boggy creek, over which a very narrow primitive bridge had been constructed of half-round logs. Our pack-horse, always timid, started along the bridge at a canter; the logs were scattered; his legs went through, and there he remained for a time, as if considering what he should do. Making two or three violent plunges, he rolled off the

bridge into the bog. A man passing with pack-horses advised us to leave him, for he said he had never known a horse get out of that creek. We could not leave a poor animal in that position. The pack-bag beneath him kept him from sinking, and, as the horse lay quietly on his side, we soon got the other pack off and the girths undone. With much hard pulling we got his fore feet to firmer ground, and, with a great struggle, and the united energy of man and beast, we got him out. If an animal struggles in a dangerous bog, his case is hopeless; but if he remains quiet, and can be kept on his side, he may be got out. The mud springs of Queensland and New South Wales are bogs of the worst description, and all animals which get into them sink out of sight, whereas large rocks are slowly brought up from below by the constantly rising thick mud. Animals struggle and sink—the rocks are slowly moved upwards by the constant upward motion of the mud.

The detention caused by our accident compelled us to camp on the top of Mount Strickland. We here obtained an extensive view along the valley of the Acheron. Along the track there was in general little to be seen. We were walled in by large trees, or by dense scrub, whilst the track was often knee deep with mud. The track led us upwards to "Paradise Plains." It is simply absurd to call such a spot by that name. It is not a plain, but a little opening of about four or five acres in extent. The formation is basaltic, but whether the rock has burst up from below, or is the last remnant of a basaltic table-land, is a question yet to be determined. It is on the crest of the range which divides the waters of the Yarra from those of the Goulburn, and is surrounded by rocks of porphyry. The spot was luxuriantly covered with grass. The soil is rich and abounds with snake-holes many of which were within our tent. It is a rather uncomfortable thing to sleep on the ground with snakes beneath you. But the nights are too cold there for snakes to move from their warm holes. When the sun had risen, and warmed the ground and the air, they came out to bask in the sun. Some stretched themselves at

full length upon logs; others were coiled up like a piece of rope, the head in the centre. At the southern end of the opening there is a very fine strong spring of clear water, surrounded by sassafras and Australian beech trees. I found the temperature of the water was 62 degrees, the same as the temperature of the water of some of the wells on the Murrumbidgee plains in New South Wales.

During the night my riding horse had disappeared. Horses which have travelled together for even a day or two become attached to each other, and will not part without cause. It was easily understood that the horse had been taken away, and concealed in the hope that a reward would be offered for its recovery. We camped there for two days, offering no reward, and the horse was found in the morning with the others. There was at Paradise in those days one of those disreputable places known and tolerated throughout Australia as shanties, where poisonous drinks are sold, or robberies and murders committed, whichever may appear most safe, convenient, or profitable.

From Paradise Plains eastward for several miles the Australian beech is very plentiful. The trees are very beautiful—the wood is soft, but, as has been proved in Tasmania, is very durable even in situations where it has been exposed to sun and rain for years. There are many large excrescences on their trunks, and the wood of such is beautifully mottled, and might be used for ornamental purposes. When first cut the wood is white, but after exposure to the air for a short time becomes of a golden yellow. By day the bush resounded with the mocking calls of lyre-birds. It was difficult sometimes to distinguish the peculiar voice of the coachwhip-bird from the mimickings of them by the lyre-birds. The former make a sound like that made by a stock-whip swung round by an expert stockman, followed by a loud crack. Lyre-birds are great mimics. It is very amusing to see the male bird going through his antics—dancing about with his beautiful tail in a vertical position—now mimicking the laughing-jackass, and then screeching like a cockatoo. But they are so wary that



few observers have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing them when at play. Like stump orators, they make so much noise themselves that they are unconscious that onlookers are watching them and laughing at their antics. During the night the forest is enlivened by the cries of the flying phalanger. These animals are nearly as big as a domestic cat, and have a fine black glossy skin. Their mode of locomotion is to climb quickly to the top of a tree, and then by extending their legs laterally, and the membrane which connects the fore and hind legs, they sail downwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the trunk of another tree, which they run up to repeat the same operation. It is when passing in this way from one tree to another that they utter their peculiar cries, resembling the policeman's rattle used in the home cities, but not yet introduced to Australia.

Between Paradise Plains and Mount Arnold we forded a small river, running strong, with perfectly clear water. This is one of the tributaries of the Yarra, on its north side, and second only to the Watts. It was named after one politician, and changed in honour of some other, and what its name is now is unknown. It will perhaps enjoy no lasting name, till political patronage so far as naming rivers and places goes, is abolished.

Beyond Mount Arnold, we turned off the main track to have a look at the gold field on Donovan's Creek, another tributary of the Yarra. We found two or three parties sluicing down in a deep valley, enclosed on both sides by very steep ranges. We had to camp by the creek, and there was no level spot on which to pitch our small fly tent, except on a point covered with the decayed vegetable matter of tree ferns. Till night set in we did not find out that the place was alive with land leeches. Our horses were restless, and so were we, for the leeches in scores came marching along our blankets to get to our faces, and although we kept a candle burning through the night, we got little peace. At break of day, our horses bolted along the track. We could not leave the track to get ahead of them, and the faster we followed the

quicker they fled. At last they made a mistake—kept on an old track which was blocked by a fallen tree; we took a new track and got in front of them. We found leeches sticking on their brands. We had been introduced to leeches previously, but had never before been on such familiar terms with them; and we took care afterwards, in passing through or along tree fern gullies, to keep moving. It is a fearful climb out of the deep valley of Donovan's Creek to the crest of the main range. It was labour in vain, for there was nothing to be seen or learned at Donovan's Creek. After crossing the deep valley of the Big River, a tributary of the Goulburn, we were suddenly overtaken by a thunder-storm. The clouds were so low that we saw little of the lightning, but the thunder was grand, and the loud reverberations amongst the hills were extremely interesting. There were great towering clouds before the thunder-storm begun, but when the rain came down we were immediately enveloped by a dense fog, rendering everything invisible fifty yards or so from us. When thunder-storms occur in tropical and sub-tropical regions, the clouds are often at a great elevation; and I have seen rain descending from them for upwards of an hour, before any electrical discharge took place—a fact for the consideration of Professor Pepper, whether he does not confound cause and effect in thinking to produce rain by withdrawing electricity from thunder-clouds. This thunder-storm on the hill tops at the sources of the Yarra was something different from a tropical storm; the rain descended, and then the clouds themselves. Our camp that night on the crest of the Dividing Range would have been comfortless and cold; but there being plenty of dead wood about, we soon had a good fire.

As we got near to St. Clair, for the first time we commanded a very extensive view over a wild and rugged country, extending many miles to the north-east, east, and south-east. St. Clair got its name from a member of the Legislative Assembly, who built an accommodation house or shanty there. For miles around all the forest trees were dead, giving to the landscape a

very desolate aspect. They appeared to have been white gum trees, or some variety of eucalyptus I am not acquainted with. In the dead timber the concentric rings were very distinctly marked. I came to the conclusion that the trees had probably been killed by a bush fire. Nearly all the eucalypti have thick bark, which acts as a non-conductor of heat, but on the ranges, where bush fires seldom occur except in some unusually dry season, the bark of even eucalyptus trees is thin.

The tributaries, or rather the sources, of the Thomson river, and some of the sources of the Yarra, rise near St. Clair. The situation is high and bleak, and springs are abundant. Amongst the fallen and dead timber there is plenty of grass, and we determined to leave our horses to shift for themselves till our return. For the first time in my colonial experience I became a swagman. We carried our blankets and provisions, and passing the bleak and exposed Matlock, arrived at Wood's Point. From Matlock to Wood's Point the track gradually descends for three miles, and you reach at last a deep valley, shut in by lofty timbered ranges. The township is at the junction of the two main heads of the Goulburn river. On the point between the two creeks there is a remarkable dyke of granite, or rather diorite. It is like granite, but contains no quartz—consisting of hornblende and felspar only. This dyke is about one hundred yards wide, and is bounded by nearly vertical walls of clay-slate. The diorite dyke is so decomposed on the surface that it could be dug with a spade. At different depths in this decomposed dyke, thick beds of quartz were found in a nearly horizontal position, and yielding gold in great abundance. These horizontal beds or reefs of quartz, when traced to the slate walls, were found to enter them in fractures across the slate strata; but when the reefs enter the slate they are reduced to a width of one or two inches, and, although containing gold, are not worth following. The late Mr. Aplin thought that other dykes equally rich might be

discovered in the same neighbourhood; but after a weary search, climbing high ranges and descending into dark valleys, where we sometimes could not find a level spot to pitch our small tent, I arrived at the conclusion that the dyke at Wood's Point is an exceptional geological wonder, unlikely to be met with again. Such dykes of a narrow width are often met with. Geologists call them elvan dykes, and they probably exist in all gold-bearing strata, either a few inches or a few feet in width. The dyke at Wood's Point is, however, quite a phenomenon.

There are a number of such dykes at the Caledonian diggings, about twenty-five miles from Melbourne, and rich quartz in narrow bands is found in some of them. In Gippsland such dykes are frequently met with, but instead of being diorite they are of decomposed greenstone. I believe that all the rich soil about Brandy Creek consists of decomposed greenstone. I have seen there a dyke of undecomposed greenstone. On the hills and in the deep and dark shady valleys about Wood's Point, we came upon many bands of quartz, but no true reefs, and they all trended to the east of north; both characteristics are peculiar to the upper Silurian formation. Narrow bands of quartz in this formation may be exceedingly rich, and yet unprofitable, the result not compensating for the extra labour; and even true reefs, trending to the east instead of the west of north, are not likely to be rich in gold.

On returning to St. Clair, to our old camp, we found our horses had not strayed, and we returned to Melbourne.

I communicated the result of our visit to the columns of the *Argus*, and expressed an opinion that other discoveries like that at Wood's Point were unlikely to be made. This gave great offence to some parties, who induced the late Mr. Edward Wilson to speak to me on the subject. I could only tell Mr. Wilson and others that my opinion was honestly arrived at, whatever might be its value; and that I was content to let the future decide whether it proved correct or otherwise. At that period men of great influence, politi-

cally and privately held shares in the Wood's Point mines, and large sums of money were being spent in clearing a coach road. Common sense suggests that when it is necessary to make an expensive road, the very best route should be found, and a proper survey made, before the work of clearing is begun. But after a track is cleared, it is easier to survey it, and a surveyor has a better opportunity of seeing about him, and deciding what new and shorter cuts are required. A plan something like that adopted in clearing the Yarra track was pursued in first surveying country lands in the neighbourhood of Melbourne. The surveys were first made on paper, and then the lands were measured and marked like the paper. It may be necessary to consult public convenience, but neither plan would

suit a private person, and be-  
tations, it is to be feared, will be  
posterity.

The attempt to damage and discredit my report and opinion respecting Wood's Point did not disturb my repose; and now after twenty years have passed without any great fresh discoveries, I am content to let the matter rest. On our way back to Melbourne we were amused at meeting two foreign gentlemen, on foot and carrying long sticks, when they expressed themselves as delighted with the grand scenery of the mountains. It would appear very grand no doubt if it could be seen; but walled in by trees and scrub, the beauties are hid, and the imagination has to be exercised.

W. L. M.

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MARY MARSTON,\*

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### MARY'S DREAM.

That night, and every night until the dust was laid to the dust, Mary slept well; and through the days she had great composure; but, when the funeral was over, came a collapse and a change. The moment it became necessary to look on the world as unchanged, and resume former relations with it, then first a fuller sense of her lonely desolation declared itself. When she said good night to Beenie, and went to her chamber, over that where the loved parent and friend would fall asleep no more, she felt as if she went walking along to her tomb.

That night was the first herald of the coming winter and blew a cold blast from his horn. All day the wind had

been out. Wildly in the churchyard it had pulled at the long grass, as if it would tear it from its roots in the graves; it had struck vague sounds, as from a hollow world, out of the great bell overhead in the huge tower; and it had beat loud and fierce against the corner-buttresses which went stretching up out of the earth, like arms to hold steady and fast the lighthouse of the dead above the sea which held them drowned below; despairingly had the grey clouds drifted over the sky; and, like white clouds pinioned below, and shadows that could not escape, the surplice of the ministering priest and the garments of the mourners had flapped and fluttered as in captive

terror; the only still things were the coffin and the church—and the soul which had risen above the region of storms in the might of Him Who abolished death. At the time, Mary had noted nothing of these things; now she saw them all, as for the first time, in minute detail, while slowly she went up the stair and through the narrowed ways, and heard the same wind that raved alike about the new grave and the old house, into which latter, for all the bales banked against the walls, it found many a chink of entrance. The smell of the linen, of the blue cloth, and of the brown paper—things no longer to be handled by those tender, faithful hands—was dismal and strange, and haunted her like things that intruded, things which she had done with, and which yet would not go away. Everything had gone dead, as it seemed, had exhaled the soul of it, and retained but the odour of its mortality. If for a moment a thing looked the same as before, she wondered vaguely, unconsciously, how it could be. The passages through the merchandise, left only wide enough for one, seemed like those she had read of in Egyptian tombs and pyramids: a sarcophagus ought to be waiting in her chamber. When she opened the door of it, the bright fire which Beenie undesired had kindled there, startled her: the room looked unnatural, *uncanny*, because it was cheerful. She stood for a moment on the hearth, and in a sad, dreamy mood listened to the howling swoops of the wind, making the house quiver and shake. Now and then would come a greater gust, and rattle the window as if in fierce anger at his exclusion, then go shrieking and wailing through the dark heaven. Mechanically she took her New Testament, and seating herself in a low chair by the fire, tried to read; but she could not fix her thoughts, or get the meaning of a sentence: when she had read it, there it lay, looking at her just the same, like an unanswered riddle.

The region of the senses is the unbelieved part of the human soul; and out of that now began to rise fumes of doubt and question into Mary's heart and brain. Death was a fact. The loss, the evanishment, the ceasing, were

incontrovertible—the only incontrovertible things: she was sure of them: could she be sure of anything else? How could she? She had not seen Christ rise; she had never looked upon one of the dead; never heard a voice from the other bank; had received no certain testimony. These were not her thoughts; she was too weary to think; they were but the thoughts that steamed up in her, and went floating about before her; she looked on them calmly, coldly, as they came, and passed or remained—saw them with indifference—there they were and she could not help it—weariedly, believing none of them, unable to cope with and dispel them, hardly affected by their presence, save with a sense of dreariness and loneliness and wretched company. At last she fell asleep, and in a moment was dreaming diligently. This was her dream, as nearly as she could recall it, when she came to herself after waking from it with a cry.

She was one of a large company at a house where she never been before—a beautiful house with a large garden behind. It was a summer night, and the guests were wandering in and out at will, and through house and garden, amid lovely things of all colours and odours. The moon was shining, and the roses were in pale bloom. But she knew nobody, and wandered alone in the garden, oppressed with something she did not understand. Every now and then she came on a little group, or met a party of the guests, as she walked, but none spoke to her, or seemed to see her, and she spoke to none.

She found herself at length in an avenue of dark trees, the end of which was far off. Thither she went walking, the only living thing, crossing strange shadows from the moon. At the end of it, she was in a place of tombs. Terror and dismay indescribable seized her; she turned and fled back to the company of her kind. But for a long time she sought the house in vain; she could not reach it; the avenue seemed interminable to her feet returning. At last she was again upon the lawn, but neither man nor woman was there; and in the house only a light here and there was burning. Every guest was gone. She entered, and the servants,

soft-footed and silent, were busy carrying away the vessels of hospitality, and restoring order, as if already they prepared for another company on the morrow. No one heeded her. She was out of place, and much unwelcome. She hastened to the door of entrance, for every moment there was a misery. She reached the hall. A strange, shadowy porter opened to her, and she stepped out into a wide street.

That too was silent. No carriage rolled along the centre, no footfarer walked on the side. Not a light shone from window or door, save what they gave back of the yellow light of the moon. She was lost—lost utterly—with an eternal loss. She knew nothing of the place, had nowhere to go, nowhere she wanted to go, had not a thought to tell her what question to ask, if she met a living soul. But living soul there could be none to meet. She had nor home, nor direction, nor desire; she knew of nothing that she had lost, nor of anything she wished to gain; she had nothing left but the sense that she was empty, that she needed some goal, and had none. She sat down upon a stone between the wide street and the wide pavement, and saw the moon shining grey upon the stone houses. It was all deadness.

Presently, from somewhere in the moonlight, appeared, walking up to her, where she sat in eternal listlessness, the one only brother she had ever had. She had lost him years and years before, and now she saw him; he was there, and she knew him. But not a throb went through her heart. He came to her side, and she gave him no greeting. "Why should I heed him?" she said to herself. "He is dead. I am only in a dream. This is not he; it is but his pitiful phantom that comes wandering hither—a ghost without a heart, made out of the moonlight. It is nothing. I am nothing. I am lost. Everything is an empty dream of loss. I know it, and there is no waking. If there were, surely the sight of him would give me some shimmer of delight. The whole time was but a thicker dream, and this is truer because more shadowy." And, the form still standing by her, she felt it was ages away; she was divided from it by

a gulf of very nothingness. Her only life was, that she was lost. Her whole consciousness was merest, all but abstract, loss.

Then came the form of her mother, and bent over that of her brother from behind. "Another ghost of a ghost! another shadow of a phantom!" she said to herself. "She is nothing to me. If I speak to her she is not there. Shall I pour out my soul into the ear of a mist, a fume from my own brain? Oh, cold creatures, ye are not what ye seem, and I will none of you!"

With that came her father, and stood beside the others, gazing upon her with still, cold eyes, expressing only a pale quiet. She bowed her face on her hands, and would not regard him. Even if he were alive, her heart was past being moved. It was settled into stone. The universe was sunk in one of the dreams that haunt the sleep of death; and if these were ghosts at all, they were ghosts walking in their sleep.

But the dead; one of them seized one of her hands, and another the other. They raised her to her feet, and led her along, and her brother walked before. Thus was she borne away captive of her dead, neither willing nor unwilling, of life and death equally careless. Through the moonlight they led her from the city, and over fields, and through valleys, and across rivers and seas—a long journey: nor did she grow weary, for there was not life enough in her to be made weary. The dead never spoke to her, and she never spoke to them. Sometimes it seemed as if they spoke to each other, but if it were so, it concerned some shadowy matter, no more to her than the talk of grasshoppers in the field, or of beetles that weave their much-involved dances on the face of the pool. Their voices were even too thin and remote to rouse her to listen.

They came at length to a great mountain, and as they were going up the mountain, light began to grow, as if the sun were beginning to rise. But she cared as little for the sun that was to light the day, as for the moon that had lighted the night, and closed her eyes that she might cover her soul with her eyelids.





WATERFALL, MOUNT MACEDON.  
P. 148.





## THE ESSAYIST.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and of repose. He who is destitute of this blessing, amidst the greatest crowd and pressure of society, is doomed to solitude; and however surrounded with flatterers and admirers, however armed with power, and rich in the endowments of nature and of fortune, has no resting place. The most elevated station in life affords no exemption from those agitations and disquietudes which can only be laid to rest on the bosom of a friend.

The sympathies even of virtuous minds, when not warmed by the breath of friendship, are too faint and cold to satisfy the social cravings of our nature; their compassion is too much dissipated by the multiplicity of its objects, and the varieties of distress, to suffer it to flow long in one channel; while the sentiments of congratulation are still more slight and superficial. A transient tear of pity, or a smile of complacency equally transient, is all we can usually bestow on the scenes of happiness or of misery which we meet with in the paths of life. But man naturally seeks for a closer union, a more permanent conjunction of interests, a more intense reciprocation of feeling; he finds the want of one or more with whom he can trust the secrets of his heart, and relieve himself by imparting the interior joys and sorrows with which every human breast is fraught. He seeks, in short, another self, a kindred spirit, whose interest in his welfare bears some proportion to his own, with whom he may lessen his cares by sympathy, and multiply his pleasures by participation.

The satisfaction derived from surveying the most beautiful scenes of nature, or the most exquisite productions of art, is so far from being complete, that it almost turns into uneasiness, when there is none with whom we can share it; nor would the most passionate admirer of eloquence

or poetry consent to witness their most stupendous exertions, upon the simple condition of not being permitted to reveal his emotions. So essential an ingredient in felicity is friendship, apart from the more solid and permanent advantages it procures, and when viewed in no other light than as the organ of communication, the channel of feeling and of thought. But if joy itself is a burden which the heart can ill sustain, without inviting others to partake of it, how much more the corrosions of anxiety, the perturbations of fear, and the dejection arising from sudden and overwhelming calamity!

But it is not merely as a source of pleasure, or as a relief from pain, that virtuous friendship is to be coveted; it is at least as much recommended by its utility. He who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathising friend, may be said to have doubled his mental resources: by associating an equal, perhaps a superior mind, with his own, he has provided the means of strengthening his reason, of perfecting his counsels, of discerning and correcting his errors. He can have recourse at all times to the judgment and assistance of one, who with the same power of discernment with himself, comes to the decision of a question with a mind neither harassed with the perplexities, nor heated with the passions, which so frequently obscure the perception of our true interests.

Wisdom, indeed, is not confined to any limited circle, much less to the very narrow one of private friendship, and sound advice may often be procured from those with whom we have contracted no ties of intimacy. But the patient attention required to comprehend and encounter all the peculiarities of the case; the persevering ardour, the persuasive sympathy, necessary to invest it with authority and to render it effectual, will be wanting; in the absence of which, the wisest counsel is a wintry and sickly beam, which plays on the surface only: it may enlighten, but will seldom penetrate or melt. The consciousness, too, of possessing a share in the esteem and affection of per-

sons of distinguished worth is a powerful support to every virtuous resolution; it sheds a warm and cheerful light over the paths of life; fortifies the breast against unmanly dejection and pusillanimous fears; while the apprehension of forfeiting these advantages presents a strong resistance to the encroachments of temptation. There are higher considerations, it is true, which ought invariably to produce the same effect; but we have no such superfluity of strength as should induce us to decline the aid of inferior motives, when all are but barely adequate to the exigencies of our state. And surely it must be no contemptible aid in the discharge of his duties, which he derives who has invited the benevolent inspection of his actions, the honest reprehensions of his errors, and the warm encouragement of his virtues; who, accustomed to lay open the interior of his character, and the

most retired secrets of his heart, finds, in the approbation of his friend, the suffrage of his conscience reflected and confirmed; who, delighted but not elated by the esteem he has secured and the confidence he has won, advances with renovated vigour in the paths that lead to glory, honour, and immortality. The pleasures resulting from the mutual attachment of kindred spirits are by no means confined to the moments of personal intercourse; they diffuse their odours, though more faintly, through the seasons of absence; refreshing and exhilarating the mind by the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future. It is a treasure possessed, when it is not employed; a reserve of strength, ready to be called into action when most needed—a fountain of sweets, to which we may continually repair, whose waters are inexhaustible.

—*Robert Hall.*

## THE OBSERVER.

### PHENOMENA OF SOUND.

In the Arctic regions persons can converse at more than a mile distant when the thermometer is below zero. In air, sound travels from 1130 to 1142 feet per second. In water, sound passes at the rate of 4708 feet per second. Sound travels in air about 900 feet for every pulsation of a healthy person at 75 in a minute. A bell sounded under water may be heard under water at 1200 feet distant. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land. In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at an elevation of three or four miles. On Table Mountain, a mile above Cape Town, every noise in it, and even words, may be heard distinctly. The fire of the English on landing in Egypt was plainly heard 130 miles on the sea. Dr. Jameson says, in calm weather, he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. Water is a better conductor of sound than air. Wood is also a powerful conductor of sound, and so is flannel or riband. Sound affects

particles of dust in a sunbeam, cobwebs, and water in musical glasses; it shakes small pieces of paper off a string in concord. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to the throat or breast. Echoes are formed by elliptical surfaces combined with surrounding surfaces, or by such of them as fall into the respective distances of the surface of an ellipse, and are therefore directed to the other focus of the ellipse; and for all the distances from both foci to such surface are equal, and hence there is a concentration of sounds at those points direct from one focus, reflected back again from the other focus. An echo returns a monosyllable at seventy feet distance, and another syllable at every forty feet additional. The echo of artillery is increased or created by a cloud or clouds. Miners distinguish the substance bored by the sound; and physicians distinguish the action of the heart or lungs by a listening tube. Gamblers can distinguish, in tossing money, which side is undermost, though covered by the hand.

## REVIEW.

*Mistaken Views on the Education of Girls.*—By JOHANNE LOHSE, Principal of a Private School for the Higher Education of Girls, Christchurch, N.Z., &c., &c. Christchurch: Whitcomb & Tombs.

The theme of this little book may be ascertained from the following extract from the preface :—"The life of many a nice girl belonging to the middle and upper classes of society is marred by the sad consequences of mistakes made in home training, in the choice of a governess or a school, and in the pursuit of studies injudiciously undertaken in the belief that by gaining distinction at examinations, they also gain true culture. Those who study under this illusion call to one's mind the old, old saying in the Talmud, 'They dived into the ocean and brought up a potsherd.' The elaborate educational systems of modern times are often inadequate to developing aright all the powers of the young, and many a certificate and diploma covers a world of ignorance."

The authoress, a trained teacher of more than twenty years experience, has acquitted herself very well of the task she has undertaken, and we can recommend her work to our readers as embodying the results of intelligent experience and sound common sense. In comparing the education of girls with that of boys, she points out the fact that not so many of them are sent to school; that their education is not begun so early; that partly as the result of this, their elementary training is greatly neglected, and their education, whether public or private, is afterwards beset by numerous disadvantages, one of which is overwork; and that for the most part it consists either in mere preparation for a set examination, or in the attainment of superficial accomplishments.

While boys are most commonly sent to public schools, and placed under trained teachers, girls are more frequently placed under those who have neither capacity nor training for the work which they undertake. Even

then their period of attendance is too short, and too frequently farther abridged by numerous absences, on the plea of delicacy of health, or of society engagements; while the attempt, under these drawbacks, to learn at the age of thirteen what ought to have been learned at the age of nine, leads to that cramming and that overwork which are justly deplored.

The authoress specially insists, as a *sine qua non*, on the training of all teachers for their work. In this we cordially agree. It is not enough that the teacher have a knowledge of those subjects which he or she professes to teach; nor is it enough to have passed a matriculation examination, or even to have taken a University degree. Many who are, to use an old phrase, "dungeons of learning," and who can tack to the tails of their names half the letters of the alphabet, are useless, and worse than useless, as teachers of youth. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that one can be a teacher without learning to teach. Yet no mistake is practically more frequent. Byron said that "a man must serve a time to every trade" save criticism. "Critics," he said, "all were ready made." Many people think the same of teachers. One is reminded of a story told by William Howitt. In one of his tours through part of Germany—it was before the existing system of education was inaugurated—he made it his special business to inquire into the means of education then provided. He came one day to a small village, and asked for the school. He was directed to a miserable hut, and on entering it, found a number of children, standing round the bed of an old man, decrepit and blind, who was hearing them read verses from the New Testament. In reply to his questions, the old man told him that he had been just a working man, like the rest of the inhabitants of the village; that he had been so unfortunate as to lose his sight, and the use of his limbs; and that then, being fit for nothing else, the neighbours had made him schoolmaster. "But how can you teach?"

said Howitt. "O," he replied, "I have by heart the catechism, and the most of the gospels, so I know if they make a mistake." There is a good deal of this sort of thing still extant; and just in connection with the education of girls in "the middle and upper classes of society. As to common school education, the State provides for the professional training of teachers.

We also cordially agree with the authoress in insisting on *general culture* on the part of the teacher. For the want of this qualification mere *learning* will not atone. "The loud, untutored voice, the bad accent, the vulgar laugh,

the fearful twang, the sad want of good manners and social tact, the colloquial blunders, the narrow range of reading, the defective style, in short everything . . . . . which mere studying for a certificate cannot efface," utterly disqualify for the work concerning which this book is written. To every one who will give a second thought to the subject *cela va sans dire*.

Our space forbids us to discuss farther the things which the authoress has considered; and we conclude by cordially recommending the book to the notice of our readers.

C.

## THE HUMOURIST.

### NOT A POSER AFTER ALL.

The late Dean Stanley was once travelling in a railway carriage, when a blustering man exclaimed, "I should like to meet that Dean of Westminster. I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him." "Very well," said a voice out of another corner, "now is your time, for I am the Dean." The man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said, "Well, sir, can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Nothing easier," answered the Dean; "you have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."

### A SLIGHT MISPRONUNCIATION.

A Nabob, addressing the boys in a ragged school, told them the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, and took occasion from it to exhort them to perseverance, as the surest means of bringing them to the *gaol*. Of course the honest man meant *goal*.

### RETORT COURTEOUS.

Sir Boyle Roche, in spite of his unenviable reputation for blunders, was capable of something better than bulls. One day, when Curran, in a heat, declared that he was quite ready to act as the guardian of his own honour, Sir Boyle quietly said, "Indeed! I always thought that the honourable gentleman was an enemy to sinecures!"

### ONE OF ARTEMUS' BEST.

Of the countless good stories attributed to Artemus Ward, the best one, perhaps, is one which tells of the advice which he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains, consequently, were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked, "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detatch the cowcatcher from the front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train, for you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

### "MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

While the Prince of Callamare was ambassador from Philip V. King of Spain, to the Court of France, the British ambassador, Lord Stair, one day asked whether the Kings of Spain were consecrated and anointed like the Kings of France. "Monsieur," replied the Prince, "nous ne les sacrons, ni les massacrons." [We neither consecrate them, nor murder them.]

## MONTHLY NOTES.

## SCIENCE

*Vivisection.*—If all the horrors which have been detailed concerning what is designated "*Vivisection*" were only half true, one would not wonder that popular indignation was aroused and legal enactments considered necessary to control, if not to interdict, such inhumanity as has been attributed truly or falsely to many investigators in physiology. Although there can be little doubt that there have been a few instances where idle and wanton cruelty has been exercised under the name of investigation, still, in the majority of instances where experiments on live animals have been resorted to, it has been with an earnest and reasonable expectation of good to the human race or to some class of animals, with a full sense of the responsibility, a hatred of cruelty, and with the certainty that in no other way could the knowledge sought be obtained. As an instance of this, we may refer to the experiments of Prof. Ferrier of Edinburgh, on the functions of different parts and localities of the brain—a question of the utmost importance to the human race, a clearer knowledge of which promised new methods for alleviating and curing some of the saddest, and often the most intense phases of human suffering. Dr. Ferrier experimented on some of the lower animals, such as monkeys, rabbits, etc., and his discoveries are at this moment bearing fruit in various ways. He shews that every convulsion of the brain has its peculiar functions, and that any damage or disease to any particular part or convulsion will set up its own particular symptoms indicating the exact position of that disease. In the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis in London, a case came under the notice of Dr. Hughes Bennett, where the symptoms clearly pointed to the existence of a tumour in the brain, which threatened a speedy fatal termination. Guided by Dr. Ferrier's discoveries, he was able to point his finger to the precise spot, one of the frontal convulsions. The patient was fully informed of his position, and of the great risk of an operation for the removal of a tumour in the brain, an operation seldom or ever attempted successfully. On the other hand, as it offered a remote hope of relief and perhaps partial cure, he eagerly consented to the operation. A small opening in the skull was made, and a tumour found in the precise spot indicated. This was successfully removed, and our latest intelligence tells us the patient is now convalescent, not only thoroughly relieved from his suffering, but apparently rapidly progressing towards sound health, bodily and mentally.

*The highest Mountain in Australia.*—The recent visit of Dr. Lendenfeld to Mount Kosciusko, near the junction of the boundary line between New South Wales and Victoria, with the Easternmost branch of the Murray, has given rise to some controversy about its height. This mountain is the culminating point of the coast ranges of both N. S. Wales and Victoria, and the highest mountain in

Australia. It is not a definite mountain with a single summit, but rather an extensive area of many miles of high mountain land, on which there are several higher points or peaks. Most of these were ascended many years ago by some of our early settlers, and later by Baron (then Dr.) Mueller, and subsequently by Professor Neumayer, in November, 1862, and afterwards for the purposes of the Trigonometrical Survey of Victoria by Mr. Alexander Black, the present Assistant-Surveyor-General, who was camped near the summit for some time, and erected a cairn on the particular peak best suited to his requirement for connecting it with the Trigonometrical stations within Victorian territory. Professor Neumayer made careful measurements with a mercurial barometer as well as with the boiling-point thermometer of the heights of the three principal peaks, one of which he named "Pinnacle Hill," having a height of 7038 feet. Another point which he considered the highest part of the range, he measured as 7176 feet; and a third peak, which he called "Snowy Peak," was found to be 7140 feet. On the day these measurements were made a meteorological change was pending, and the barometer was unsteady, although, therefore, the above heights may be open to a correction of 30 or 40 feet, the relative heights of the peaks would not be seriously affected. After the erection of the cairn Mr. Black made several observations from Mounts Feathertop and Benambra, from which he computed the height of the cairn as 7167 and 7214 feet respectively. From vertical angles from the Cobbarras, "The Pilot," Mount Tingiringi and the Bogong, the height computed was 7266 feet. The height of Kosciusko therefore may be taken as about 7200 feet above sea level.

R. L. J. E.

## ART.

The exhibition of paintings by the students in Mr. Folingsby's School of Art took place in the latter end of December, too late for a notice to appear in the January "Art Notes." A great improvement is noticeable in the works on view, and both Mr. Folingsby and his pupils are to be congratulated on the year's results. The successful exhibitors are the Misses Edeson and Rae, and Messrs. E. P. Fox, Longstaff, M'Gubbin, Colquhoun and Tucker. Honourable mention is also awarded to several ladies who will doubtless meet with higher praise next year if their works evince as much progress as their evident talent should cause them to make.

Mr. Longstaff deserves more than a passing word of praise—all his exhibits show that he has the making of a true artist in him—the treatment of his subjects is good, and the colouring (more especially in No. 15, which obtained the first prize) delicate and harmonious. His lights and shadows are also cleverly worked out. No. 14, "Interior of a Kitchen," is a charming little bit of homely domestic life by the same student. If Mr. Longstaff's future career is to be predicted by present

work, we shall probably hear of him as amongst the best of our Melbourne artists. The prize awarded to the best landscape or studies in the same, given by Mr. H. Wallis, is gained by E. P. Fox. The subject of his painting is a taking one, showing two boys fishing in some placid water, beyond which stretches a wide paddock; a few gum-trees rise up against the cloudless blue of an Australian sky, and some good work is to be noticed in the shadows on the water. Two other exhibits by the same student repay examination. A pretty bit of scenery is shown by J. Sutherland, with a piece of water winding through a paddock, and groups of gums growing on the edge—the subject is a pleasing one, and a cow drinking at the stream gives the requisite touch of animation. A clever bit of architectural work is sent in by A. Colquhoun, and his fruit is also worthy of special praise. Another exhibit by the same student is a shed in a yard with an ostler in charge of a countryman's horse. The attitudes are all good and natural, and the minor details carefully worked out. The bulldog is also cleverly treated. A vase of grapes, by Miss Chapman, deserves the honourable mention it gained, as it displays a good deal of merit. Miss Rae has an unfinished work, "Interior of a Kitchen," that is full of promise, and her study of ducks does her much credit. The young lady has also a decided talent for heads, of which she exhibits two. A very large picture, entitled "Home Again," is by F. McGubbin. The young wife at her ironing is surprised by her husband's unexpected entrance. The latter is a rough, somewhat uncouth looking man, and, to judge from his wife's puzzled look, must be a good deal altered from the last time he saw her. There is undoubted merit in the painting, but it is not so attractive as the title would give reason to anticipate. A good study from the same brush is a bit of ground near the jail. The commonplace scene is rendered with strict fidelity, but the soft, warm, grey haze refines it and makes the subject amongst the best shown. Studies of fish, game, etc., are very numerous, and in many instances deserving of mention did space admit of it. The drawings, also, show great progress, and some fresco work of T. S. G. Tucker fully deserves the prize awarded.

An interesting collection of drawings by the pupils of Mr. O. R. Campbell is in another room, and excites much attention from the proof it affords that Mr. Campbell's system of tuition is as sound and practical as ever. Amongst the students who more especially show talent may be named Miss G. E. Carter, who sends in a very meritorious partially-finished Venus; Miss Fischer, whose heads of Clytie and Faraday should urge her on to increased diligence in the pursuit of Art; Miss E. Horsfall, who exhibits a very clever bas-relief; and Mr. Squires, whose work does credit to both himself and Mr. Campbell.

Whilst fully admitting the progress made by Mr. Folingsby's pupils, it is much to be regretted that that gentleman is so devoted to the German School of Art; one or two

examples are of course most welcome additions to the Gallery, but the English school, than which there is none more beautiful, is too much ignored by him in favor of foreign artists. Long association with the former one has doubtless endeared it greatly to him, but Victoria is an English colony, and her students should be taught to love and admire the school belonging to their mother-country. Another feature connected with his classes which it would be well to learn is altered, is the fact that the students have all been ordered by him not to exhibit at any time at the Academy of Arts. This can only tend to create ill-will and party feeling amongst those following the profession, and indeed amongst lovers of Art generally, and still further to weaken the cause of the Society of Artists. The latter has fought bravely a very up-hill game, and those who profess to love and honour Art should show it in a practical manner and help the Academy by exhibiting really good and superior work, and giving it the benefit of more extended and experienced knowledge than it has hitherto had the privilege of obtaining. To talk about starting an Artists' Club and "crushing" the Academy, shows no very kindly feeling or sympathy with those who, under many and great difficulties, and with a comparatively inferior Art education, have struggled to inaugurate and sustain an Artists' Society in Victoria; it would be better to remember the motto, "Union is strength," and combine the talent now in Melbourne (both that gained in England and upon the Continent) with that belonging to the colony, and of which the latter, in many cases, has no need to be ashamed. In this way, good exhibitions could be held, the public taste improved, and an *esprit-de-corps* aroused that would be beneficial to every artist in Melbourne.

The Art Museum at the Public Library has recently obtained some very interesting and valuable additions; they represent various historic styles and periods as well as special schools belonging to different countries. They are reproduced in electro-type, and the work has been superintended by the Department of Arts and Sciences. It is difficult, amongst so many beautiful objects, to name any in particular, but the following ones are certain to arrest the attention at once. A bronze vase with ivy and berries encircling it, in relief; it is a fine example of Græco-Roman work, and is from a silver original to be seen in the Museo Nazionale, at Naples, which latter was found during some of the Pompeian excavations. The well-known "Bedford Tankard," is another of much interest; this work of Art is believed to be one of the grandest specimens now known of Italian sculptured ivory and belongs to the 16th century. A Bacchanalian procession, in relief, occupies the body of the vessel and the metal cover is beautifully executed. A very exquisite example of the same period is a large salver from the Musée du Louvre, having the siege of Tunis under Charles 5th in repoussé and chased work. A very rare bronze is the mirror-case known as the "Martelli Bronze." The original is in the South Kensington Museum, for which it was purchased from a representative of the Mar-

telli family, one of whom had ordered it of the celebrated Donatello; it also is in repoussé and chased work with various allegorical symbols.

A beautiful inkstand in bronze, with a well-executed statuette of Hannibal, belongs to the Italian period of the 15th century. The French work is very good, the Renaissance style being seen in an exquisite Tazza of the 17th century, and a gold knife and fork with finely-sculptured ivory handles. Marrel Frères also show a Tazza and cover (modern French), in the same style, embossed with groups of children, and set with precious stones. The "Fountain Collection" is represented by the famous ivory hunting horn whose original was lately sold by Christie and Manson for 4,240 guineas! The purchaser was Baron Rothschild, of Paris, and the costly treasure was pronounced by connoisseurs to be a perfect example of the Italian *cinq-ento*. It is said that the Baron intends leaving the whole of his collection to the Musée du Louvre. The "Olipphant or Drinking-Horn," is remarkable for its exquisitely-delineated foliage, birds and animals; it is of the 10th century, and of North of Europe work. The German and French examples of metal-work in lock-plates from the Musée de Cluny are well worthy of notice, particularly one having figures in relief with monogram and scutcheon in the centre, belonging to the former school and of the 11th century. A beautiful exhibit is a book-cover of Byzantine Art in metal of the 16th century, with women and angels at the Holy Sepulchre and legends in Greek capitals, the original of which is at the Musée du Louvre. The panel of an Altar-frontal with a subject of Abraham offering up Isaac is also to be seen, the ivory original being in the Cathedral at Salerno. It belongs to the Italian 12th century. The head of a pastoral staff of the 8th or 9th centuries is amongst the collection, and the original is in the Vatican, Rome. Two strange-looking German exhibits are some chessmen, with a subject of St. Michael's combat with Satan, dated the 11th or 12th centuries, and a comb with figures in the centre belonging to the 16th. A curious handle of a hunting-knife shows Hercules fighting; it is of the French 15th period. There are also good examples of Byzantine work in ivory. Some very beautiful German perforated applique-work of the 17th century is to be seen in the "Jinhoff" tankard, and the Cellini Cup is a prominent object. It is of oxidised silver, the bowl being ornamented with medallions and arabesques in high relief, each of the former bearing a minutely-worked classical subject. The height of this beautiful specimen is under nine inches, yet the execution is of the most finished style. The trustees of the Library are to be congratulated upon their purchases, which, for the convenience of visitors, will be arranged in chronological sequence. The manner in which these objects of art have been reproduced by the Messrs. Elkington, does great credit to the well-known house. It is to be hoped that more freedom and a much larger amount of funds will, in future, be accorded to Mr. Stephen Thompson, whose admirable artistic taste is at present crippled by limitation in both those respects.

Mr. Goodwyn Lewis has at the present time upon the easel, one of the portraits in the taking of which he is so rapidly gaining some of the same high reputation that was awarded him in England. That of Mr. W. H. Archer promises to be an admirable one. The attitude is perfectly natural and good, and the flesh-tones and harmony of colour—always strong points with this artist—all that can be desired. An unfinished painting of a child writing upon a sunlit wall will, when completed, uphold Mr. Lewis' reputation as a skilled and talented artist. The subject, powerfully treated in *impasto*, is an uncommon one that can scarcely fail of gaining attention or of appealing to the sympathies of both those who love children, and those who can appreciate a good painting.

The work presented by Mr. J. Dean to the Gallery is by M. Tatregrain, a well-known exhibitor at the *Salon*, Paris. It is a pleasing subject, though of a somewhat sad nature. It represents a child looking out through a pane of a latticed window. The faint rose-tint in the cheeks and lips tell of returning health, but the dark eyes are yet heavy with the toil-some conflict that has been fought between Life and Death. A few vine-leaves, golden and crimson-tinted, still linger on the branches encircling the casement, and on the blue-tiled sill is placed a late-flowering rose-tree in a metal-pot. A rosary is seen beneath the pillow (for only the head of the child is seen). The expression of the eyes, glad to once more look out on the world, but still telling of weakness so great that even movement is painful, is admirably portrayed, and the whole execution is of a good stamp. But with all its pathetic rendering, the new work is a painting to make the gazer anxious to turn to something warmer and brighter in tone, for the sadness of illness and autumnal fading pervades all of it, and the eye looks in vain for something of a cheering nature. In spite of the rose-tint in the little one's face, every mother will turn from it with a feeling that danger is yet probably in store for the patient, childish invalid. It is, however, a fine example of the French school, and somewhat of a novelty from the studio of this artist, who, as a rule, prefers marine subjects.

E. A. C.

#### LITERATURE.

As an evidence of the demand for first-class books it may be noted that the first edition of Mr. Browning's new poem "Ferishtah's Fancies" was exhausted a few days after its publication. Lord Tennyson's drama "Becket" was sold out on the day after issue.

It is stated in the American Journals that Mr. Thomas Hughes has undertaken to write the life of the late Mr. Peter Cooper, the New York Philanthropist, at the request of his family. The deceased gentleman had written an autobiography and this has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Hughes.

Among the new books announced there is one that should receive a hearty welcome from Scotchmen, "The life of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd." The biography is written by his daughter; the volume will contain letters,

hitherto unpublished, from Walter Scott, Allan Cunningham, and others. Professor Veitch of Glasgow contributes an introduction. The volume is to be published immediately by Mr. Gardner of Paisley.

Under the title of "Pagoda Shadows" a little volume has been published in Boston. The author is Miss Adele M. Fields, an intelligent lady missionary in China. The volume is crowded with very interesting information. The writer gives a vivid description of woman's life in China, and shows the influence of its heathenism on the said life and character of the people.

At the Christmas season four calendars taken respectively from the works of Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson, were published by a New York firm, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Each calendar displays a portrait of the poet whose writings furnish it with text, and is embellished with appropriate decorations.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of London, have recently completed the publication of their fine edition of "Tennyson's Works," in seven volumes. For beauty of typography and general neatness in the getting up of the works these seven volumes leave nothing to be desired.

The same enterprising firm have just issued four volumes of "Selections from the Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning." The selections in these four compact and handsome volumes have been made with excellent judgment, and the result is an adequate presentation of the best work of both poets. A reviewer says wisely, "There is a world of inspiration in the impulse in these volumes; they are fit companions for our best moods, and tonic for our worst."

During a part of last year a serial story entitled "Ramona" appeared in weekly sections in the New York *Christian Union*. It is now published by Messrs. Macmillan in book form, and well and beautifully it is printed and bound. It is a most interesting story, and will repay the reader.

The commentary on the Koran (or "Quran," as it is the fashion to spell it now) which is coming out under the editorship of the Rev. E. M. Wherry, missionary in India, has reached its second volume.

The humorous Mark Twain must feel that the Italians have got the best of him just once. A Florence publisher announces a translation of the works of Marco Duo, further translated as Samuele Langhorne Clemenseni.

A package of manuscript was received lately by the Rev. J. Frothingham, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Morrison, Illinois. His aunt, the widow of Pierre M. Irving, had in her possession several of the original papers of the "Sketch Book," in the author's own writing, and the old lady wishing these documents to be kept as heirlooms in the family, forwarded them to her nephew.

In the November number of the *Andover Review* there is a very thoughtful and able article by Professor Moore on "The Future Life in the Old Testament," and in the November issue of the *Baptist Quarterly* Professor Greene, of Peddie, contributes a most

valuable article on "Life and Death in the New Testament."

A beautifully illustrated little volume containing Bishop Heber's Hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," has been published. The engravings are on fine line, and the volume is bound in cloth and gold.

The late Dr. Mark Pattison, late rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, left a library of 14,000 volumes, which is to be sold at auction in the early part of this year.

The venerable George Bancroft, the famous historical writer of the United States, has nearly finished his revision of his history, and spending the present season in Boston will take a little of the rest to which his eighty-four years entitle him. Mr. Bancroft is said to be as vigorous apparently as he was ten years ago.

Mr. Black's novel "Judith Shakespeare" which after appearing in chapters, in one or more English and American periodicals, was printed in book form, is not very favourably reviewed. The critics nearly all seem of one turn of mind with reference to it, and in various forms of words repeat substantially the famous dictum of Jeffrey on Wordsworth's *Excursion*, "This will never do."

One of the ablest and most thoughtful theological books recently published is "A Year's Ministry," by the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., of Manchester. As a preacher it seems generally admitted that Alexander Maclaren ranks with Liddon, Manning, and Parker. The volume contains twenty-six sermons, the fruit of earnest study, rich in thought, and beautifully simple in style and language. This new volume is equal if it is not superior to any of Mr. Maclaren's former volumes.

Some years ago a capital serial story appeared in one of the American monthly magazines, entitled, "His Majesty Myself." The story was afterwards published in book form, and was favourably reviewed. A sequel to the story has just been published under the title of "The Making of a Man."

The beautifully-illustrated and interesting story by the well-known American novelist, Mr. E. P. Roe, which was continued in *Harper's Magazine* during each month of the past year, under the title of "Nature's Serial Story," has been issued in a very handsome volume, by Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co., of London. It is an interesting story, and the illustrations are not only numerous, but excellent, many being gems of the engraver's art. The work may be commended as sure to be an acceptable present to a lady.

Among the numerous Christmas annuals which have come under notice, we have pleasure in commending to all who are the friends of the Fine Arts the Christmas number of the *Art Journal*. The annual contains a biographical sketch of Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, and is profusely and beautifully illustrated, chiefly with engravings of the works of the great painter. No one who invests half-a-crown in the purchase will regret the investment.

Mr. Leslie Stephens, at the request of Mrs. Fawcett and family, has engaged to write a



memoir of Mr. Henry Fawcett, the late Postmaster-General.

It is announced that Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has undertaken to prepare the biographical memoir of his grandfather, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The volume will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., of London.

Sunday School teachers may be interested by the intimation that "The Lesson Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1885" is now published. The volume is the result of the united labours of the Rev. Dr. Vincent and Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of New York. It is hardly necessary to remark, as the previous volumes are well known to teachers, that the plan of the Commentary is admirable. It is entirely undenominational, and as a whole is a volume that will be in every way helpful to earnest teachers.

The latest addition to the series of volumes in course of publication under the general title of the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" is a Commentary on the Book of Job, by Dr. A. B. Davidson. It is a valuable addition to the long list of Commentaries on the ancient poem.

The American Baptist Publication Society have nearly ready for publication "Brief Notes on the New Testament," by the Revs. G. W. Clarke, D.D., and J. M. Pendleton, D.D., both well known and able scholars and ministers of the Baptist denomination. The volume will contain maps, a harmony of the gospels, and an appendix of helps for bible study.

In the December number of the *North American Review* there is a very interesting article by Dr. Henry Schliemann, in which the writer describes his discovery and ideal restoration of "The Palace of the Kings of Tiryns."

The *Century Illustrated Monthly* for December is an excellent issue of a periodical always crowded with good things for all classes of readers. There are some of the articles worthy of special mention, such as Professor S. P. Langley's third paper on the New Astronomy, in which he enters at length on the subject of "The Sun's Energy," and Mr. Dowden's most instructive and entertaining account of "Dublin City." Both articles are profusely illustrated, and well worth reading. Literary men will be interested in perusing the fine critical article on the Poet Heine, by Miss Emma Lazarus. The frontispiece is a profile portrait of General Grant.

Messrs. Ginn and Heath, of New York, announce that they will publish shortly an "Introduction to the Study of Language," by B. Dellr  ck, being a critical survey of the history and methods of comparative philology of the Indo-European tongues. The book will be translated from the original German by Mr. E. Channing.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, well known as the author of an interesting work on the Gipsies, has just published another volume on a subject not altogether dissimilar. The title of Mr. Leland's new work is "The Algonquin Legends of New England, or, Myths and Folk

Lore of The Micmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes." The work is curious and entertaining. Portions of the volume appeared last year in one of the great American monthlies.

New biographers of Goethe are again realising the difficulty of exactly stating the epoch of various works of the eminent writer, on account of his habit of keeping designs so long by him that when the work appeared it was difficult to say to what period it belonged, since it bore the marks of several periods. This remark applies especially to "Faust." Of this play some scenes were written in 1775, but the whole was not completed till the middle of 1831. In other words, he had this poem in hand at least fifty-seven years. Even the first part took him thirty-three years.

Professor C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, U.S., is at work on a critical history of American literature.

Miss Marian Harland, the well-known American writer, has undertaken the editing of a new periodical, entitled *Babyhood*, which is to be devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children, and the general interests of the nursery.

The Bohlen lectures for the year 1893 have just been published. The course consists of six lectures on the history of theology, to which the title is given "The Continuity of Christian Thought." The lecturer is Professor Alexander V. G. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, U. S. The Bohlen lectures of previous years by eminent men in the Episcopalian church obtained a large circulation, and from their value well merited such circulation. The present series is favourably reviewed in several American journals. It is said by one very judicious reviewer, "There is, occasionally, a leaning towards the laxity of the New Theology, but the book as a whole is a candid and accurate sketch of the tread of Christian theology in all ages." Professor Allen is a Churchman of very moderate views and Catholic spirit, and a scholar withal.

Mr. John Habberton, the author of the popular volume "Helen's Babies," has been appointed to the editorial chair of the *New York Telegram*. Very considerable additional space is being devoted to literary matters since Mr. Habberton took control.

"Letters of Jane Austen," recently published in England and America, are favourably reviewed in many of the literary journals of both countries. All seem to agree, however, that the letters written in the early period of her life are worthy of the highest commendation, bright and cheerful. The general testimony is that "the letters are easy and graceful, and models of epistolary writing."

The new volume of poems by Mr. Swinburne has met with a very favourable reception from the English and American reviewers. An English journal, the *Literary World*, says: "Only his truest admirers who have been crushed by 'the pity of it,' the heart-breaking pity, that the author of the 'Atalanta in Calydon,' one of the loveliest, purest, and most touching poems in the language, should ever have soiled his white wings by flights

through Stygian air, can rejoice duly in the new volume of poems that may be described as Swinburne revised, Swinburne expurgated, and that by his own hand. From his old sins of super-sensuous writing, these pages are absolutely free." As an illustration of journalistic enterprise it may be noted that the New York *Independent* published the greater part of the volume simultaneously with its appearance in London. This was by special arrangement with the London publishers. The poems occupy fifteen closely printed columns of the *Independent*.

At the sale in London, in December, of the Syston-Park Library, great prices were obtained for some rare books. Among others the following deserve notice: The "Biblia Polyglotta," by Cardinal Ximenez, in six volumes, the earliest Polyglot Bible issued was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £176. The Mazarin Bible, a magnificent folio, splendidly bound in blue morocco, was, after a spirited competition, secured by Mr. Quaritch, for £3,900. This book was stated in the catalogue to be the first edition of the Bible, and the earliest book printed with metal types, by the inventors of printing. The Biblia Sacra Latina, two volumes, first edition, with a date beautifully printed on vellum, a splendid and magnificent copy in old blue morocco, with the large arms of Prince Eugene in gold on sides, was sold for £1,000. Other books were sold at large prices. One instance may be noted: The Mirror of the World, black letter, first edition, and considered to be the earliest book printed in England with wood-cuts, brought £335. The volume bound in blue velvet, silk linings, folio, has the date 1481, and the name, W. Caxton. The day's sale, the *Literary World* states, realised close upon £9,000.

It is stated that Mr. J. L. Nye, who recently compiled a useful volume for the London Sunday School Union, entitled "Anecdotes on Bible Texts: Epistle to the Romans" has decided upon completing the New Testament in a similar manner. There will be six more volumes, of which the copy for the first two is in the hands of the Sunday School Union Readers' Committee. T.

#### CURRENT EVENTS.

The Jubilee Exhibition has proved very successful to the promoters; the last day of January was fixed for its closing. The awards of merit were given by Sir William Clarke on the 24th, and numerous exhibitors received handsome gold and silver medals as well as certificates. Several aborigines were on the

platform, and about 3000 persons gathered to witness the ceremony.

The same building will soon again be a scene of much interest, as the Aquarium will shortly be in readiness to be inspected by the public, and the trustees intend in other ways to make the place a popular resort.

The Malaga Mission has been holding a camp at Brighton, and the meetings have been very successful, many of the aborigines giving fine addresses. Two oil paintings, which are now to be seen at Mr. Fletcher's Art Gallery, are, for this reason, interesting to visit, one being the portrait of an aboriginal of Port Phillip, bearing the name of Jack Weatherby, who is said to have been killed by a snake-bite, and the other a likeness of Wooraddy, one of the last amongst the natives of Tasmania. The latter was able to persuade many of the tribes to come in, and by this means afforded important aid to Mr. Robinson, the protector of the tribes. The likeness of Weatherby was painted as far back as 1839 or 40 by the late Thomas Napier, who took it on the ground now occupied by the *Argus* office. Both portraits are said to be from life.

A champion game of draughts between Victoria and New South Wales was played on New Year's Day, the victor being Mr. Patterson, of the former colony, and brother to the artist of the same name, whose works have been favourably noticed in these columns.

In mentioning the awards given at the Jubilee Exhibition, it may be of interest to lovers of Natural History to learn that a gold one was gained by Mr. T. A. Forbes-Leith for his splendid collection of parrots and cockatoos, a description of which was given in the November number of *Once a Month*.

Dr. Potts, whose lectures for ladies were so well attended, has gone to England, there to deliver a similar series ere her return to her Sanatorium in Southern California. Her sister-in-law, Dr. Longshore, has decided on settling in Sydney. This course has been adopted by the lady owing to the numerous requests she and Dr. Potts have received from friends and patients that one or other of them should do so, and Dr. Longshore, having fewer home-ties, has agreed to take up her residence in the sister colony. Like Dr. Potts, she is very winning in manner, and of equal skill, so that the news of her decision will doubtless be welcome to many who read these lines. Her address is the same as the one given by her sister-in-law—792, Box P. O., Sydney.

E. A. C.

#### REPLY TO ENIGMA AT P. 61.

Return, return, thou bonnie bird,  
With spring's first cheering ray;  
Return, and pour thy song of love,  
Upon the Hawthorn SPRAY;  
Return—and if from foreign land  
Thou wend'st thy weary way,  
Tell us, sweet bird, on what far strand  
Sparkles the Ocean's SPRAY.

## CHESS.

## THE DANISH GAMBIT.

## GAME I.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P K 4	1 P K 4
2 P Q 4	2 P takes P
3 P Q B 3	

This move constitutes the "Danish" or Scandinavian Gambit.

3 P takes P  
 Black may also play  
 3 P Q 4 or 3 Q K 2

These moves shall be examined in a future number.

4 B Q B 4

Black has now the choice of three moves, viz.—

(1.)	(2.)	(3.)
4 P takes Kt P	4 Kt K B 3	4 P B 7

In one of the eight games played recently at Mr. Blackburne's blindfold performance at the Coffee Palace, Mr. Blackburne's opponent played the first of these moves, viz.—

4 P takes Kt P

The game with Mr. Witton was published in the *Australasian* of 17th January, and in its notes to this and a previous game of the same opening, the *Australasian* not only advocated the capture of the third Pawn, but stated "that most authorities agree in stating that the third pawn can safely be captured."

We may, however, inform Australian chess players that the move recommended in the *Australasian* is *absolutely the worst*, and has long since been condemned by the authorities. Mr. Witton, in fact, played a much better move, viz.—

4 Kt K B 3

long ago advised by Messrs. Steinitz and Potter ("City of London Chess Magazine," Vol. I., No. I., page 16), and recommended by ourselves in our "Theory of the Chess Openings," in 1879, though utterly ignored by the *Australasian*.

With reference to this move of

4 P takes Kt P

(so warmly recommended by the *Australasian*), Rosenthal, in *La Revue des Jeux, des arts et du Sport*, wrote, six years ago, as follows: "The capture of the three Pawns recommended by several theorists, and particularly by Von der Lasa's *Handbuch*, involves fatally the loss of the game for Black, for after

5 Q B takes P	4 P takes Kt P
5 Kt K B 3	

It is immaterial whether Black play this move or give check with the Bishop, since by

a simple transposition of his fifth and sixth moves the same position is arrived at as that brought about by the move in the next, e.g.—

5 K B sq best	PK5	B Kt 5 ch
5 B Kt 5 ch	6 Kt K B 3	7 PQ4
Q K Kt 4	PK6	QR5 ch best, etc.
9 B B sq best	10 P takes P	11

White having a winning attack.

6 P K 5 best	6 B Kt 5 ch best
7 K B sq best	7 P Q 4
8 B Kt 5 ch	8 K Kt Q 2
9 Q K Kt 4 best	9 B B sq
If 9 Q K 2 10 Q t P followed by Kt K B 3	

and White has much the better game.

10 P K 6	10 P takes P
11 Q R 5 ch best	11 K K 2 best
12 B R 3 ch	12 K B 3

If

12 P B 4	13 B takes P ch	14 Q Kt 5 ch etc.
	Kt takes B	
13 Q B 3 ch	13 K K 4	
14 Q K 3 ch	14 K B 3	
15 Q B 4 ch and White mates in a few moves.		

In the game between Messrs. Blackburne and Witton above mentioned, the latter played 4 K Kt B 3—the better move—but failed to follow it up correctly. Mr. Blackburne played Kt takes P to which Witton replied

5 Kt B 3. He ought to have played 5 B Kt 5

when the proper continuation would have been

K Kt K 2	PK5
6 Castles	7 PQ4

a safe game for Black. These embody the moves in the second defence.

The third defence suggested by Rosenthal

5 Q takes P	4 P B 7
6 Kt B 3	5 B Kt 5 ch
If	
6 B Q 2 as suggested by Bezkrorny	6 B takes B ch

Kt takes B	Kt K B 3	Castles QR
7 Kt Q B 3	8 P Q 3	9 Q K 2 best

and Black has the advantage.

7 Kt B 3	6 Kt Q B 3
8 Castles	7 P Q 3
9 P takes B	8 B takes Kt
If Q takes B	B K Kt 5
9 Kt K B 3	10 Castles, etc.
10 Kt Kt 5	9 K Kt K 2
11 P K 5	10 Castles
	11 B B 4

and Black has the better game. The Danish Gambit is therefore inadvisable.

#### CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Blackburne, the British Chess Champion, who recently played eight blindfold games in Melbourne (of which he won five and drew three, losing none), has since played ten simultaneous games at Warrnambool, winning seven and drawing three. He has, however, been lucky in winning games over the board of Messrs. Esling and Burns, both of which he ought to have lost, had his opponents played carefully. He will shortly proceed to fulfil similar engagements at Sydney, Adelaide, and other places.

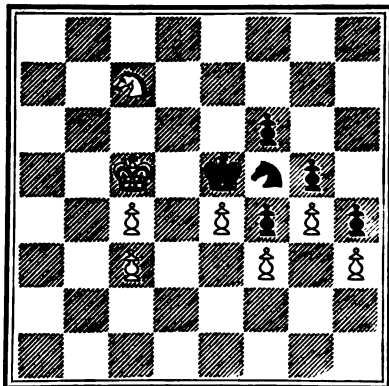
Herr Steinitz, the famous player, who is now settled in New York, is bringing out a new Chess Magazine, which we can confidently recommend. It will be a "monthly," and under the able and conscientious management of its celebrated Editor, will be a more reliable guide to chess players than any other similar periodical in the English language. The subscription is 12s. per annum. The want of such a magazine has long been felt both in England and America: for, since the collapse of "Brentano's Monthly," in America, the "British Chess Magazine" has been the only good chess periodical in the mother country.

The Handicap Tournament, at the Melbourne Chess Club, which has been progressing since last autumn, is approaching its conclusion. The scores of the competitors are given below. As the Club only meets once a week, viz.—every Monday evening, at 7.30, at the Coffee Palace, Collins-street east, the progress of the play has necessarily been very slow. Three prizes are offered: First prize, a silver cup, value 15 guineas; second prize, £3; third prize, £2. The cup, however, must be won *twice* before becoming the property of the winner, so that the trophy will neither be easily nor rapidly gained. Fifteen players have entered, so that each player has to play fourteen games. At present Mr. A. Burns is first, having won nine games and only lost one; Messrs. Gossip and Fisher have each won seven and lost two; Mr. Sperring is next with six won

and two lost games, so that the finish will probably be close and exciting.

The following interesting position (from the *Nuova Rivista degli Scacchi*) occurred in the late Vizayanagaram Tourney between Messrs. Gossip (white) and Lindsay (black).

BLACK.

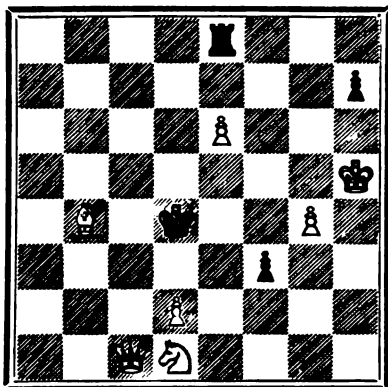


WHITE.

White played K Kt 6 and won ultimately, but overlooked that he could give checkmate in five moves in five different ways.

#### PROBLEM BY S. GOLD (VIENNA).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves. The solutions will appear in the April number.

G. H. D. GOSSIP.







THE HON ROBERT STOUT  
PREMIER, NEW ZEALAND.

*FROM A PHOTO BY WRIGGLESWORTH & BINNS*

# ONCE A MONTH.

No. III.

MARCH 15, 1885.

VOL. II.

## GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. IV.

THE HON. ROBERT STOUT,

PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,  
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain;  
Ye yield the future fair, and conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown and wear it not in vain."

—*J. R. Lowell.*

"In a troubled state we must do as in foul  
weather upon a river, not to think to cut  
directly through, for the boat may be filled  
with water; but rise and fall as the waves do;  
and give way as much as we conveniently  
can."

—*Selden.*

Continuing our pen and pencil sketches of statesmen of note in the Australasian Colonies, we have this month to direct the attention of our readers to the gentleman who last September took up the reins of Government in New Zealand—Mr. Robert Stout.

In giving a brief sketch of Mr. Stout's past life, we may first remark that the history of his career is simply the history of a man who early in life goes out into the world, and by dint of hard study, steady application, and a firm determination to overcome all obstacles, attains in the prime of life to a leading position both as a lawyer and as a statesman.

Mr. Stout is a native of the most northern part of the British dominions, having been born in the year 1845, at Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, where

his father was a merchant and landed proprietor. He was educated at the parish school of Lerwick, which at that time was considered one of the first seven schools of the North of Scotland, the master being a cultured classical scholar. At the age of thirteen he became a pupil-teacher in this school, and served through the full term, passing the various examinations with more than ordinary credit; being in fact one of a very few specially mentioned in the Privy Council Reports in 1861. While at school, the subject of our sketch had begun to display some of the qualities for which he is distinguished, and which have stood him in good stead throughout his adult life—untiring industry—an unlimited capacity for hard work—and an unswerving honesty of purpose. In addition to the ordinary subjects taught at the parish school, he had, either as scholar or pupil-teacher, obtained a good knowledge of Mathematics, for which he had manifested a special aptitude; and also of Latin and French, as well as a tincture of Greek.

As may be supposed, the Shetland Islands, shut off, as they are, from the rest of the world by stormy seas and fiercely-running currents, did not offer much scope for the exercise of the

faculties of a man like Mr. Stout, whose natural disposition made him impatient of restraint, and discontented until he had scaled the highest point within the horizon of his views. Accordingly in 1863, when his term of pupil-teachership had expired, he began to look about him for some wider field in which to try his fortune. At this time much attention was attracted by New Zealand, as well by the disastrous wars in which the colonists were engaged with the Maoris, as by the lucrative goldfields which had shortly before been discovered throughout Otago. After a little consideration young Stout determined to betake himself to what was looked upon, at least in the remote part of Her Majesty's dominions in which he was brought up, as an almost unknown land; and left his home at the close of 1863, passing through Scotland and England on his way to Dunedin, where he arrived early in 1864. Before leaving home he had made himself master of land-surveying, and had got special certificates on passing an examination in the theory and practice of it, and it was his intention to have followed in his adopted home the profession of a land-surveyor. After his arrival in Dunedin, however, he found that there was no opening in this profession; but he soon obtained an appointment in the Dunedin Grammar School as second master. Afterwards he became second master in the North Dunedin district school, which position he held until the close of 1867, having during this time gained a good reputation as a teacher. While thus engaged, Mr. Stout was chiefly instrumental in founding the Otago Schoolmasters' Association, with branches in different parts of that colony, which has now developed into the Otago Educational Institute. In 1868, he commenced the study of Law at Dunedin, and in July, 1871, the two branches of the profession being amalgamated in New Zealand, was admitted a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court, having passed the examinations prescribed for barristers.

The first session after the University of Otago was opened, in 1871, he attended the courses of lectures in

Mental and Moral Science, and obtained the first prize for essays in these subjects; and also stood first in the Political Economy class next session. He was subsequently Law Lecturer in the University for three sessions (1873, 1874, 1875), but resigned this position on being elected a member of the House of Representatives in 1875.

Immediately after admission into his profession he went into partnership with Mr. Sievwright, a countryman of his, who had been practising in Dunedin for a year or two previously as a solicitor. Mr. Stout's professional reputation was won almost *uno ictu*. Hegained laurels in his first criminal case, and he soon became noted both as a successful pleader and as a sound lawyer, being particularly effective in addressing juries.

In 1876 an important event in his domestic life occurred, he having, towards the close of that year, married Miss Logan, a daughter of an old Dunedin settler and officer of the Provincial Government.

For some years past Mr. Stout's services have been in request in most important cases, from Wellington to Invercargill. His name appears constantly in the Court of Appeal Reports, and his opinion is sought as advising counsel by solicitors and clients in all parts of the colony. With his growing fame the business of the firm expanded, and, more accommodation being necessary, new offices were built, which are acknowledged by visitors to Dunedin to be the handsomest in the Australasian colonies.

We turn now from Mr. Stout's professional to his public, and especially his political career. We were about to say that his first appearance before the public was when he contested Caversham for a seat in the Provincial Council of Otago in 1872; but before that date he had read papers before the Otago Schoolmasters' Association, and had evinced considerable interest in the management of the Dunedin Athenæum, having been appointed a committee-man in 1868, and having been elected on the committee for several years afterwards. In 1872 he was elected to a seat in the Provincial Council of Otago, and in the following



year accepted the office of Provincial Solicitor in the Executive of which Mr. Donald Reid was the head. Mr. Stout's connection with the Ministry is suggestive, since Mr. Reid's name has been associated, as a member of the Provincial Council, as a member of the House of Representatives, and as a Minister, with the settlement of the people on the land, and the framing of liberal land laws.

In 1875 Mr. Stout was elected a member of the House of Representatives. In that year the act was passed for the abolition of Provincial Governments, and for making Wellington the centre of legislative and executive power. Mr. Stout had hotly opposed the passing of this measure, and as it was not to come into operation till 1876, a general election took place in that year, the issue of which was "Abolition *versus* Provincialism." Dunedin returned three Provincialists—Messrs. Macandrew, Stout, and Larnach, in the order named; but the cause of Provincialism was lost. In 1877, on the defeat of the Atkinson Ministry, Sir George Grey, who had two years before left his island home to enter the arena of politics, took office, and the accession of Mr. Stout to the Grey Ministry in 1878—as Attorney-General—met with the unanimous approval of the country. He was forced to resign, however, in June, 1879, owing to the urgent demands of private business, occasioned through the serious illness of his partner.

Mr. Stout has always prided himself on his radical principles, and while standing loyally by his party since he first entered political life, has always been found on the extreme left of that party. Being intensely democratic by nature and training, he has great belief in agitation, and in awakening the people to political life, and he has often stood alone in advocating views which many have sneered at as impracticable fads, but more than one of which he has had the satisfaction of seeing carried out with more or less completeness. On the platform, and in the newspapers and magazines, in his place in Parliament, and as a private citizen, he has fought in the ranks of the temperance reformers. Time after time he tried to

get bills passed through Parliament applying the principle of local option to the sale of alcoholic liquors, and the principle was at length acknowledged by the Licensing Act of 1880, passed during his retirement from politics. At the election of licensing commissioners under the Act last year, he was returned in each of the four wards of the city in the temperance interest.

Mr. Stout's views on the land question are well known and pronounced. He has incurred much ill-will by his persistent opposition to the accumulation of tracts of land in the hands of large landowners, whether companies or individuals, and he has always been in the van among those who desired the settlement of small farmers throughout the country. His name has occasionally been associated with land-nationalisation, but we believe we are correct in saying that he regards it as impracticable in application, and would not go further than retaining the yet unsold pastoral lands of the Colony.

When in the House of Representatives in 1877, he was on the Waste Lands Committee at the time that the Land Act of 1877 was considered, and had charge of the bill in its passage through the House. In 1882, he was appointed, by the Atkinson Ministry, a member of the Land Board of Otago; and, at his instigation, the Board instituted a series of investigations, not yet finished, which revealed the existence of a serious blot on the working of the Land Acts, viz., what has been termed "dummyism." Mr. Stout took part in the investigation with energy and with determination, and he and his colleagues on the Board, who supported him, became, for a while, the idols of the public.

Many of the Acts to be found in the statute books, from 1875 to 1879, were due to Mr Stout's initiation. He obtained for Dunedin the High School site, the Museum site, and the Town Hall site. The working men have to thank him for the Trades Union Act; and the Administration Act, which, following Victoria, does away with the distinction between real and personal estate so far as succession is concerned, passed in 1878, and re-enacted in 1879 with slight amendments, is due to him.

He has always taken a lively interest in education. He was a member of the Education Board of Otago, from 1873 to 1876, a member of the High School Board of Governors during 1877 and 1878, and has several times been a member of the Dunedin School Committee. His hand may be traced in the Education Act of 1877, the secular system of education instituted by which has always been warmly supported by him, and he is at the present time Minister of Education.

At the general election in July last year, Mr. Stout again appeared before the electors. He had not been idle, however, in the interval between 1879 and 1884. He edited from 1880 to 1883 a radical and agnostic paper published at Dunedin, and also occasionally contributed articles to the Melbourne Review. Indeed he had been contributing to the press articles and leaders almost constantly since 1870. He also appeared at intervals on the platform, lecturing on political, religious, and temperance subjects.

The political crisis which took place in New Zealand last winter is well-known throughout Australia, and will not soon be forgotten in New Zealand.

First came the defeat of Major Atkinson's Ministry; then the appeal to the country, when Mr. Stout was elected by a large majority; then the resignation of the Atkinson Ministry, after the unfavourable decision of the constituencies; then for more than a month, chaos; until at length the waters became still, the foam dissolved, and the Ministry now in office was allowed to carry on the business of the country without interruption.

Sir Julius Vogel, well-known in New Zealand politics twelve or fourteen years ago, had arrived in the Colony a few months before the election, and some surprise was occasioned when it became known that Mr. Stout supported his candidature. He was returned; and when Parliament met it was found that there were really four parties, Sir Julius having a following in addition to the other recognised leaders in the last Parliament. It is unnecessary to give an account of the various attempts made to form a stable Ministry. What was

tantamount to a coalition was ultimately formed by Sir J. Vogel and Mr. Stout. Mr. Stout has been subjected to much adverse criticism for this alliance, seeing that on some questions he and Sir Julius held opinions considerably divergent. He is not, however, a politician who pins his colours to certain doctrines, neglecting meanwhile to take advantage of opportunities which may come in his way for carrying them out. He is not a rigid *doctrinaire*, who would pursue to its end a "theoretic scheme of policy that admits of no pliability for contingencies." The true statesman is he who knows when to compromise, as well as when to hold fast to his doctrines. He believed in the principle of party Government. He saw that the best security for party Government was that the people should have confidence in the Ministry for the time being. The people had declared their want of confidence in the Atkinson Ministry, but that party was still more powerful than any one of the other parties. He put aside all minor differences and joined Sir J. Vogel in a coalition.

Last session the Government professedly confined itself to administrative questions, leaving large questions of policy for future consideration. Whether the Ministry will live an average life remains to be seen. In these colonies, where it is difficult to draw a hard and fast line, making two such parties as Liberals and Conservatives, opposite sides may work together on many questions without much friction.

One thing, however, the formation of this Ministry has done. It has given time and opportunity, in which we may expect that the heterogeneous elements, of which the House was composed when it met, may be consolidated into parties on distinct party lines. And, for the efficient carrying on both of the work of legislation and of administration, this is no slight benefit.

In conclusion we may remark that the Ministry has given indications that it will support and encourage the industries of the country by sound and legitimate means. Mr. Stout has always taken an interest in native industries, having been President of

the Committee of the Industrial Exhibition held in Dunedin in 1881, and taken a large share in its promotion.

There can be no doubt, that Mr. Stout exercises, and will, in the years to come, exercise great influence in the Parliament of New Zealand. We cannot say that this influence is due to the predominance of any one quality. It is no doubt due as well to his determination, energy, and far-seeing policy, as to his power as a debater. Mr. Stout

is not a born orator. He is eloquent, yet has only a moderate command of language. The rank which he has obtained as one of the best public speakers in New Zealand, has been obtained probably as much by practice, as from any inborn quality. His power over his audience is mainly attributable to his intense earnestness, and his great depth of feeling.

“TENAX.”

## JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MIDNIGHT IN THE TENT.

“You can't think how full a bullock's foot is of bones,” said Vanborough reflectively. He had placed a mass of soft, brownish jelly upon an earthenware dish and was touching it up with an iron spoon. Nigel Tremaine lay in a hammock, looking rather white and worn from the effects of his feverish attack; the warm air came in from the tent opening, and Geoffrey was preparing his friend's breakfast—Paraguay tea, corn-cakes, and very primitive calfsfoot jelly.

“Where did you get the bullock's feet?” asked Tremaine.

“Oh, they were given me. Carson told me what could be done with them, and took off the shoes. I soaked them for one night and let them boil for twelve hours more—this savoury jelly is the consequence. It is very good for you; but I repeat that you will never know how difficult it is to cut up bullock's feet, because you simply cannot imagine how full they are of bones.”

“You are becoming a first rate cook,” said Nigel, taking a portion of the jelly upon his plate.

“A good plain cook,” said Vanborough, pulling down his sleeves and

proceeding to pour the tea into a tin pannikin; “but I don't pretend to emulate Carson.” Carson was another Englishman who had recently joined the party. “He brought in an ostrich's egg yesterday morning for himself and Darenth and made an omelet for their breakfast. When it was done he remembered that Soyer always tossed an omelet in the open air; so he would go outside and toss it. I saw him from afar, and told him what would happen, but he would not listen. Up it went, and about one quarter came down into the frying-pan again.”

“What a fool!”

“So I called him,” said Geoffrey, plunging his spoon into the jelly.

“And what happened yesterday? The men came in swearing that you were the best drover among them. I was too lazy to inquire about it at the time.”

“The mules all went different ways,” said Geoffrey, laughing, “and so did we. At last I got down and put my ear to the ground in order to ascertain whether I could not hear some large body of them coming my way; and I did. They had turned round and were coming back, so I just headed them, and when the other fellows

turned up I had got every one—not a single mule missing. We drove them into a mule-yard then, you know, and some of the men took charge of them. Now we are nearly at our journey's end, and shall have no more work of that sort just yet."

"You are happy in this life, Geoffrey?"

"I like it very well. It is a change from messroom and parade, isn't it?"

"And how about the home-ties?" said Tremaine, with a keen glance of his eagle eyes at the broad-shouldered, fine-looking man before him, who had adapted himself with such apparent ease to the exigencies of a colonist's life.

Vanborough was silent for a moment; then laughed rather defiantly.

"You don't expect me to go into those *pros* and *cons* over breakfast, with a day's work before me, do you?" Then, seeing that Nigel took this speech with a curiously grave, considerate look, he added, "You must not press me too hard, Nigel. You forget that while you are soon going back to English life, I am not."

"That is just what I want to talk about. Not now, though, while you are so desperately colonial. But I must be getting back to Buenos Ayres in a few days, remember, and I have a thing or two on my mind to say."

"All right, old fellow. I beg pardon for my roughness. It's awfully hard to hear you talk of going back; though, of course, the time must come sooner or later. Now I must be off—there's no help for it."

"I shall be out, too, presently. I want to see your mesmerising friend before I go."

"Don't," said Geoffrey, with an accent of such hearty disgust that Nigel laughed as they separated. "Besides," Vanborough turned back to say, "I believe he has left the camp."

Sebastian Vallor had been hanging about the camp for some time earning his living in precarious ways. Occasionally he prescribed for various diseases, and seemed to have a good deal of knowledge of herbs, acquired perhaps amongst the Indians, with whom he said he had lived for many months at a time; sometimes he told fortunes, even cast nativities in some rude way,

and predicted the course of events by the stars. These latter accomplishments aroused a good deal of superstitious feeling among the Spaniards and native Americans; but the English and Yankee settlers, of whom there were several, laughed unmercifully at his pretensions to supernatural lore. His mesmeric influence was put into requisition more than once, but never to such good effect as in the case of the little Indian boy on the night of Vallor's arrival at the camp. Indeed he seemed to shrink from any such exhibition of his powers, and confined himself to common-place tricks and sleight-of-hand, in which he was an adept. His cleverness in card games brought him at first into much repute, but when he was found to win steadily, the settlers became slow to play with him, and the gains thus made rapidly melted away. However, there was always plenty of work to be done, and ready hospitality extended to a stranger; so that, after all, Vallor was not badly off.

He had made little use of his connexion with Luke Darenth; in fact, he seemed to hold himself somewhat apart from him, intimating now and then in a mysterious manner that he knew more than he thought well to confide to such a country booby; but he was particular in his inquiries about Charnwood, and also about the Tremaines and the Vanboroughs. He speedily gathered that Captain Vanborough was on bad terms with his family, and plied Luke with questions as to the reason; but Luke had no answer to give, and grew silent and sulky when he thought the conversation lasted too long. But Vallor returned to the charge more than once.

"What did Mr. Tremaine come out here for?" he asked one day, when Luke seemed more amiable than usual.

"For friendliness to the Captain," said Luke. "They're like brothers, those two, and they're to be real brothers some time or other."

"How is that?"

"By marriage," said Luke nodding. "Mr Tremaine worships the very ground that Miss Clarice treads on. But he's done himself an ill turn by coming out here with Mr Geoffrey."

"Indeed! and how?"

"Oh, Sir Wilfred's taken against him by all accounts," said Luke. "He didn't like Mr. Tremaine holding to Mr. Geoffrey in opposition to him, but I suppose it will come right in course of time."

"Why had Sir Wilfred quarrelled with his son?" asked Vallor with evident interest.

"Tain't no business of mine," said Luke. "No, I don't know, nor does any one else—except themselves and Mr. Tremaine. Unless, p'raps it would be Joan," he added, in a low tone to himself.

"Joan? Ah, that is your sister's name?" said Vallor, interrogatively. Then, with a look as if some new idea were occurring to him, he said, "But your sister—she was very friendly with Miss Vanborough and your Captain—was she not? He might tell her things that he would not tell you or me?"

"He might," said Luke, stolidly unconscious of the conclusion that Vallor was drawing from his words.

"Your sister, then," pursued the Spaniard, "she is beautiful?"

"She's a fine, strapping lass," said Luke, with calm satisfaction. "Why, you heard that little P  p   describe her to a hair, though how he knew what she was like is more than I can understand."

"That was your sister, was it?" said Sebastian Vallor. "The girl with the dark eyes and the ribbon round her neck—oh, I should know her again so well!—whom P  p   was describing when your Mr. Geoffrey interrupted us with his angry frown and terrible voice? Oh, now I understand. My good Luke, if I was ever to visit Charnwood, I think I could turn your information to good account."

And his eyes assumed so crafty an expression that Luke was suddenly put upon his guard, and began to bethink himself of what he had said. On reflection he could not see that he had betrayed more of his master's business than was well known to all the world at Charnwood. But as a matter of fact Sebastian Vallor had learnt far more than Luke himself could have expressed in words.

"Mr. Tremaine's going back to England soon, is he not?" he asked Luke presently.

"Next week, I expect; he wants doctoring."

"Why does he not have a doctor from Buenos Ayres? Is he not rich enough to pay the cost? It is seven or eight dollars the mile, and it is forty miles—true; but if he is so rich?—"

"Oh, money matters nothing to him," said Luke, with an Englishman's desire to uphold the honour of his countryman in the presence of a stranger. "Still," he added, upon reflection, "seven dollars a mile for forty miles is a tidy lot of money, to be sure."

It was noticed after this conversation that Sebastian Vallor was found several times in the vicinity of the tent occupied by Vanborough and Tremaine during their absence; and a certain settler, who was acting one day as cook for the community, felt it his duty to warn him that, "if he didn't give them premises a wide berth for the future he would know the feel of a bullet afore long, or his name wasn't Jonathan Elkins." After which remark Sebastian Vallor absented himself from the camp altogether, and was supposed to have gone back to his lonely hut in the forest at some miles' distance. And therefore Vanborough told his friend, who as yet had observed Vallor only in the most cursory manner possible, that the Spaniard had finally quitted the little settlement.

In the dusk of the evening, when Nigel and Geoffrey were both out of doors, a keen observer might have distinguished a dark form lying almost motionless upon the ground near their tent. A few log cabins had been hastily run up for the use of the cattle-drivers when they came that way, but Vanborough preferred the free ventilation and portability of his canvas dwelling, although he was warned that it was more easily accessible to thieves. He was strong and well-armed, and had no fear. And yet there might have been room for fear in the mind of any one who had descried the stealthy approach of that dark figure through the grass. It writhed itself along by slow degrees, like a snake, and finally

reached the very edge of the tent, where it lay still for a long time. When night had fallen it wormed itself just inside the tent, and lay hidden in the darkness between the canvass and a rude wooden box which stood at one side of the tent. Thus the man, whoever he was, lay not a yard from Nigel Tremaine's hammock, and close to the box which he was in the habit of using as a table on which he sometimes carelessly deposited his watch and pocket-book, side by side with his revolver.

It was with this dangerous visitant crouched within four feet of him that Nigel Tremaine that night opened a conversation with Geoffrey. The lights were out, and Vanborough was just sinking into slumber, when his friend's voice aroused him.

"Geoffrey, old fellow, I'm sorry to disturb you, but as I can never get a quiet word with you in the day time, I must ask you to listen to me now."

"Say on," said Vanborough, sleepily. "You wouldn't be so ready to talk if you had been as many hours in the saddle as I have to-day. I'm afraid I shall snore in the middle of the conversation, that is all."

"Not when you hear what I have to say. I want to talk about your home people."

Geoffrey's voice took a wakeful tone at once.

"What is it? I'm listening."

"I'm not going to pretend to be disinterested," said Tremaine, deliberately. "My words are spoken from purely selfish motives, and you must not mind if they sound harsh. You know how deep my attachment to Clarice is?"

"Yes."

"You know that I was denied admittance to your father's house a fortnight before I came away?"

"Unhappily I do."

"I expected Sir Wilfred's soreness about our friendship and my expedition with you to die away in a short time, but I am sorry to say that it seems to have become exasperated. I hear from Clarice that she is now forbidden to go to Beechhurst to see my mother and the girls—or to write to me any longer."

"She never told me that," said Geoffrey, sitting up, with something like a groan.

"Of course I shall demand an explanation when I go back."

"You ought never to have come."

"Yes, I ought. I don't think your father will hold out against both Clarice and myself. The fact that makes me most anxious, and that has very considerably astonished me, is that Gilbert takes the same view as Sir Wilfred, and opposes our engagement with all his might."

Geoffrey was so still for a moment that Nigel could not even hear him breathe. Then he drew a long sigh, as of one utterly heart-sick and weary. "Well," he said, "is there anything in that to surprise you?"

"Yes," Nigel answered emphatically, "very much." He paused for a moment, and then went on in clear and rapid tones—"I am surprised, because I thought the bond between you was so strong. I know how he used to cling to you when we were all boys together; how considerate you were of him, how dependent he was on you. You were a model elder brother, Geoffrey; Gilbert used to look to you for all sorts of aid long after his boyhood; and you were absurdly, romantically generous and good to him. Oh, yes, I know the history of his lameness; you needn't remind me of it. You all attach an undue importance to your share in that accident. Practically he owes more than half his success and happiness in life to you; I've heard him acknowledge it when he was in an amiable mood. And for him to say that he believes that you would commit forgery! Why, he must know that it is a moral impossibility as well as I do. I am lost in amazement at Gilbert's action in the matter."

"I wish you would let it rest."

"I can't and won't let it rest. Do you ever let it rest? You know that it haunts you night and day. This is the last time we may be able to talk the matter out. Hitherto I have respected your silence. Now I am going back to encounter the obstacles which between us we have managed to raise up in the way of my engagement to Clarice. For her sake and mine you ought to help me. The easiest way of removing the difficulty would be to clear yourself of suspicion. And I think I

have a right to ask a question or two."

"This is just your old trick of bullying me which you had at school," said Vanborough. "It has lost its power now, you know. You have a right to ask questions, certainly; and I have a right to decline answering them. Go on."

"Do you want this matter cleared up?"

"No."

"Do you want to come back to England?"

"No."

"You prefer expatriation? Why? When Sir Wilfred rests with your fathers, you will come home with your fortune gained in sheep-shearing and colt-breaking, and take your proper place in the country."

"I think it is probable," said Geoffrey, "that my father may have made some provision in his will to render my return to England all but impossible. He is in possession of certain papers which would lodge me in prison at once, if he chose to place them in proper hands."

"And you will submit to that?"

"I prefer remaining in South America."

"But what do you hope for? What are your prospects of happiness?"

"I have none," said Geoffrey bitterly. "What is there for me to hope for here? I don't blow my brains out, because I hold that a man who commits suicide is a coward; also because there are two or three people in the world to whom my death would bring some little shade of grief. If you had not taken the management of me at the critical moment I think I should have joined the army here instead of going sheep-farming; and then I should have probably been shot in the next revolution. Still, I find that Indians, sun-stroke, fever, and accident make the average death-rate rather high. So much the better."

"I never heard you take that tone before."

"It is not a manly one, I know. You shall not hear it again. Only spare me any more questions."

"One moment, Geoffrey. Will you do nothing to clear yourself?"

"Nothing."

"I believe that I have my finger on the truth. Shall I point it out?"

"No."

"You understand that you are throwing away your character and your life?"

"Indeed I do."

"And for whose sake?"

There was a long silence. Nigel was content to let his question do its own work. When Vanborough spoke it was in a low, pained tone.

"I can't help it, Nigel. Think of it as being for my own sake—my own safety. I can't go back."

"The whole truth would not be half so bad for yourself, and for others, as this concealment. If I said to your father——"

"Nigel, I can't listen."

"You must listen, or I shall have to precipitate matters by writing my views to Sir Wilfred in a way that might be called rash."

"Dear old boy, I wish you would hold your tongue. You make matters worse, not better. Do be quiet and go to sleep."

"Not till I have told you a story which justifies my interference. Now don't interrupt me with any such frivolous statement as that you know the tale already, or the parties concerned. Remember you have not heard the comments on it that late years have suggested to me. There were once two brothers, boys of eleven and sixteen. They were at a tutor's house together. One day there was a great row because pipes, and spirits, and various materials for feasting had been smuggled into one of the bedrooms. Everybody in the house denied any knowledge of it—be quiet, I say, and listen—until damning evidence against one Mr. G. Vanborough was found in the shape of a label tied round the neck of a bottle, and addressed to him. Mr. Geoffrey Vanborough was accordingly accused, condemned, and expelled—or would have been expelled, but for the officiousness of a friend who had looked hard into the face of G. Vanborough the younger, saw something there that the general public did not see, and extorted the truth from him. G. stands for Gilbert as well as Geoffrey, you see. The

elder brother had been fool enough—yes, *fool* enough—to shield the younger at his own expense, on the ground that he was young, lame, delicate—heaven knows what besides!—and forgot that his over softness and tenderness to the lad might hinder any chance of his growing up brave and honest in after life. In my opinion you did Gilbert much greater harm by trying to protect him from the consequences of his own wrong-doing than when you were the innocent cause of his lameness. There; I have done. History repeats itself; that is all.”

“You are going too far, Tremaine.”

“You told me so on that former occasion, I recollect.”

“Don’t, Nigel; for God’s sake, don’t! You make me sorry that I ever sought you out on that unhappy night last summer. Don’t say another word, or we shall quarrel.”

“Vanborough, your love for your brother Gilbert makes a perfect fool of you. Well, what are you going to do?”

“Going out. I’ll have no more of this. I can’t stand it.”

“Lie down again. I have nothing more to say to-night.”

“No,” said Geoffrey, who had risen from his bed; “I must get a breath of fresh air. I am stifled.”

He lifted up the flap of the tent door and disappeared.

Nigel sighed as he turned upon his pillow. He had made one last attempt to alter his friend’s determination and had failed. There was nothing left for him to do but to go back to England next week and do what he could with Gilbert and Sir Wilfred. Thus musing he fell asleep, and Geoffrey, broad awake outside, lay under a solitary eucalyptus tree with the night-breezes cooling his feverish hands and head.

And all the time the dark figure of a man, with ears on the alert and nerves a-strain, had crouched three feet from Nigel’s head and listened to every word.

Geoffrey had become almost sleepy when his attention was aroused by a sudden cry which seemed to proceed from the tent. He started up, listened, and then rushed towards it at full speed. It was Nigel’s voice that had

called him, and as he approached he could hear the noise of a struggle, and then the report of a pistol, which roused the whole camp.

He entered the tent just in time to hinder the escape of a man who was crawling away under the canvas with a knife in his hand. Geoffrey seized him by the throat and disarmed him, knowing as he did so that the would-be thief and assassin was Sebastian Vallor. And when he had secured him he turned to the floor, where Nigel Tremaine lay, the still smoking pistol dropping from his hand, the dark blood oozing slowly from more than one ugly wound, and staining all his arm and side; a deathly pallor upon his lifeless face.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE VENGEANCE OF THE CAMP.

There was a tumult of words and voices, a crowding of angry faces round the entrance to the tent, a storm of curses on the prisoner’s head. Vallor lay on the ground, bound hand and foot, looking ghastly. It seemed to him that his last hour had surely come. If any man present chose to lift his deringer and put a bullet through the culprit’s head, no stigma of blame would attach to the perpetrator of such an act of summary justice. But this act was not performed. The men left it to Vanborough, the natural avenger of his friend’s blood, and Vanborough was too much absorbed by the sight of Nigel’s danger to have thought for any one but him.

An old and experienced colonist, who was in charge of the expedition, and well versed in the treatment of accidents, came and knelt down at Tremaine’s side, felt his pulse, and raised his eyelid with one finger and thumb. “Only a faint,” he said trenchantly; “he’ll come round.” Then he looked at the circle of faces, some scowling, some curious, some sympathetic, pointed to the door and uttered one expressive monosyllable—

“Git!”

In two seconds the tent was clear.

“We’ll keep ’im till you come out, Cap’en,” said one of the men to Vanborough, as he assisted in removing the



captive; "darn me if anyone but you has the right to shoot him."

"Keep him safe, then, Geoffrey answered rather grimly.

At that moment he felt himself quite prepared to shoot the murderer with his own hand, should Nigel die.

The manager's rough surgery soon showed, however, that the wounds were not quite as serious as they looked. The knife had penetrated his side very deeply, and his arm was severely wounded, but it did not appear that the injury was a mortal one, as Geoffrey had feared at first.

"Can't we get a doctor?" Vanborough asked by and by.

"None nearer than Buenos Ayres. Eight or ten dollars a mile."

"That doesn't matter. I'd better go myself, perhaps. Or shall I get Darenth to go?"

The squatter thought that "one of the boys" would do the business better than Darenth, and that Vanborough himself should stay by his friend.

"If he wakes up and sees yer gone, he may be just a trifle onreasonable. Sick folk often air, any way. I calc'late too that Hiram Gregg knows Buenos Ayres more closely 'n you or Darenth neither. If he rides Black Pete he'll be there an' back like a flash o' greased lightning. I'll go and find him."

Geoffrey was left alone with his friend. The bleeding from the wound had hitherto continued, but now he thought he saw signs of its becoming allayed. In a little time Nigel opened his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon Vanborough, and smiled.

"All right," said Geoffrey, softly. "Don't talk; you've been hurt, but you'll soon be better."

Nigel glanced down at his arm and side, seemed to recollect something, and was silent. The kindly settler now returned, and motioned Geoffrey to the door of the tent, where Hiram Gregg, the man guaranteed to go to Buenos Ayres and back "like a flash o' greased lightning," was already in waiting. Vanborough had to furnish him with a part of the money which the doctor would require as a fee; some portion of it, he was told, being often paid beforehand in sign of good faith.

Hiram Gregg, who, like the old colonist, was a North American, waited a moment to add, in an odd, unmodulated voice, which it was vain to hush—

"The boys is gettin' wild out thyar. Sez they want to kna wot yer gwine ter dew with Vallor. Sez they'll lynch him ef yer not raound soon to put a bullet inter him yerself. They 'low yer may as well hev the satisfaction o' dewing it with yer own deringer."

"I'll come out," said Vanborough. He was hardly conscious of what he meant to do—whether he should protect the criminal or allow "the boys" to take vengeance upon him—but he strode back into the tent for his own pistol, as a precautionary measure. And there his eyes encountered Nigel's again; Nigel's blue eyes fixed upon him with something of their old keen brightness.

"Geoffrey," he said.

"Don't speak, don't talk," said Vanborough, hurriedly. "You will hurt yourself."

"Was it Vallor?" the wounded man persisted.

"Yes," and Geoffrey's brow grew dark.

"Remember—I should not have been hurt—but for my resistance—don't let them—kill the fellow."

Vanborough shrugged his shoulders. He was not disposed to interfere in behalf of the man who had half killed Tremaine. But Nigel spoke again, with the gasping impatience of weakness.

"Look after it, will you? Don't let him be killed—on my account."

"All right. Do keep quiet Nigel. I'll do all I can."

And Geoffrey sallied forth, very doubtful as to his line of conduct. No sooner was he outside the tent than he was beset by buzzing groups of men, anxious to see what he would do, and to know what he wished them to do. With the rough honour of comradeship, they had not touched a hair of their prisoner's head; they had left the task of vengeance for Geoffrey's hand. They had already grown fond of the three Englishmen, who seemed united by a stronger tie than the one generally admitted among fellow-settlers in that part of the world. And they were

quite prepared to see Geoffrey Vanborough do justice on the man who had stabbed his friend.

Their surprise was not great then when Vanborough, seeing that he was expected to do or say something definite, sprang upon an oak stump and made them a short speech. Vallor lay on the ground at some distance, and whether he heard or did not hear the words that Vanborough spoke could not be told.

"Gentlemen," said Geoffrey, who was not unpractised in the art of addressing a body of men, and had learnt on parade how to make his voice heard, "gentlemen, my friend, Tremaine, is now conscious, and is likely to do well. I have sent to Buenos Ayres for a doctor. As regards the man Vallor, I must say that a short time ago I should have felt much pleasure in shooting him." (Applause—suppressed however, for fear of disturbing the wounded man's repose.) "But—much as I think he deserves punishment—I have passed my word not to shoot him, and to do my best to prevent your shooting him also. What do you think has induced me to give that promise? Who, but the man whom yonder ruffian stabbed in the arm and side—my friend, Tremaine!"

There was no applause this time, but a murmur, half-admiring, half-savage. Then questions, hisses, cries—"We're not safe if a thief like that is to be let off!" "What did he do that for?" "What a darned fool he must be!"

"He says," continued Vanborough, still dominating the passions of the little crowd by the command of his resonant voice, and stately, soldierly-like presence, "he says that the man wanted to rob, not to kill; that he would not have attacked him if he—Tremaine himself—had not fired at him first, and that therefore he is not to be treated as if he was a murderer. Now, whether Tremaine is right or wrong I don't say. I only say that it will be a shame if I have to go back on my word to him while he's lying there helpless. I promised I'd save the man's life, and I'll defend him to the last, because I promised it; but I'd sooner you kicked him out of camp with a recommendation not to come

back again. Now, whoever shoots Vallor will have me to deal with afterwards; and with Tremaine, as soon as he gets better, after me; and with Darenth after both of us. We three are on the same side."

He had spoken loudly, almost roughly, using tone and words most likely to impress the men's minds, and his loyalty to his friend's wishes and to the promise he had given, extorted from them a sullen submission. They muttered that it was no business of theirs any way; and if Vanborough and Tremaine and Darenth liked to be such cursed fools, it was their own look out, and not that of the settlers now in the camp.

Vanborough got down from his stump, and was moving away when the head man, generally known as Ohio Bill, put a horny hand on his arm, and brought his grizzled face very close to the Englishman's brown beard.

"Look hyar," said he, "ef we cave in to the wishes of yond' Britisher, and spare that darned coon's life, it air but right that our feelings should be considered as regards the robbery."

"What now?" said Vanborough.

The American raised his wrinkled forefinger. "It's consid'able hard lines on us, to think we're going to stand by and see a robber make tracks without punishment. Camp air not safe, I reckon, no more than ef the Injuns was on us, if robbery goes unpunished. Neither Tremaine nor you oughter deny that."

"What would you do?"

"Let the boys sorter amuse themselves with him a little. Not to hurt him partiklar, as you're so sot on begging him off. Duck him once or twice, or give him a taste of a tar brush, and let him run for it; that'll spile his good looks a bit, I reckon. 'Taint for the morrils of the camp to let him go scot-free, Cap'en. I speak for the boys."

"I don't want him to go scot-free. I should like him to be punished," said Vanborough. "I don't want him killed, that is all. Short of that, I don't see that I need interfere."

"I'll see him safe off the camp ground arterwards," said Ohio Bill, with a wink of his left eye, and a look of intense satisfaction; and Vanborough

went back to the tent not at all sorry to think that Sebastian Vallor would meet with some punishment. In his indignation against the man he did not think it necessary to consider whether the punishment was likely or not to be one practised in civilised countries.

Work was suspended for the day. "The boys" were determined to vindicate the honour of their settlement by a solemn trial of the offender. Bench and bar were rigged up by means of planks and logs. Ohio Bill was chosen as judge, and twelve of the men, with Carson the Englishman as their head, constituted a jury. The trial took place at ten o'clock.

There would have been an element of burlesque in the whole affair but for the tragical light in which the prisoner evidently regarded it. To him, not knowing that Tremaine had secured his life, it was a matter of the most serious import. And the jeers, the scoffs, the roars of laughter, commingled with the threats and execrations which occasionally fell upon his ears, must have made those waiting hours torture to him.

Vanborough was summoned to give evidence, which he did with his usual careless calm demeanour. A deputation also waited upon Tremaine to see if he was capable of adding anything to Vanborough's account; but he was in a state bordering upon insensibility, and, considering that "the assassin," as, for purposes of rhetoric, Vallor was now dubbed, had been taken red-handed, there was no necessity, in Ohio Bill's opinion, to wait for Tremaine's return to consciousness. The deputation returned to the improvised courthouse, and Vanborough sat down again at Nigel's bedside to wait for the doctor. He had no curiosity about the verdict or the punishment inflicted.

The trial was over. He could hear a sudden rush of trampling feet, a sudden outcry of voices, oaths, laughter, noisy jests; and then Luke Darenth looked in with a face from which the ruddy colouring had somewhat paled.

"Well," said Vanborough, in a low tone, "what are they going to do with him?"

"I don't know for certain, sir," said Luke, rather sullenly. "Seems to me

it's a heathen kind of way that they're treating a Christian man, for all he's a robber."

"I'll go and see," said Vanborough. "Remember he nearly killed Mr. Tremaine, Luke. Stay here till I come back."

He walked out, saw an excited group near the great ox-waggon, and proceeded thither. As he drew close to it a pale figure eluded the grasp of his rough guards, and flew to Geoffrey Vanborough's feet.

"Save me! save me! They will kill me! You are English; you are better than these demons—these savages—these——"

"What are you doing?" said Vanborough in a voice of thunder. "Did you not say that the man's life should not be harmed? Back! If one of you lays a finger on him I'll fire!"

There was a moment's pause. Vallor cowered at his feet. Geoffrey held the men at bay with levelled revolver and flashing eye. But their passions were up, and could not now be controlled. Before he knew what they were doing a dozen strong arms had seized him from behind; half-fiercely, half good-humouredly, he was warned to be quiet or he might share Vallor's fate. A rough hand was laid over his mouth when he tried to protest; his revolver was wrested from him and pointed, half in jest and half in earnest, at his own forehead. There were full thirty men against him, and the thirty men would have their way. He was forced to be silent and passive in their hands, which submission became easier to him when he was soon convinced that after all, they had no intention of putting Vallor to death.

The man was pallid, his eyes were almost starting out of his head with fear, but as yet he had suffered little bodily harm. His clothes were almost torn off his back by the rough handling he had received, and his wrists were cut and swollen from the chafing of the rope with which he had been tied, but it was evident that he was undergoing more mental than physical pain. He was dragged away to the great bullock waggon which stood at one side of the camp, and then Vanborough knew what punishment the settlers had

determined to inflict upon Sebastian Vallor. He was to be "staked out."

"Staking out" is a punishment with which South American settlers are familiar. Strips of raw hide are fastened from the wheels of one oxen-waggon to the wheels of another, and the culprit is stripped and suspended over them, *head downwards*, at a height of five or six feet from the ground, for a space of time varying from five to fifteen minutes. More, it is said, human life could not sustain, for the suffering inflicted is intense.

Vanborough was forced to watch the infliction of this punishment in comparative silence, and bitterly regretted that, while he had the power, he had not freed Sebastian Vallor entirely. It was a mistake which he had cause afterwards still more deeply to deplore. But as he could not check the suffering so barbarously imposed, he braced his nerves to witness it with stoical calmness. Not a trace of the disgust he felt could be seen in his grave, impassive face. But when it was over, and his rough captors set him free, he turned aside with a sensation of absolute sickness. Vallor had fallen fainting to the ground. When he recovered consciousness he was led out of the camp, and dismissed with the intimation that if he showed his face there again he would be shot—without trial.

But as he was marched away he passed Geoffrey Vanborough, and favoured him with a look expressive of as much malevolence as lips and eyes could well betray.

"It was your doing!" he hissed out painfully, panting with the strain put upon swollen muscles and quivering nerves, almost black in the face with anguish and wrath alike; "I shall make you repent it still! You have not heard of me for the last time yet."

And then he was silenced and thrust forward, and the camp was rid of him at last.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon when Hiram Gregg at last put his head into Vanborough's tent.

"I've come, Cap'en," he said. The title of "Captain" had been learnt from Luke Darenth, and was applied to Vanborough by all his rough comrades.

"At last," said Geoffrey, rising and turning to the entrance. "I thought your horse was a fast one."

"There ain't no faster than Black Pete," said Hiram sullenly, "but you can't allers find a doctor to kum when you want him, can you? I had to wait about a mighty long spell, and arter all he didn't come himself, but sent a friend as was staying along of him,"

"A friend? Is he a doctor, too?"

"Well, I calc'late he must be. He's mighty peart and noticing like. Told me more about the perrairies than I ever knew," said Hiram, with an air of mingled disdain and superior wisdom.

Geoffrey smiled. "Where is he? Let him come in."

"He's here," said Hiram, standing aside, and then the doctor entered.

A man of thirty or thirty-five years; lean, wiry, energetic-looking; not an ounce of superfluous fat anywhere; a keen, dark resolute, masterful face with very little hair upon it, vivacious dark eyes, a long nose, thin lips, a good, broad forehead and square jaw; these were the outward characteristics of the new doctor. He had one or two cases in his hand, and a wallet at his side. He was dressed in grey linen, and he wore a Panama hat.

"This is my patient, I suppose," he said, after the briefest possible greeting to Geoffrey. "Ah!" And his eye ran rapidly over the details of the scene before him, seeming to note everything in sight—from Nigel Tremaine's white, exhausted face and Vanborough's grave features to the smallest article of camp furniture. Then he devoted his attention exclusively to his patient, and scarcely spoke again, save to issue one or two peremptory orders to Geoffrey until his examination of the patient and the dressing of his wounds were completed. But Tremaine and Vanborough speedily became aware that no tyro in surgical art was before them. The light, skilful touch, the calm certainty of every movement, inspired so much confidence, that when the dressing was over Nigel looked up with a smile and said cheerily—

"That's better—I shall do now."

"I hope so," said the doctor. "Be good enough not to talk for the present,

however. Are you disposed to obey orders or not?"

"To obey," said Nigel, smiling.

"Then don't open your lips again to-night without absolute necessity. I will look at you again in an hour or two. Captain Vanborough, may I speak to you?"

Vanborough quitted the tent with him, leaving Darenth in charge. And then the doctor gave him orders as to his management of the patient, and put matters in such fair train, and spoke so hopefully about his recovery, that Vanborough's mind was more lightened and cheered than he could have expected it to be.

He invited his guest to stay the night, an invitation which was at once frankly accepted. The camp had by this time become a scene of drunken revelry, and Vanborough was glad to have a companion at his own evening meal, which otherwise he would have felt very solitary.

He was soon led into giving an account of Nigel's encounter with Vallor, but he happened not to mention the Spaniard's name until the very close of his narrative. And then the doctor, who had been smoking, put down his long cigarette with a rather curious expression of countenance.

"What name did you say?"

"Vallor. Do you know it?"

"I have heard it before," said the doctor, coolly beginning to smoke again. "Do you know his Christian name?"

"Sebastian."

"Ah! What was he doing here?"

"Gambling chiefly, I believe."

"Has he a wife?"

"I fancy not. He brought some news of his sister-in-law to a man in the camp—that was perhaps his first motive in coming here."

"I knew something once of a man of that name," said the doctor slowly, as if weighing his words, "but he was married."

"This man may have been married too for aught I know," said Vanborough lightly. "He only spoke to Darenth about his brother and his brother's wife."

The doctor repeated the word "Darenth" with an abstracted air.

"It is curious," he said presently, "to find that you mention the name 'Darenth' in connection with that of Vallor. I know them in connection too."

"Have you been to England?"

"Ten years ago."

"Perhaps you visited a little place called Charnwood? You might have heard both those names there."

"Do you know Charnwood?" asked the doctor.

"Intimately. I was born there."

A sudden light flashed into the man's dark eyes. But he spoke quietly, almost carelessly.

"Excuse my asking you another question. Can you tell me whether a relation of the Darenth family has returned to them yet from America? Her name was Vallor; she had married a man called Constantine Vallor.

"I should have heard of such a person had she arrived at the Darenths' farm," said Geoffrey. "I can safely assure you that no one of that name has been seen there. Besides, I suppose, from the man Vallor's account, that it was she who was drowned in the wreck of some ship, seven or eight years ago, with her husband."

The doctor paled a little and frowned. "Neither she nor her husband was drowned," he said. "I was there."

"During the wreck?"

"Yes; and afterwards. I had the privilege of knowing Madame Vallor well."

There was a silence. Vanborough felt the presence of some unusual emotion in his visitor's mind, and did not wish to intrude observation upon it. But before long the doctor spoke again.

"I believe," he said "that Madame Vallor and her husband are both alive. I have not seen either of them for many years. But if either of them had died, I fancy I should have heard. Then he paused. "I have not yet introduced myself by name, Captain Vanborough. I am sufficiently civilised, even in South America, to carry my card about with me sometimes. Allow me to offer it to you."

Vanborough's eyes fell with some curiosity upon the card thus presented to him. But the name upon it was utterly unknown to him. It ran thus—

"*Oliver Burnett Lynn.*"

(*To be continued.*)

## IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

The ruddy glow of the sunset gold  
Falls soft on a pain-worn face,  
So haggard, and pinched, and wan, and old,  
So lacking in childish grace.

No vernal breath from that hallowed place,  
The valley of childhood fair,  
Ever fanned that hard unchildlike face,  
Early stamped with want and care.

Only a waif of the city ways—  
A wasted, uncared for life—  
That has ebbed, through long and weary days,  
In a fevered struggle and strife.

The dim blue eyes, fierce and bold no more,  
But wistful, and very meek,  
Urge a mutely longing plea before  
The tremulous lips can speak.

"Jim,"—falls the refrain, like some sad song,  
While a weak hand seeks in vain  
For a hand, never loosed before so long,  
That will never be clasped again.

"I guess Jim's dull—there's only us two—  
He ain't but little, you see—  
I promised mother I'd cherish so  
The baby she left to me.

"The little un's never wanted food,  
No matter how hungry I've bin ;  
I don't know nothin', and ain't no good,  
But I've kept him safe from sin.

"Pray to Our Father? but dad ain't kind ;  
He beat poor mother and Jim ;  
But I'm big and strong, and so don't mind—  
I'll soon be a man like him.

"But Jim is 'fraid of strangers, I know ;  
So tell him I wants him here—  
I'll show him a golden way to go  
Right up to our mother dear.

"Jim, lad !" but how could an answer come  
From lips that are mute and chill ?  
"Mother's baby " already has followed her home,  
And the childish tones are still.

But on that golden path to the west,  
It may be a child-soul stayed,  
For an angel called the boy to rest,  
Ere his last appeal was made.

T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

## THE DEATH OF A DUCHY.

The famous Duchy of Brunswick has met the common lot of all earthly things. It will now, after an existence of some six hundred years, be absorbed by Germany, and become part and parcel of that much made-up empire. This demise of a grand duchy is seemingly sequent on the death of the last of its dukes. This sad event happened but recently, when an old man—Duke William Augustus Louis Maximilian Frederick—was gathered to his fathers and brothers. They were all more or less known to fame, and with his aunt—that Caroline of Brunswick, who so stirred the times of our fathers—were of more note than was himself.

It is curious to notice that the lifetime of one man, and he not a centenarian, can carry recollection back to Brunswick's great days and dukes, and to the stirring events which the grandfather of the lately deceased duke caused to Europe generally. To this duke, Charles William, born in 1735, was due the spark which set all Europe aflame from 1792 to 1815. This twenty-three years of war, in which most European nations had more or less a share, originated in Duke Charles William interfering in the inflammatory state of affairs then existing in France. The revolutionary party were at that time engaged in the sanguinary work which had occupied them since 1790, when every month was further adding to the horrors of those doings at which all Europe gazed aghast.

We all know how proverbially those suffer who interfere in quarrels. Down to the domestic strife in our households, we have been warned of this often enough, and have had examples enough of the evils of interference. Europe profited by such experience—such expensive experience—as this twenty-three years' war, and showed it in no further interference in French revolutions. In 1830, and again in 1848, it was quickly decided in Europe that the French should in the revolutions of those years be left to settle their own affairs. It would have been well for the world—or the European part of it

—had such wise counsels prevailed at the time of the first revolution. Frenchmen were in 1792 busily occupied in killing each other, and had they been let alone in that business might have indulged themselves with such civil warfare until they had been satiated with it, or rendered by its effects, as they probably would have been, incapable of aggression on their neighbours.

Duke Charles William of Brunswick was, however, quixotically disposed, and his indiscretion was unfortunately not checked by others. In 1792, being then commander of the Prussian army, he issued a manifesto addressed officially to the King of Prussia, in which he strongly urged that "immediate and decisive steps be taken to quell the state of things existing in France, for the French are in such a state of effervescence that, if not now crushed, they may become capable of the most extraordinary resolutions." The duke, it is evident, was roused to a sense of danger to his duchy and other neighbouring states. The step he took in thus calling on his neighbours to interfere to quiet matters in France by their strong hands showed only more zeal than discretion, and an utter want of that diplomatic coolness which is so cultivated in dealings with foreign affairs. At the present day, it is probable that such a manifesto from such a source would be treated very differently to what it was in 1792—be treated, in fact, as an ill-judged effusion—as a rushing in of the fool where others might have hesitated to tread.

Prussia and Austria, unfortunately for Europe, gave heed to it and lent a hand to further the duke's object of interference with the revolutionists. As for the French, the effect of the duke's manifesto was a declaration by their Assembly, that "the country was in danger!" This way of transferring the threatened trouble from themselves to the country had its effect in turning the course of the spirit of aggression, then so rampant, and in giving extra excitement to it. Frenchmen read further in the manifesto of the duke's, that if

their leaders "did not forthwith liberate their imprisoned king and return to a loyal state of things, they would be held personally responsible and answer with their heads; also, that if the palace were forced, or the Royal Family insulted, an exemplary and memorable punishment would be inflicted upon them by the total destruction of their capital."

Even as we read these threats now, it must be admitted that such language was altogether a mistake and a gross blunder, when used to a people who were, in their own ideas, only endeavouring to set their house in order. It could not have been conceived by any one acquainted with human nature that such grievous words would do aught but stir up the proverbial anger of which we are scripturally warned. The duke averred afterwards that he foresaw the evils likely to result from such a document, and that he was obliged in his then position to issue it against his own judgment. As such statement was made after the disastrous failure of the expedition so promoted, the duke's excuses may be looked upon with suspicion. He was considered, in all things, as leader among the German Powers, a vigorous ruler, and of great military talent—certainly not one to sign and issue a document that his own judgment condemned.

History has told us how this expedition of the allies against the French came to a disastrous end. The British and the Dutch declined to join the allied forces that were thus quixotically to restore order to distracted France. The French had practised much in fighting among themselves, and had, further, a patriotic cause for showing the front they forthwith did to their invaders. Raw and undisciplined as they were, they successfully repelled the allies, and the veteran soldiers who were, it is now seen, but badly led and manœuvred. Those who went forth so valorously to give Frenchmen a lesson, and to restore things in France to their former condition, returned beaten in their efforts and with the loss of one-fourth of their number. This alone was but smallest of the evils done. The greater lay behind in a cause of quarrel having been given to a

quarrelsome people who were rapidly coming to poverty and desperation. A still greater evil had been caused by letting the French see what good soldiers they made when opposed to other Europeans. Thus was disclosed to them the means of enriching their impoverished country by the spoils of war upon their neighbours, and thus was gained that confidence and prestige which subsequently carried them on to victory at Austerlitz and Jena. Such incalculable mischief was thus worked from the ill-judged but doubtlessly well-intentioned manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick.

It was at Jena that this Duke of Brunswick met his death. In 1806 he joined with the rest of the Prussians in that effort to stem the tide of French successes, which, like all preceding ones and most of those to follow, ended disastrously. Especially so was it for the four generals in chief, who were left dead or disabled upon the field, Duke Charles William being of the latter number, and dying of his wounds three weeks after the battle. He had for fourteen years done his utmost to turn the fortune of war against France. As he began the warfare against the revolutionists in 1792, so he assisted in carrying it on against the Imperialists. His hatred to Bonaparte was increased by each victory, and he died in an effort to crush the power of the now Imperial army. His spirit did not, however, die with him, as he bequeathed it to his son Frederick William, who well cherished it.

The deceased duke left also a daughter, whose name became famous indeed in the earlier part of the present century. It was in 1794 that the first Lord Malmsbury was commissioned to propose to the Princess Caroline of Brunswick an alliance with the then Prince of Wales—afterwards George the Fourth. She was then young, and, as the chronicles tell us, a fair, well favoured, and, to the thinking of some, a handsome woman. Time and trouble, and probably the neglect of her royal scamp of a husband, had left their traces upon her when she came, in after years, to claim her share of England's throne. She had then grown to English eyes very German in



her appearance, and was stout, some said too stout, and heavy in figure. Perhaps this was not more than her husband showed in the same way, but the world is apt to be more critical at the looks and figure of ladies. Her appeal to the nation for justice in the claim she made is matter of history, as also that she wished the inscription on her coffin plate to be "Caroline the injured Queen of England." Her husband, who had thwarted her throughout life, would not indulge even her dying wishes, and had this inscription removed ere the coffin left London on its way to Brunswick and the family tomb there of this ill-starred Princess.

After the death of Duke Charles William, his duchy fell, like the rest of things in Europe, as a spoil to the conquerors. Germany remained for eight years more or less, and mostly more, under that heel of authority with which Bonaparte pressed so heavily wherever he victoriously trod. Duke Frederick William, thus disrowned and dispossessed, wandered a discontented man about the world. He was eccentric in his ways, and when visiting England was thought to be "strange and wild" in his manners. His sister Caroline, probably for that reason and more probably because that she had trouble enough of her own on hand, gave him scant welcome if not a cold shoulder. The trouble that weighed upon him, oppressing him night and morn, was that the man, the hated Corsican, still existed, by whose agency he considered his father had been murdered and himself robbed of his heritage. He was as moody as Hamlet, and thought to be similarly affected in mind and for like cause.

The whole life of this duke was in fact given to one object—that of revenge. He lived on that idea much as, later on, Louis Napoleon did, on the idea of one day ruling France. The sanguinary Corsican must, he swore, be brought to account and his victorious career be ended. The Duchy of Brunswick must be restored to its rightful owner for five hundred years past, and for that purpose taken from Jerome Bonaparte's new kingdom of Westphalia, to which his all-conquering brother had annexed it. There was much to be

said in excuse for all this, especially as the dispossessed duke was in enforced idleness and something near to poverty. He went here and there like a wandering knight seeking aid to the object of his life, and coming to England for that purpose in 1810. Of all misfortunes that could happen to him there was his mistaken arrest as a spy, and, what was worse, as a French spy. The bitterness of the suspicion was bad enough, but to one who so hated the Frenchman and whose great revenge had really "stomach for them all," the supposing him to be of the detested race was, beyond bearing. If he were not mad this was enough to drive him to madness.

Relieved from this arrest and set at liberty, he hung about his brother-in-law's court, where he was no more desired than was his sister. He made things unpleasant, not only by his importunities but by his way of making them. England had too much trouble on its hands at that time to attend to this quixotic individual, who wanted soldiers and money raised with which to recover his rights. Just then it appeared as little likely that he could do so as to get to the moon. The tide had not been turned as yet, against Bonaparte—the defeat at Leipsic was yet to come. He would leave England, he said, and seek aid elsewhere, as at Hamburg there were brave young men in plenty, he averred, who would enrol themselves under his banner. His sister willingly saw him leave—he had given such trouble by his useless importunities, and he went to seek his fortune elsewhere. Brother and sister, so parting, never met again.

At Hamburg this man with a mission found the men, if not the money, he wanted, and here formed the little band of adherents which, in after years, became the powerful body known as the Black Brunswickers. He drilled this regiment much as Cromwell did his band of Ironsides, and found them equally efficient. The tide turned before a third year was out, and the waiting, wandering duke saw the enemy of his house, the hated Corsican, suffer defeat at Leipsic, and the rudely manufactured kingdom of Westphalia tumble to pieces. All things, it

is said, come to those who can wait ; and, now, Duke Frederick William, the wanderer and waiter, realized that much for himself and his faithful followers in the restoration to him of his duchy, his crown, and something of his much wanted treasures.

People looked with different eyes upon the now successful and reigning duke to what they had hitherto done. Nothing succeeds like success and he had succeeded. He was now voted to be a far-seeing and large-minded man—one who knew what to do and how to do it. His success did not intoxicate him, however, for but half his mission was yet fulfilled. He had got back the heritage of his duchy, but the Corsican, who had caused his father's death, still lived, and his death could alone avenge that of Duke Frederick William's father. His Black Brunswickers were daily increased in number, and better drilled for the coming day of vengeance, when the usurper was to be driven out of Europe, and accounts squared with that sword by which he had risen and with which Brunswick's Duke vowed he should yet fall.

More or less the Black Brunswickers, with Duke Frederick William as leader, were engaged during the campaign against the French in 1814, but in 1815 came the day when vengeance at Waterloo and the overthrow of the destroyer seemed more than possibilities. That day came in June, when the British and Brunswickers alike waited at Brussels the first notes of the warfare in which they were to take so prominent a part. At the famous ball given there the night before the day of battle, both Wellington and Duke Frederick William met, but the ears of "Brunswick's chieftain" were, as Byron tells us, the first, in the eagerness of their owner's spirit, to catch the notes of the cannons' roar and the drums' rattle. There was another sound, however, which he could not hear, and that was the voice of the angel of death calling him to his doom. He fell next day, June 16th, at the head of his faithful and well-fighting Black Brunswickers, in the famous encounter with the French troops at Quatre Bras. Had he lived but a day longer he would have seen the hope of his life

and the object of his existence realized, and the Corsican defeated and disgraced.

His Black Brunswickers knew his dying wishes and showed their zeal in that and the next day's warfare. Every Frenchman who was by them then cut down when crying for quarter knew at least why it was refused him. That the Duke of Brunswick had been killed and that every Frenchman who could also be killed must die to avenge his death was all the answer given. The deaths of the two dukes, father and son, so laid to the charge of Bonaparte, were in this way sought to be avenged by the death of the French soldiers, ere finally all was squared in the overthrow of their entire army and its once terrible leader.

Byron has told us, and all future generations, the story of this brave duke's death, in the 3rd canto of *Childe Harold*, which, as an obituary notice, may well be quoted.

"Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound, the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it  
near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
quell:  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting,  
fell."

Duke Frederick William left two sons, the eldest, Charles, born in 1804, and the lately deceased Duke William, born in 1806, the year of his grandfather's death of his wounds at the battle of Jena. These youths were left, on their father's death at Waterloo, to the care of their kinsman by marriage, George the Fourth, who was then regent. Charles was educated at Vienna, and William at Gottingen. When of legal age, Charles was, in 1823, placed on the throne of his Duchy, William being, in 1826, given the Duchy of Oels, in Silesia, as his possession.

Duke Charles was of an unfortunate temper and disposition. It was not, perhaps, wholly due to such causes that he quarrelled with his uncle by marriage, George the Fourth, in 1826. He might have done so in espousing the cause of his ill-used aunt in her efforts

to assert her rights as Queen when opposed by King George. His eccentric character and conduct led, however, to his subjects making more serious cause of quarrel with him. He was a strange compound of both misanthrope and dandy, and as curious in his ways as both the late and present kings of Bavaria. As a dandy he was accustomed to lace himself up in stays, and to use rouge, pearl-powder, and other feminine cosmetics. He turned night into day in his way of life, and spent the afternoon in the curious and unkingly way of making up his face and figure for nightly show at balls and theatre.

As subjects take too much to imitation of their rulers, the example of their reigning duke did not please his quiet-going people. They found their sons inclining to imitation of such bad example as Duke Charles set them in the ways alluded to, and many others more demoralising. Warnings were wasted upon him during seven years, in which he seemed to go only from bad to worse in his eccentricities. In 1830, the Brunswickers would endure his conduct no longer and rose in revolt to expel him. As wise counsels and gentle means availed nothing with this ne'er-do-well of a Duke, his palace was, in September of that year, set fire to and burned about his ears. He would probably have shared the fate of his palace had it not been for the zeal and tact of a popular actress who had been one of his pets. He made no effort to protect himself or to fly from the just vengeance so now broken forth. As he stood looking on from a distance at his burning palace he was not aware that a band of desperadoes were in search for him. His impromptu protectress fortunately found him first, and, with much tact, got the obstinate man to take a seat in her carriage. She then bade the driver take the quickest route out of the city. In their way through the crowded streets the carriage, stopped here and there by the crowd, was frequently looked into by rude inquirers. On such occasions the clever woman threw her shawl over the Duke and smilingly bowed to the mob from the carriage windows. In such undignified

way was he got out of his Duchy, to which he was never more permitted to return.

Like all discrowned exiles, the Duke of Brunswick—now out of business—came to London, but, unfortunately, not to a sense of better behaviour. He had secured great wealth to himself, but made in his long lifetime of exile no good use of it. When mention of him came before the British public it was generally in connection with something more or less disreputable. Such an extent of odium attached to his way of life that his name was for a time mixed up with a mysterious murder. The body of a murdered woman, one Eliza Grimwood, was found in a much mutilated state one night upon Waterloo Bridge. Her murderer and mutilator was never discovered, but it says enough of the duke's bad character that the crime could have been, as it was, by some scandal-mongers, laid to his charge. His life was protracted up to August, 1873, forty-three years after his expulsion from his duchy. The world, which had half forgotten him, then heard of his death.

As was to be expected the will of such a man was of a piece with the eccentricity of his life—to give his behaviour no worse name. He bequeathed something like a million sterling to the city of Geneva, and did so, seemingly, only for spiting the people of Brunswick, who deemed their city better entitled to money acquired originally from the revenues of their duchy. The bequest was evidently made for the purchase of posthumous honours, which the degraded duke had done nothing in his lifetime to deserve. Geneva has not as yet benefited by the bequest, as the law courts are to be moved upon the question of its validity.

Duke William, the lately deceased and last of his race, was called upon to succeed his expelled brother in 1830. The duchy consists of some seven districts, or "circles," as they are called, containing 1420 square miles, and some 313,000 inhabitants. Duke William was a different man altogether to Charles, his brother, being particularly inoffensive and reasonable. In that character he acquiesced in a constitution being granted to the Brunswickers,

which was proclaimed in 1832, when he was confirmed in the dukedom, which he wisely ruled from that time up to a few months back. This constitution was revised and enlarged in 1851, when a Legislative Council of 46 members was introduced as a reform befitting the progress of events.

So popular was Duke William that his subjects laudably showed their appreciation of him as their ruler by the sensible suggestion that he should marry. They wished the blood of the Guelph family not to end in his case, and their Duchy thus be left without an heir to its throne. They perhaps foresaw that such course would be an excuse for protesting against the destruction of their independence, and that absorption into the German empire which is now to occur. The loyal subjects, with such ideas, prepared a petition, alleging their wishes, the presentation of which was entrusted to three of the most influential of their representatives. The usual gracious reception was accorded by the Duke, and the petition respectfully read. At the conclusion of the reading, the bachelor so solicited to become a benedict asked for time to consider the momentous matter. The deputation departed well pleased, expecting an official reply in course of time. Considering the importance of the matter, it was probably thought that nothing less than a month could be well calculated upon for such purpose.

All eccentricity had not, however, been left out of the duke's nature. He shewed that much on this occasion in a very mild way, though it might have been thought better of him had he done differently—in fact, done as desired. Why the two brothers, Charles and William, so different in character, should have shown a distaste for marriage, who shall say? It was their duty to themselves and their subjects to act differently. Their position demanded it, and in that position they had not the free will they sought to exercise. As private individuals, they could alone have been justified in so doing. But, for whatever reason, and one reason only has been suggested, of which hereafter, Duke William had resolved not to marry.

He did not take much time to make up his mind, nor keep his genial subjects long in suspense about his answer. They had it before the evening of the day upon which the deputation called upon the Duke. Posters and handbills were distributed throughout the city, telling of a piece to be produced that evening at the Royal Theatre, by "special command." This piece, chosen by the duke's desire, was to convey in its title the answer to the petition of the people. It was Töpper's play, "*Ich bleibe ledig*," the best translation that can be given of which is "I remain single"—and so he did, and so died—with him dying also the six hundred years established Duchy of Brunswick.

It was more than whispered that the state of single life in which the deceased Duke so lived and died was due to an early "disappointment." His youthful aspirations had been for the hand of our present Queen, for which high honour, it is said, he proposed in due form in 1838. The Queen had, however, at that time seen and taken great liking for Prince Albert; and, though of lesser European rank, and utterly destitute of a great fortune like that of the Duke, preferred him for her future husband. Such was certainly a disappointment to the late Duke worth cherishing, and he, seemingly, so thought of it and nursed his grief for a long life-time. The gift of the Garter, of which great order the deceased duke was senior knight, did not altogether conciliate him. He showed a morose feeling, throughout life, to England's Royal Family, though Her Majesty is said, sensibly enough, to have made every effort to win the good feeling of the wealthy old bachelor. Great fortunes have to be left behind, and it is generally noticed that the mothers of large families have a smiling welcome for such relatives as possess them and must one day leave them behind to others.

Of the late Duke's wealth, it is understood that a good part of it goes to his heir-at-law, the Duke of Cumberland. By the will, however, he seemed likely to take the bequest only of a villa, but romance still followed the doings of the House of Brunswick. The "villa at Heitzing, with all its

contents," presumably included only plate, furniture, books and paintings. It was found, however, to include an iron safe and the keys thereof, and all which they unlocked. Part of such contents were found to be hoarded

treasure of the value of no less than £100,000. With the death of Brunswick's duchy dies also, in its late duke, the last of the famous family of the Guelphs.

J. H.

## BY SEA AND LAKE.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### MORE GOSSIP.

"O life and love ! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !  
O heart of man ! canst thou not be  
Blithe, as the air is, and as free ?"

When Will and Ted entered the room, Sally, in her embarrassment, not knowing what else to do, rose and quitted it. Geraldine smiled.

Geraldine had her plans, and she smiled as she thought they were succeeding almost without an effort on her part.

Would she have smiled, had she known that while the foregoing conversation was taking place in the morning room there was a conversation going on in the garden too ? One that might happen to spoil her plans, possibly.

At the far end of the lawn Jacob was fastening up his creepers, which had been torn away from the summer-house by one of those strong gusts of wind that sometimes sweep across the land just before sunrise. He watched the young men walking backwards and forwards along the freshly raked gravel, catching a word every now and then as they turned at the end of the path. Jacob was slow in his movements, slow in his thoughts also, and not over curious, but he had something on his mind to-day, a question he wanted to put to "Mr. Willum ;" and he shook his head gravely as he moved among his flower beds. He had fastened up his creepers to the last slip, and taken the rake to go over the ground his large feet had trodden down about the roots

of the climbing banksia and jasmine, by the time that Will and Ted had completed their sixth journey to the end of the walk and were returning. When they were within a few feet of him he spoke.

"So you be goin' to leave us, Mr. Willum," he said.

"Leave you ?" said Will, pleasantly. "Yes, by-and-by, Jacob. In a couple of weeks or so."

"I be real sorry to hear it, sir."

"Why?" said Will, smiling. "I must go sometime, you know."

Jacob sighed. "I know, I know right enough, sir—young men must have change an' that, an' the gals is as bad ; but it's rether hard at my age that things is to go all awry, an' be changed so as nothin' 'll ever be any more as it was. It ain't my way to interfere, an' I ain't got no right t' interfere, Mr. Willum ; but couldn't you stop a bit longer ? Ye see we ain't jes' used to the notion o' you goin' away agen so soon—when you've but jes' come home, sir ; no more nor we're used to the thought o' the Hall without Miss Sally. I dessay it's right enuff you should count on havin' her allus, you as she's turned to from the fust—as nat'ral as the sunflower turns to the sun. An' we mus' give her up if so be you wants her. But you're young yet, sir, an' a little waitin' wouldn't do no harm, I'm thinking ; an' there's Master Ted now, a fine example you do be setting him ! You

may larf, Mr. Willum, an' think as he won't foller it—but, take my word for it, before the year's so much as one harf gone—ay, afore the hollyhocks is done flowerin', an' the curran's is ripe enuff fur pickin', Master Ted 'll be thinkin'—as he can't do without Miss Florry or Miss Sumbudy else, nor her without him. Take my word, he will! An' there's Miss Tottie, *she'll* be gettin' hold of some scapegrace or another atween then an' now, an' me an' Mrs. Reid 'll have to keep the place jes' as used to be—all alone. But I don't mind fur the whole bunch, if ye cares to take 'em, Mr. Willum—if so be you'd leave us Miss Sally."

"I leave you Miss Sally," said Will, astonished, and but half understanding Jacob's meaning. "I am not going to take her away from you. I haven't heard that *anyone's* going to take her away from you, Jacob." "Oh!" said the gardener, a hopeful gleam passing over his face. "Then maybe you're goin' to settle here or near by, Mr. Willum? Miss Sally 'll like that, fur she ain't got no taste fur noo places, an' the Hall wouldn't almost know itself without her." He added, jumping at once to a wrong conclusion, with that inconsistency peculiar to certain slow-thinking people when the natural current of their thoughts is disturbed—"But if I might be so bold, sir, when is the weddin'? It's a pity, things bein' as they is, as you didn't think to have 'em both o' the same day. Two weddin's in Sain' Mary's both at once, that *would* be a fine sight! A sight fur the Lenley folks to remember all their days. An' a rare an' pretty bride Miss Sally 'ud make, though I don't need to tell you that, Mr. Willum—Couldn't you manage so's it 'ud come on the six o' June, along with Miss Lena's; eh, sir?" Will did not reply, and Jacob, glad at the thought of having Sally permanently established at the Hall, as he firmly persuaded himself she would be, and anxious to have it settled out of hand, paused in his work of raking to lift his eyes from his treasured plants and turn more round towards Will, as he said, "Couldn't ye now, sir?"

Ted looked on, enjoying his friend's discomfiture amazingly.

"Who told you there was to be another wedding?" said Will, fixing his blue eyes upon Jacob with a sudden austere expression in them.

"Why, sir, I heerd it down in Lenley." Jacob leant upon his rake and pointed over his shoulder with his thumb in the direction of the village. "They say as you be come home fur te marry Miss Sally."

"They say what's not true, then," Ted broke in abruptly.

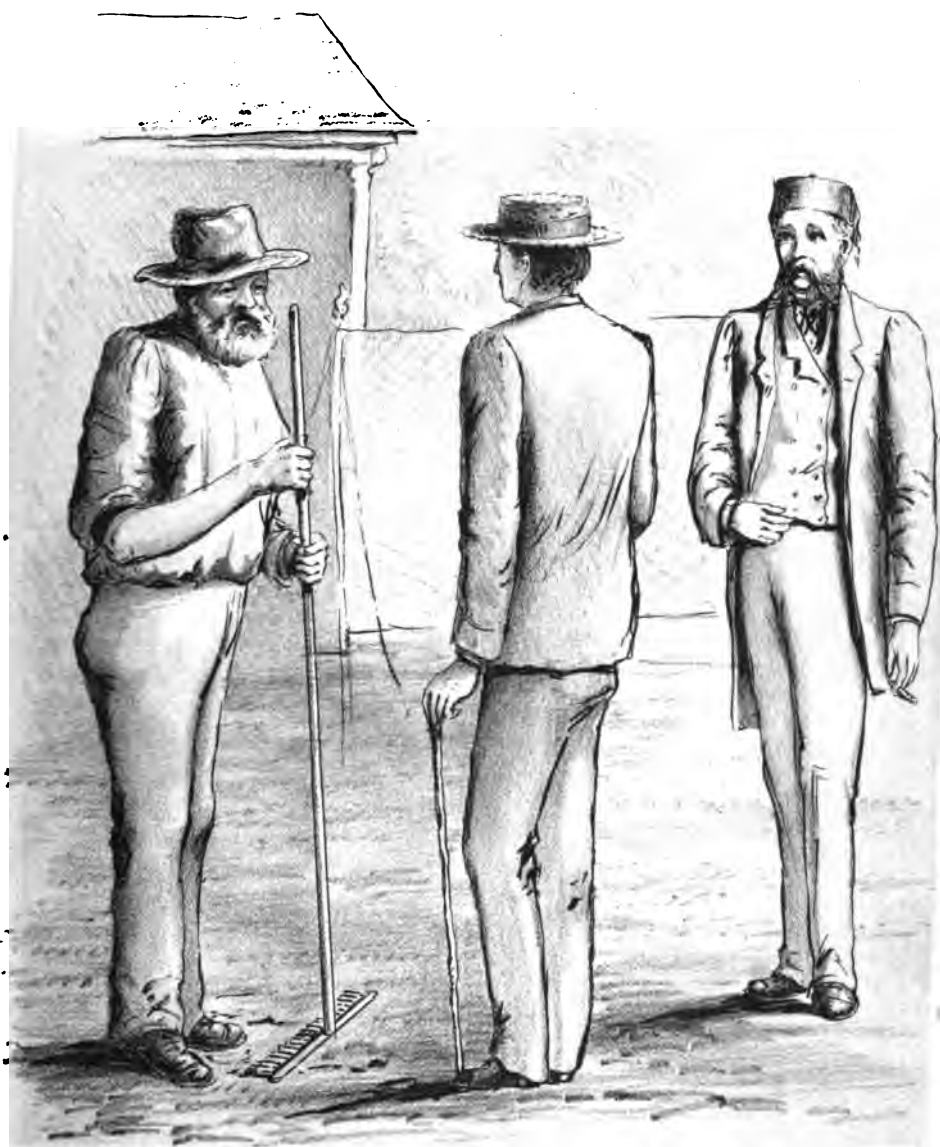
"Not true, Master Ted?" said Jacob, an incredulous smile, spreading itself across his countenance, as his eyes wandered slowly from Will to Ted and back again. "*Ain't* it you she be goin' to marry now, Mr. Willum?"

"No," said Will, grinding his heel into the gravel. I don't suppose she'd have me."

"O—h!" There was a sort of asthmatic gasp about the interjection to which Jacob gave utterance, as he dejectedly pushed Will's foot aside with the rake, and scraped the gravel together into the hole he had made with his boot.

"Not have ye?" he began, in a low, complaining voice, pending this operation, distressed at the thought that Sally should go "throw'n" on herself away" on any but her old playmate. "If I know Miss Sally aright—an' law, I had ought te! It's sixteen year gone I been watchin' of her, day an' night—little an' big—an' if it wus the last breath I wus at I couldn't help sayin' what I'm sure on. Sure on?—ay, as sure as that you'll get green peas an' gooseberries fur yer dinner temorro'; an' that is, if Miss Sally don't care fur you, then she don't care neither fur her own brother, an' I wouldn't like te be the one to say *that*. There's a mistake somewheres, an' whatever it be it's none o' Miss Sally's makin', that'll I'll answer fur. Ye've been over-hasty with yer luerin', most like, Mr. Willum, an' gells don't care te be took all of a heap—most on all one o' *her* sort. Young fellows is ap' to be overhasty—it's on'y when they're growed old they sees the right ways o' things—an' maybe if ye'd learn te be patient she'd have ye in the end. Ye ain't quarrelled, have ye?"

Will shook his head smilingly. "You're all at sea, Jacob——" he







began, but Jacob turned an indifferent ear to his remark.

"Then, sir, ye ain't no cause fur grumblin', as I can see. Yer mind me o' the children what puts seeds into the ground, an' cries theirselves sore nex' mornin' 'cause they ain't comed up. Ye ain't no better nor a child, if ye haven't learned yet as it ain't no good countin' on what'll happen. Everythin's full o' disappointments, more or less, the flowers, an' the creepers, an' the vege'bles—everythin'! Law, sir, if you'd had to worry over cauliflowers an' cabbages as I've 'a had te do this fifty years an' more, tryin' te keep the slugs an' creeturs from 'em 's wouldn't be kep', ye'd be old an' grey-headed by now. I believe, sir, still, as yer takin' yer fun off me, you an' Master Ted, an' that Miss Sally is te marry ye, after all," he added, as he raised his eyes, and saw both the young men smiling.

"Nonsense," said Ted. "You're a regular old duffer, Jacob—Sally's not going to be married at all. You talk, and you won't listen—a fellow can't get a word in edgeways. By Jove, you'd talk yourself into believing that you were dumb almost, only you couldn't do that very well. A fine laugh at you Sally 'll have when I tell her."

"It's fine fur you, Master Ted—but I can't think as what I heard in the village ain't true, when you and Mr. Willum sets to smilin' o' that fashion. They say as plain as plain as Miss Sally's goin' to be married; an' how could they ha' got it without it's bein' true?"

"Oh, there's no good saying any more about it, if you're goin' to put up the talk of that gossiping little hole above the truth."

"Well, sir," said Jacob, in a sort of apologetic tone, "it war Jenkins' wife what telled me."

"Jenkins' wife be hanged," said Ted. "I don't care who told you. You know as well as I do that if it had been correct you'd have heard it long before Jenkins' or any other body's wife."

"Like enough, Master Ted." This was a view of the case Jacob had not contemplated; and, as he slowly made up his mind to use that argument on his own behalf in the village, he said,

"An' yet I'm none so sure o' that, neither. Them as it's o' most concern to is oftentimes them as the noos comes at latest."

"Well, the sooner you make sure of it and stop that clattering in the village the better for them—and for you too," Ted said, laying marked emphasis on the last words.

Jacob secretly inclined to Ted's way of thinking—for he had found himself rather sent to Coventry by the village people lately, on account of his acknowledged ignorance of the domestic arrangements at the Hall. But he refrained on principle from admitting to his young master that he had been taken in by a pack of gossip, without suspecting it. And he carefully considered the words he was about to utter as he shouldered his rake and spade, pocketing the hammer and tacks, preparatory to a move to another quarter of the garden.

"Well," he said, "I don't see myself as it makes much difference neither one way nor other whether it be true or whether it bean't. There's just this te say, as faint heart never won no lady as I knows on—leastways none o' the best bargains. That kind ain't to be had fur the first askin'—an' as I said before, you won't come to no harm fur waitin', Mr Willum. Keep Miss Sally in yer eye an' don't go to be down-hearted, an' you'll get her right enuff—never fear. An' I on'y wish you may, sir."

Will and Ted stared after the gardener as long as he was in sight. "A rum old chap," was the latter's comment as Jacob slowly disappeared behind one of his closely trimmed hedges, and then he did not know what to say. The two friends stood together; Ted did not look at Will nor did Will look at him. It was a difficult moment for both. Realizing the painfulness of silence, and the difficulties of speech, they, with one consent, turned back along the path.

Jacob had put an idea into Ted's head, and the idea was far from being an agreeable one; in fact it was quite the reverse. Hitherto the thought that Sally would one day marry, had been far from Ted's mind; and to be, by the gardener's words, thus rudely awakened, and obliged to contemplate

their leaders "did not forthwith liberate their imprisoned king and return to a loyal state of things, they would be held personally responsible and answer with their heads; also, that if the palace were forced, or the Royal Family insulted, an exemplary and memorable punishment would be inflicted upon them by the total destruction of their capital."

Even as we read these threats now, it must be admitted that such language was altogether a mistake and a gross blunder, when used to a people who were, in their own ideas, only endeavouring to set their house in order. It could not have been conceived by any one acquainted with human nature that such grievous words would do aught but stir up the proverbial anger of which we are scripturally warned. The duke averred afterwards that he foresaw the evils likely to result from such a document, and that he was obliged in his then position to issue it against his own judgment. As such statement was made after the disastrous failure of the expedition so promoted, the duke's excuses may be looked upon with suspicion. He was considered, in all things, as leader among the German Powers, a vigorous ruler, and of great military talent—certainly not one to sign and issue a document that his own judgment condemned.

History has told us how this expedition of the allies against the French came to a disastrous end. The British and the Dutch declined to join the allied forces that were thus quixotically to restore order to distracted France. The French had practised much in fighting among themselves, and had, further, a patriotic cause for showing the front they forthwith did to their invaders. Raw and undisciplined as they were, they successfully repelled the allies, and the veteran soldiers who were, it is now seen, but badly led and manœuvred. Those who went forth so valorously to give Frenchmen a lesson, and to restore things in France to their former condition, returned beaten in their efforts and with the loss of one-fourth of their number. This alone was but smallest of the evils done. The greater lay behind in a cause of quarrel having been given to a

quarrelsome people who were rapidly coming to poverty and desperation. A still greater evil had been caused by letting the French see what good soldiers they made when opposed to other Europeans. Thus was disclosed to them the means of enriching their impoverished country by the spoils of war upon their neighbours, and thus was gained that confidence and prestige which subsequently carried them on to victory at Austerlitz and Jena. Such incalculable mischief was thus worked from the ill-judged but doubtlessly well-intentioned manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick.

It was at Jena that this Duke of Brunswick met his death. In 1806 he joined with the rest of the Prussians in that effort to stem the tide of French successes, which, like all preceding ones and most of those to follow, ended disastrously. Especially so was it for the four generals in chief, who were left dead or disabled upon the field, Duke Charles William being of the latter number, and dying of his wounds three weeks after the battle. He had for fourteen years done his utmost to turn the fortune of war against France. As he began the warfare against the revolutionists in 1792, so he assisted in carrying it on against the Imperialists. His hatred to Bonaparte was increased by each victory, and he died in an effort to crush the power of the now Imperial army. His spirit did not, however, die with him, as he bequeathed it to his son Frederick William, who well cherished it.

The deceased duke left also a daughter, whose name became famous indeed in the earlier part of the present century. It was in 1794 that the first Lord Malmsbury was commissioned to propose to the Princess Caroline of Brunswick an alliance with the then Prince of Wales—afterwards George the Fourth. She was then young, and, as the chronicles tell us, a fair, well favoured, and, to the thinking of some, a handsome woman. Time and trouble, and probably the neglect of her royal scamp of a husband, had left their traces upon her when she came, in after years, to claim her share of England's throne. She had then grown to English eyes very German in

considered. And that was what Ted was considering? How we do judge ourselves amiss, to be sure! Calling the crudest vein of egoism in our nature disinterestedness—like Ted, seeing the good of others in that which will bring the greatest amount of happiness to ourselves. Ah! and if he had known it! In the future it was to be his fate to darken all his sister's after life by one careless action.

He glanced somewhat fiercely at Will, as he thought bitterly that it might be *he* who would want Sally for his own. The thought pained him—that the friend of all the days and years of his life should be the one to separate them; and in the selfishness of his heart he wished—he almost wished that the sea rolled between Will Clifford and himself for ever.

Will did not observe the look Ted cast at him. He was too busily occupied with his own thoughts, which ran much in the same groove as those of his friend. Like Ted he meditated upon Sally's future, but after a different fashion. Her happiness was his chief desire, and though his life had been so completely bound up with her's that it was almost as impossible as painful for him to imagine them altogether apart in the future, he was ready to forego the enjoyment of her presence if she willed it so. He knew that the love he had begun to feel for Sally was different from that of former days. He knew that it would deepen—that it was only beginning now—but presently would swell like the brooklet on the mountain-side when it reaches the basin where it becomes a lake; would swell and deepen, slowly, surely, strongly—and ever as it deepened grow truer and purer; until it resolved itself into that calmness of strengthful love, that makes the soundness of a man's life, and endures through eternity itself, fitted for Heaven by the great purifier Death. This was Will's dream of what his love for Sally was to be—strong, unselfish, steadily-flowing, unwavering in life—perfected in death. Shall we see his dream realised? He was to watch and be patient. There was no evidence that Sally cared a jot more for him, beyond her feelings of friendship, than for any other fellow—but he had as

good a right to her as any—presumably as good a chance of gaining her, too. Why should she not belong to him? He was not aware that he had any rival; at one time, before he went to Germany, he had sometimes imagined that Dr. Smith wanted her—but that was a mistaken idea altogether, which the doctor had entirely dissipated by engaging himself to Lena. The field was clear. He smiled gently as he thought he might live to win her; and Jacob's "I on'y wish you may" recurred to him, as he walked silently towards the window from which Tottie beckoned to them. Will's eyes turned at once to Sally as he drew near, and he looked at her long and steadily as he took a seat beside Geraldine.

It was this look of his which embarrassed her. She thought he must certainly know what was said in the village, and she drooped her eyes, and rose immediately, with a great fear in her heart that this gossip would make a difference in their friendship.

"Oh!" said Geraldine when Sally had disappeared, and a half-formed decision for tennis had been abandoned in favour of the more exhilarating effects of an afternoon stroll along the shore—she was leaning forward in her chair with her face turned towards Will. "What do you think, Lenley has done for you, Mr. Clifford?"

Will looked at the speaker, and caressed his moustache without replying.

"Shall I tell you?" she enquired sweetly.

Will nodded, balancing his chair on its back legs, and watching Geraldine intently. He was comparing her manner of speech and the movements of her head with Sally's.

"If it's the Lenley gossip you're going to give us," broke in Ted impatiently, "you may as well shut up at once. We heard more than enough of it in the garden just now."

Geraldine dared not say any more—a glance at Ted sufficed to show that he meant what he said. He *had* heard more than enough; more than was good for his temper apparently. After a while, feeling that he had been rude, and that his presence was a restraint on conversation, he got up and walked

out of the room, muttering something about "deucedly hot."

An uncomfortable silence reigned for some minutes. Each individual in the room was waiting for another to speak; and, as the moments grew, the difficulty of introducing a remark became greater, until it seemed as if they had come altogether to a full stop. Tottie broke the silence at last with her infectious laugh; the other two looked at her, and were forced to join in.

"What a set of idiots we are!" she said. "And Ted, who ought to have known better, is the worst of all. What's the good of making mountains out of molehills? We all know what has been said in Lenley; and what's the good of minding what a lot of cackling creatures say? They might talk about me till they were black in the face and I shouldn't care. Do *you* mind very much, Will?"

"Not for myself—but it's unpleasant for Sally," he said, turning his head on one side in an abashed fashion, and examining the sole of his boot as he crossed one leg over the other. "It's rather hard on a girl, I fancy, to be—ticked off, as it were, and disposed of in that fashion, without having had a say in the matter."

"It's just as hard on the man, don't you think?" said Geraldine lifting her eyes to his with a soft touch of light playing about the brown iris.

"Toots! Rubbish!" said Tottie indignantly. "Let the men look after themselves, Geraldine—they'd get along much better if women didn't make such a fuss about them. Surely Will's thick-skinned enough to be indifferent on his own account to little trumpery gossip; and, if he isn't, the sooner he grows a thicker skin the better. Go down and stay with Aunt Jeanie for a week, and then you'll see what comes of pampering men too much. *Scotland's* the place to see that kind of thing in perfection. It's—'There's yer brithers, lassies! Rin an' bring down the slippers, Mary! Let Bess know t'infuse the tea, Meggie. D'ye think, though, if Joahn'll tak' his bath first—it's het walkin' the day—Meggie, bide till ye see!' and the best part of those girls' lives is spent in running errands

for the boys—who treat them as if they were inferior animals. I wouldn't stand it."

"I should think you wouldn't," said Will. "I should like to see Ted ordering you to get him his slippers."

"So should I," said Tottie, with a significant nod of her head.

"Wouldn't you do it?" said Geraldine.

Tottie's eyebrows went up with one of their rapid movements, and she tightened the corners of her lips.

"Would *you*?" she said, looking steadily in Geraldine's eyes. Geraldine played with the gloves in her lap, and drooped her eyelids.

"Yes"—she replied slowly, with a pause between the words, "for anyone I loved."

"Well, *I* wouldn't," said Tottie.

"Oh!" said Geraldine, reproachfully. "But then you always are too hard on men."

Tottie regarded her with an air of supreme contempt. "You can't be too hard on men. And the sooner you get rid of that notion, and teach them to help themselves, the better for both parties. The men of the present day are weak-minded enough, without women helping to make them worse," she said severely. "For my part I don't believe there's a man in a hundred but would allow a woman to do everything for him—if she only knew how and showed herself willing."

"You're about right there, Tottie," said Will admiringly. "It would take an exceptional fellow, a fellow with an awful lot of pluck, to sew buttons on his shirts and black his own boots—when there are women by to do it for him."

"Tottie," said Florry at the door. "Auntie wants to know if there is to be any dancing to-night, because if not Sam can rub the floor down. It wants it dreadfully, she says. And it must either be done this evening or to-morrow; she's too busy to do it through the day just now."

"What a bother! Where's Sally?"

"With Auntie."

"Well, I don't know," said Tottie, looking round. "Who would like to dance? Would you, Geraldine? Would you, Will?"

"If you'd put it off till to-morrow," said Geraldine. "We've two or three gentlemen coming from town to stay, and if Mrs. Reid wouldn't mind I might bring them over. We can't dance in our house now, you know," she added, turning to Will—"on account of mother."

"How many do you call two or three, Geraldine? Six?" said Tottie.

"Six?" said Geraldine, laughing. "No. There's Captain Ford—he doesn't dance though. He'll stay and play whist with father and mother."

"I wouldn't be Captain Ford—begging your father and mother's pardon"—said Tottie. "That's one gone. Go-ahead."

"Then there's Mr. Blake. He dances, but he's rather shy, so perhaps he wouldn't come."

"Poor, poor Mr. Blake!" said Tottie, sympathetically. "I'm really sorry for Mr. Blake. There's nothing so horribly depressing as a shy fit. We may chalk him off, I suppose. And what's the matter with Number Three?"

"Oh, he's all right."

"Dances divinely, and isn't shy—eh?"

"Yes—and is the most good-natured fellow in the world. Tom would do anything for me. He's my cousin, Tom Heriot."

"Oh," said Tottie, with the colour deepening in her face.

"Do you know him?" said Geraldine.

"Yes. That makes one to dance, two to stay at home. It's like the little pig going to market," said Tottie, rising and turning her back to the light. "How many more? Be quick. I have to tell Auntie you know."

"Only one—Tim," said Geraldine, thoughtfully. "Those are all. I didn't know you had met Tom!"

Tottie was gone, walking leisurely towards the door, humming a tune. Florry, with an "excuse me, I'll be back directly," followed her, and Geraldine and Will were left alone. It made no difference to him, but she seemed very conscious of the fact.

"I wonder where Sally can be," she said, looking out of the window. "Do you think she seems strong, Mr. Clifford?"

"Strong? Why—yes—she's just the same as usual, isn't she?"

Geraldine shook her head and looked mysterious. "She's not at all as bright or as well as she used to be. I wonder Mrs. Reid doesn't notice it, and send her for change of air. All this winter she has been low-spirited. Poor girl! I do pity her so."

"Why, what is wrong? If she is ill, why doesn't Mrs. Reid know? Why doesn't some one tell her? Can't you tell her? or Tottie?"

Geraldine shook her head sadly. "It isn't bodily pain is the matter with her. It's mental—"

"Mental? Good heavens! you don't mean to say—there's—there's insanity in the family?" said Will, at once accounting to himself for a melancholy look that occasionally cast itself across Sally's usually bright face.

"Hush!" said Geraldine, sharply. "No—oh, no—it's not that—I thought you had heard and would understand. Poor Sally! I'm sorry I said anything—but I don't suppose she would mind my telling you. You remember Arthur Reid, don't you? Florry's cousin—"

"Yes."

"Well—of course you know he was home on leave last summer?"

"Never heard of it, that I remember."

"Strange," said Geraldine. "Perhaps Sally didn't think it worth while to mention in her letters. However, he was here some time. He paid her a good deal of attention. In fact," she said, looking down, "we all expected him to marry her. He went to London intending to return shortly—at least he told Sally he was coming back. But it seems he fell in with a beautiful girl—an heiress—and the next we heard was that he was married, and had gone back to India."

"The scoundrel!"

"Yes—wasn't it a shame?" said Geraldine, raising her eyes sweetly to Will's. "I wouldn't have told you if it had been a secret—but there was no secret about it. He wrote to Mrs. Reid, apologising for not being able, owing to press of time, to say goodbye. Poor Sally has never been quite the same since, and she always avoids the subject most carefully."

To deceive, when it suited her purpose, was as easy to Geraldine Heriot

as to eat her daily bread. And all the time she was talking to Will, she knew quite well she was leading him to believe what was absolutely untrue. Arthur Reid—a fine manly fellow of four or five and twenty—had never shown anything beyond warm friendship for Sally, and had done no wrong to anyone in marrying his “beautiful heiress;” who was, as it happened, rather plain, with an exceptionally good-humored face, and contented disposition—just the girl to make a thoroughly good wife. But unfortunately for his reputation, and Sally’s happiness, he had turned coldly from Geraldine’s attempts to draw him into flirtation; and she revenged herself doubly by making, or striving to make, a breach between Will and Sally. Nothing affects a jealous-minded woman and rouses her to revenge herself like indifference; and Arthur Reid had treated her with indifference, in spite of her surpassing beauty.

In the afternoon, as they strolled along the shore, Geraldine kept very close to Sally. “How I did pity you this morning—you poor Sally!” she said.

“I don’t know that there was anything to pity me for,” said Sally, hotly. She was angry with Geraldine, for she recalled the day they had met at the stile; and all the morning, sitting with her work in her hand beside Mrs Reid, she had been saying to herself that Geraldine had a hand in the village gossip. But she blamed Geraldine unjustly in that. She looked wearily at the boats drifting by, across the spring brightness of waters. All the world seemed changed, and Sally was startled to find herself wishing that Will had never come back to the Hall. He came up to her presently with a great mass of bright-coloured sea-weed in

his hands, which he extended towards her.

“Oh, how lovely!” said Geraldine. “Is that for me, Mr. Clifford?”

“I brought it for Sally,” he said half apologetically. “She used to be fond of these kind of things.”

“You may give it to Geraldine if she wants it,” said Sally; “I can get some more again.”

There was a languid indifference in her manner of speaking, Will thought—as if nothing were of much consequence to her. She looked up at him—their eyes met, his deep and blue and beseeching, hers dark and bright, with something of coldness in them. He should not know that she cared for him. Her dog was beside her, and Will noted the firm, fond pressure of her hand upon his yellow head.

Geraldine saw it all, and smiling her sweetest smile, looked out to sea.

They were close to an old pier, and Sally leant against one of its wooden columns waiting, while Will put the seaweed into the basket Geraldine held out to him. The wind was freshening, and the waves danced high in a broad purple band along the horizon, paling as they came inland until they washed the shore in a light green current. Sally was standing under the pier sheltered from the sun. Her eyes followed the long perspective of columns, and watched the waters dashing in between them running up over the brown rocks in a white frothy mass, and saw the glints of light that came in at the other end and made her overlook the darkness that lay between.

It was almost like an omen. The shadows beginning with their sheltering greyness where she stood—deepening to brown—almost black further on, and then the flecks of light at the very end.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE STORY OF GORDON.

## A LAY OF MODERN ENGLAND.

England this day remembers with pride her Gordon's fame,  
When first he won in China a great and deathless name,  
When the Ever Victorious Army, like thunderbolt aflame,  
Fell on the rebels' ranks, and the spell of Gordon's words  
And magic of his bearing, more than his army's swords,  
Saved China's tottering throne, and scattered the Taiping hordes !

'Twas sure a sight of wonder to see him calmly stand,  
Where bullets' hail fell hottest—no weapon in his hand !  
By friend and eke by foeman the harmless cane he bore  
Was deemed a wand enchanted, won by forbidden lore :  
And though we smile, deriding a wonder-working rod,  
Yet wonders wrought he truly by fearless faith *in GOD*.  
And when the fight was over, he spurned the Emperor's gold,  
For Gordon was no hireling that could be bought and sold.

And England well remembers he was the poor man's friend ;  
A holy war he waged in the backslums of Gravesend,  
With crime and sin and ignorance ; for, many a gutter child  
He trained to noble living, and oft his accents mild  
Were balm to wounded spirits, and sorrow found surcease  
In listening to the soldier of the glorious Prince of Peace.  
"God bless the noble Colonel!" the rescued lads would pray ;  
"I've found in him a brother," the dying lips would say.  
Methinks, 'twas strange and beautiful to watch this Christian Knight,  
Wrestling with powers of darkness—his armour, truth and light—  
With child-like faith reposing in the All-father's love,  
And telling earth's despised ones of hope and rest above.

And England still remembers that in the far Soudan,  
Where women and men are pining 'neath cursèd slavery's ban,  
In years bygone her Gordon was named the Good Pasha,  
And ruled the land with justice, by God's most righteous law.  
"My trust," he said, "unfaltering, is in the aid of Heaven,  
God helping in his mercy—I'll hold the balance even."  
Slave-hunters, fierce and fiendish, with all their hellish crew,  
Slunk from his presence, cowering :—But, what could one man do  
Standing alone unaided, among the hostile tribes ?  
Their manhood sapped by slavery, or eaten away by bribes !  
Unhealed as yet, the ulcer of Afric's sunny land  
Awaits the hour of healing by Jesus' gentle hand.

And England well remembers the mandate, big with doom,  
 That sent her fated hero to fateful, dark Khartoum.  
 He went, without a soldier, his life within his hand,  
 Obeying England's orders, across the desert sand.  
 He thought to raise a bulwark against the Mahdi's rage,  
 Restore the old Chiefs' powers, and tribal feuds assuage.  
 "The God of nations," said he, "in wisdom formed His plan,  
 And Soudanese should rule in the broad land of Soudan."  
 But who can tell the story of Gordon in his need,  
 When English statesmen coldly heard him for succour plead  
 To help him save the thousands he guarded in Khartoum?  
 "Flee, Gordon," cried a caitiff, "leave Paynims to their doom,  
 You cannot save these aliens : yourself you yet may save."  
 "Nay !" rang the clarion answer, "I'd sooner share their grave !"

The British Lion waketh in wrath, and, half in pain,  
 In rage and anguish roareth, and shakes his tawny mane.  
 He hears athwart the desert, from cruel, grim Khartoum,  
 A plaintive voice still pleading, for help that fails to come.  
 Awake, arise, ye Statesmen ! for sore is Gordon's strait—  
 The Arab tribes are swarming and thundering at his gate.  
 Haste to the rescue, Wolseley ! for dangers grow the while,  
 Your barges creep so slowly along the sinuous Nile.  
 And list ! a voice is calling to Gladstone o'er the sea—  
 "My steamers wait for Wolseley, who comes to set me free ;  
 Yet forty days, I reckon, I still can hold my ground,  
 The foe is pressing harder, and soon will hem me round."  
 Full forty suns have risen, and still with might and main  
 The lonely hero struggles. But, hark ! his voice again  
 Pierces the heart of England—"The latest hour is come !  
 On three sides of the city, around the doomed Khartoum,  
 From every quarter gathering, the Mahdi's countless host  
 Assail our walls unceasing ; COME QUICKLY, ere we're lost !"  
 His voice dies into silence ! no longer can he pray  
 For help from England's Rulers. The hunted stag's at bay !  
 Our men have passed the desert—the boats are gained at last ;  
 Why blanch the brave and tremble ? and each man stand aghast ?  
 O woful hap ! the rescue has reached Khartoum too late !  
 Two suns are set since traitors unbarred the City's gate.  
 And England's heart is stricken, and wrapped in blackest gloom  
 For her unburied hero, in traitorous Khartoum ;  
 In fateful, grim and cruel, and treacherous Khartoum,  
 His body lies uncoffined, hid in the lurid gloom.  
 Curse on the laggard statecraft that palsied England's might !  
 And trebly cursed the treason that turned her day to night !  
 A martyr's death, full glorious, has crowned her Gordon's story,  
 But crimson are the bloodstains that dim her Gladstone's glory.

Castlemaine.

McC.





## AUCKLAND.

## CITY AND PROVINCE.

Half a century ago the subject of this sketch was non-existent. The site on which the beautiful city of Auckland now stands was a wilderness of fern and ti-tree, flax swamps and primeval bush, the raupo huts of the natives—lords of the soil—its only habitations. There were white men there, even at that time ; but very few, and most of them runaway sailors—Pakeha Maoris, living with their dusky neighbours as members of the tribe, married to Maori wives, and rearing broods of half-caste children. Once in a while a Sydney trader would find its way into the Waitemata Harbor, and that was a red-letter day for the inhabitants ; fire-arms and ammunition, iron tools and strong waters were eagerly sought ; the natives giving in exchange a few tons of scraped flax, spars from the tall straight pines of the New Zealand bush, or perhaps a human head or two, tattooed in the very highest style of native art !

Ten years later, Auckland was a mere village, clinging to the edge of the uncivilised wilderness, its handful of white inhabitants at the mercy of the fierce and warlike tribes by which it was surrounded. But at that time, and for many years afterwards, the natives, ignorant alike of their own power, and of the consequences foreboded to themselves by this inroad of a superior race, made much of the strangers, bent on getting from them all the good things—as guns, powder, rum, &c.—which they could obtain. This was, so far, a satisfactory state of things, but there was no knowing when it might suddenly come to an end ; and the settler often felt that he carried his life in his hand. They were not consciously very heroic, those early Auckland settlers. They did not probably say to themselves—“We will build the great cities, and do the great deed !” Nay, they often shook in their shoes at rumours of threatened invasions of their almost defenceless little town. But they had come there to make a home for

themselves and their children, and they meant to do it. How they succeeded is matter of history. Auckland grew, slowly but surely ; fern and ti-tree gave place to English grasses and flowers ; houses sprang up everywhere, swamps were reclaimed, and creeks bridged over. Roads were formed into the interior ; along their route farms were taken up, and the country began to lose its desolate, uncivilized aspect. For years the settlers pursued the even tenor of their way, and the white race and the brown lived in amity side by side. But in 1860, after long threatening, the unhappy Waikato war broke out. Then the outlying settlers had to bring their families into town for safety ; their homesteads were burnt, their crops destroyed, their stock confiscated by the rebels. Many of the poor men fell in the war ; those who survived saw the labour of years utterly lost, and had in middle life, or it might be old age, to begin the world again. But if the war brought ruin to the country, it brought a tide of prosperity to Auckland tradesmen.

A gay, bustling town it was in those days, echoing to the tramp of martial feet, and the strains of martial music. But the long and wretched struggle at last ended. Peace was declared, and about 1867 the last of the Imperial troops left Auckland. Their withdrawal caused much uneasiness at the time ; the peace was thought to be hollow, and dire forebodings of evil to the now defenceless city were indulged in. The terrible “Poverty Bay Massacre,” which occurred in the following year, when, with several others,\* the Rev. John Whitely was murdered under circumstances of horrible atrocity, seemed to justify these forebodings. But that has been, and it is believed will be, the last of the Maori outrages. Te Kooti, one of the chief actors in that abominable affair, has now been “pardoned”—*because*, as people say, he could never be caught and punished,—and only the

other day made a friendly progress through the Auckland district.

The years immediately following the peace were dark years for Auckland, deprived at once of her status not only as a garrison town, but as the seat of Government, which was, about this time, transferred to Wellington. But, at last, after many of her citizens had been ruined, and many more had been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, the Thames Goldfield was discovered, and proved so rich that Auckland soon recovered all, and more than all, her former prosperity. This goldfield is situated on the Frith of Thames, forty miles from Auckland. For the first five years the returns from it were splendid—indeed it was one of the richest fields in New Zealand. Many were the large fortunes made there, but the gold thus got was soon squandered, doing, in most cases, little but harm to its finders. One quondam "lucky digger" is now a carter; another spends his days tramping over the ranges, fossicking for a new field; and so with many of the others who made their pile in those golden days. Those days are gone now; the Thames has long been declining, and mining there is now at a very low ebb, but there are not wanting those who declare that were deep level mining once to be thoroughly tried, the returns would surpass even those of the celebrated "Long Drive" and "Caledonian." The work, so far as it has gone, has given satisfactory results, but want of capital is a fatal drawback.

During the first years of its existence, the Thames did good service to Auckland, tiding her over the season of depression, and giving her, so to speak, a fresh start in life. She has gone on advancing ever since, and was never more prosperous than at the present time. The building trade is at its briskest, and every year finds her enlarging her borders. The city is so finely situated that there is practically no limit to its extension. Facing one of the largest, safest, and most beautiful harbours in the world, Auckland has at her back an immense extent of country, pastoral and arable land, intersected with good roads and railways, and watered by navigable rivers. The soil

is mostly a rich volcanic; wheat and all cereals grow well. Fruit trees of all kinds flourish, particularly apple, pear, and plum. Peaches, upon which, from their abundance, swine used to be fattened, seem now, for some reason, to be dying out. The canning and exportation of fruit is an Auckland industry, and one destined to increase. In the beautiful and sheltered district of Hokianga, it is in contemplation to attempt the cultivation of the vine, orange, olive, and other tropical fruits; also the mulberry, with a view to sericulture. A small colony of Italians is to be imported to superintend this industry. In some parts of the province tobacco is found to flourish, and Auckland cigars and tobacco are now sold. Flax is still, as it was in the ante-colonization days, an important article of export.

Undoubtedly the starting of the Panama Canal works has given a great impetus to Auckland enterprise. When completed the canal will bring New Zealand into close communication with the outside world, and Auckland, from her position as the first port of call, is bound to benefit immensely. She is already preparing for the harvest. A graving dock capable of accommodating the largest vessels is in course of construction, also a large meat freezing dépôt. Frozen meat, cheese and butter (from the factories now being established in the country districts) and fish, with which the harbour abounds, will soon take their places in the long and valuable list of Auckland's exports. Among other projected improvements, a ship canal is talked of to connect the two magnificent harbours of the Manukau and Waitemata. A glance at the map will show the feasibility of this scheme, and also its utility, in saving the long detour round the North Cape. It is a large project, and no wonder Auckland hesitates to undertake it; but when accomplished (as undoubtedly it will be), and the harbours united under one Harbour Board, Auckland will indeed be the Queen of the Southern Seas. Her climate is good; droughts and floods are alike unknown, the sultriest summer day is tempered by sea breezes from the gulf, while the severest cold of winter is rarely suffi-

cient to produce ice. This, however, only refers to the city; in the interior the winters are more severe. Doubtless it rains in Auckland! The greenness and luxuriance of the vegetation attest the fact; but, take it all in all, a finer climate is not to be found.

Auckland has many beautiful buildings, chiefly of Oamaru stone. A new Cathedral, Public Library, and Baptist Church are in course of erection, and will add much to the appearance of the city. The library has been enriched by a rare and valuable collection of books and MSS., the munificent gift of Sir George Grey, and is worthy of the city. Education is by no means neglected in Auckland, the State schools are numerous and flourishing; there is, moreover, a grammar school, a college and a university, so that if one would have his children well educated it is no longer necessary to send them to England. Attached to the schools there are several scholarships, open to the poorest child, and entitling the winner to free tuition for various terms at the Auckland High School or College.

Viewed from the harbour, Auckland presents a most picturesque appearance, perched on its green heights, with the beautiful suburbs of Parnell and Remuera, and the extinct volcano of Mount Edon in the background; while the numerous vessels crowding the spacious wharfs, and the ferry-boats constantly plying between the city and the North Shore, give an air of bustling prosperity to the scene. This North Shore is an important suburb of Auckland. It is a pretty, healthful spot, and many citizens have their homes there, going to and returning from business by the ferry steamers. Among the lately started industries of Auckland is a sugar manufactory; also a furnace for the reduction of iron sand, found in abundance on the shores of the Manukau. This industry is a decided success, the iron having been proved to be of excellent quality.

No place is richer in natural resources than the Auckland district. The bowels of the earth yield gold, silver, iron; coal, in great quantity and of good quality; kauri gum, clay for fine pottery, &c.; while on the surface luxuriant crops of grain ripen in the summer sun,

flocks and herds fatten, and the wilder parts of the country are clothed with magnificent forests, which furnish profitable employment to hundreds of the population. Saw-mills abound, for timber is the great industry of this part of New Zealand. Large quantities are exported; and still more is used at home, dwelling-houses of brick or stone being very rare. The fame of the mottled kauri has spread far and wide, and many other woods are also capable of taking a fine polish, and are much used in cabinet work. Tree-felling is a regular business, giving employment to large numbers of men. Theirs is a strange wild life. The scene of their labours lies in the heart of the primeval forest, far from the habitations of man—perhaps on a ridge, or the steep side of some mountain range. Here, isolated from the world, they live, for months together, in huts of the rudest description, provisions being conveyed to them by means of pack-horses. Here, their first care is to make a rough tramway to the nearest river; along this road the fallen giants of the forest are conveyed to the water's edge, and left for the first fresh to float them to the mill. As may be supposed, accidents are frequent, and the difficulty of conveying an injured man to the nearest township enhances his sufferings tenfold. But if the bushman has been lucky enough to escape accidents, and Christmas finds him fit, he will go to town, and, in one wild orgie, lasting several weeks, and leaving him penniless, make up for the solitude and toil of the preceding twelve months. The life of the gum digger, though less dangerous, is not less arduous. The gum, which exudes from the kauri pine, falls to the foot of the tree, and is, in process of time, covered deeply with vegetable mould. The digger, armed with a long spear, has first to find the gum, which he does by probing the ground; then, having unearthed it, he must scrape and sort it, and then convey it to the nearest bush store, where he will get from £12 to £15 a ton for it, according to quality. It is a hard life, yet is often the resort of the broken-down gentleman, too proud to beg and unfit for any higher employment.

Thus ends this short and imperfect sketch of Auckland and its industries. It must not be imagined that all is rose-coloured. Owing to the borrowing policy of her Government, Auckland, in common with the rest of New Zealand, has to bear a heavy load of taxation. Then again, lands, which, in theory, are supposed to be open to the

people, are grabbed by speculators, and are locked up and lie idle, waiting for a rise in prices. But even with these and other drawbacks, Auckland is a fine place, and that there is a grand future before it, no one, who knows the country, can for a moment doubt.  
G. H.

### WHO—AND WHAT—IS THE MAHDI?

The first of these questions, Who is the Mahdi? has been already answered in *Once a Month*. In our number for September last, page 239, appeared an account of him given by the late (alas, that we should have to use the epithet!) General Sir Herbert Stewart. It is unnecessary to recapitulate what was there stated concerning his origin and early life, except that he claims to be descended from Mohammed, that his own name is Mohammed Ahmed, and that his father's name was Abdollahi, as the name of the Prophet's father was Abdallah. These apparent trifles are significant, inasmuch as they are accepted as a confirmation of his pretensions, and to some extent a fulfilment of the prophecies on which his pretensions are founded.

It is a tradition among the Mohammedans that Mohammed prophesied the coming of a personage whom he styled "El Mahdi," the *Director*, who should be of his own family; whose name should be the same as his, and whose father's name should be the same as his father's; who should govern the Arabians, and should fill the earth with righteousness. The existing pretender claims to be the subject of this prophecy, and aims at the destiny which it foretells. As it happens, he not only bears, like the Prophet, the name Mohammed Ibn Abdallah, but the significant name Ahmed, by which Mohammed asserted that Jesus had foretold him. "Jesus, the Son of Mary, said, O children of Israel, verily I am the Apostle of God sent unto you, confirming the law which was delivered

before me, and bringing good tidings of an apostle who shall come after me, and whose name shall be Ahmed." \* To this alleged prophecy Mohammedans, in discussion with Christians, constantly appeal; and it is easy to perceive how the possession of the name contained in it strengthens in Arab estimation the pretensions of Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola.

The prophecy of Mohammed concerning the Mahdi is accepted by every Moslem. But with this acceptance is combined, in the case of the Shiites, one of the two great divisions of the followers of Islam, another traditional belief. By this sect, the distinction between the Imam, or spiritual head of Mohammedanism, and the Khalifa, or temporal representative of the Prophet as a mere ruler, is sharply defined. They do not acknowledge the full authority of any Khalif who is not at the same time a legitimate Imam; and the Shah of Persia, whose kingdom is altogether Shiite, declares himself to be only the humble servant of the true successor of the Prophet. They hold that the line of descent is to be found only in the family of Ali, who married Mohammed's daughter Fatimah; and

\* Sale's Koran, chap. LXI. This prophecy is not a forgery, but a mistake or a blunder. In some copies of the apocryphal Epistle of Barnabas, which was current among the Arabs in the days of Mohammed, Jesus, instead of promising the "Parakletos" or *Comforter*, was made to promise a "Periklutos" or *Illustrious One*. This title corresponds to the Arabic "Ahmed," and as Mohammed and Ahmed are cognate words, of similar meaning, the prophet of Mecca naturally appropriated it.

consequently look on the rule of the first three Khalifs, Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman, who preceded Ali, and of all others not descended from him, as a usurpation. His descendants settled in Persia, where they were acknowledged as Imams, to the twelfth generation, though deprived of their temporal power. The last of these disappeared mysteriously at the age of twelve years; and the Shiite belief is that he will yet reappear, and reassert his dominion. When he appears, he will be the true Imam Mahdi. He will consolidate the Moslem world under his sway, and fulfil in its largest extent the prophecy of Mohammed, conquering in the first place all Mohammedan heretics, and ultimately subduing the whole world. Now, it is of the greatest significance, that the tenets of the Shiites are prevalent in Upper Egypt, and among the tribes of the Egyptian Soudan.

As might be expected, in every age of Mohammedanism persons have arisen who have assumed the title, either from mere fanaticism, or from policy or ambition. One of the real descendants of Ali, before the race of Persian Imams had come to an end, in the reign of Mansur, Khalif of Baghdad, assumed the title, collected a large number of adherents in Medina, and had himself proclaimed Khalif. Mansur sent against him the governor of Cufa, and he was defeated, and fell in battle. Mohammed, the son of Mansur, assumed the title, apparently for the purpose of strengthening his position. Nevertheless, he had enough to do to maintain it. The rebellion of Mokanna, known to readers of history, and especially to readers of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, gave him sufficient trouble. About a century afterwards, Obeid Allah, the founder of the Egyptian Khalifate, who was actually descended from Ali and Fatimah, also styled himself the Mahdi, and was largely indebted to this assumption for the success which attended him in the establishment of his empire. All this shows how much there is in the name and its associations; for all this took place before the mysterious disappearance of the last Imam, and conse-

quently before the rise of the existing Shiite expectations.

How much danger may arise out of such pretensions is shown by the history of the "Almohades," or Unitarians, Moslem *par excellence*. Their prophet, another Mohammed Ibn Abdallah, began exactly like the Mahdi of the Soudan. About the year A.D. 1117 he commenced in Morocco to propagate his new doctrine; professedly for the purpose of restoring Islam in its purity, and with all its original pretensions. On the 20th November 1121 his followers saluted him as the Mahdi. By Ali, the reigning Prince of Morocco, he was considered and treated as a madman, and contemptuously expelled from the capital. He retired to the mountains, seized on a city and fortified it, was acknowledged by the neighbouring Arab and Berber tribes, and soon found himself at the head of twenty thousand men. The army sent against him became panic-struck and fled; and Ali with difficulty maintained himself in the city of Morocco. In the year 1130 Mohammed died, without accomplishing his object. But he had found his Osman Digna. Abd el Muhmen, his lieutenant both in preaching and fighting, succeeded him, and assumed the title of Commander of the Faithful. He became the founder of a dynasty; his descendants, Yussuf, and Yakub, better known as Almanzor Billah, conquered and held Africa from Fez to Tunis, and established themselves in the south of Spain. The dynasty became extinct, and their empire fell to pieces, in A.D. 1269.

Very different has been the fate of the latest pretenders to the dignity. In 1824 another Ahmed, an inhabitant of Es-Salimeeyeh, a village of Upper Egypt, situated a few miles from the ancient Thebes, gave himself out as the Mahdi. In a remarkably short time he was joined by from 20,000 to 30,000 insurgents, including many deserters from the regular army, which was then in course of formation. Mehemet Ali adopted vigorous measures, and the rebellion was crushed out. One fourth of the Mahdi's followers were killed; he himself disappeared, and was never more heard of. About ten years ago, another sprang up in the same region;

but before his influence had spread beyond his own village, the troops of Ismail Pasha surrounded it, killed all the inhabitants, amounting to four hundred, and laid the village in ashes.

It was in 1881, that the Mahdi of the Soudan formally assumed the title, and announced himself as the prophet whom Mohammed had foretold. His prayers, fastings, and other ascetic practices had excited attention, and gained him an extensive reputation for sanctity. At the same time, like his prototype, in one particular direction he was no ascetic. His marriages were numerous; and the wives of believers being limited to four, he adopted a system of frequent divorce and re-marriage, which, instead of damaging his position, only "increased his connection" with the neighbouring sheikhs. As disciples collected around him, he saw his way to put forth his pretensions in full; proclaimed his mission to reform Islam, to establish a universal religion and law, an equality of men and a community of goods; and to visit with utter destruction all who should refuse him their faith and submission. Forty years, he declared, were given him to establish his kingdom; and, for the encouragement of his followers, he repeated the Prophet's promises to those who should fall in battle, and reiterated and amplified them on his own authority. Death, to them, is immediate entrance into Paradise—with all the sensual and sensuous delights in which the Moslem imagination revels. Hence their reckless courage, and disregard of life.

At the time of his appearance, the Soudan was ready for an explosion. As a matter of course, its conquest by Mehemet Ali could not be forgotten by the immediate descendants of those chiefs whom he had conquered, nor the savage revenges which both parties had taken and endured. Besides, it had been converted into the Cayenne of Upper Egypt, and had thus been stocked with elements of turbulence and crime. The Egyptian officials were little better than the banished criminals, and it is almost flattering to the chief men of the tribes to say that they were no worse. Some of the governors did their best to introduce civilisation and order, but the general wickedness defied

their efforts. The slave-trade became the staple industry; the negroes of the Soudan were systematically hunted and sold; and Khartoum was nothing but a great slave-market. Rebellion was the chronic condition of the country; the taxes had to be collected by force. In 1857, Said Pasha resolved to visit it, to see whether something might be done to improve it. He confessed himself appalled at the state of matters; he declined to be held responsible for such misery, and proposed to withdraw from the "sovereignty." But the chiefs themselves begged him not to do this, as nothing could result from it but anarchy, which they were powerless to prevent. So he consented to retain the sovereignty; made and issued good regulations, to be observed by the governors; announced the abolition of slavery: removed the Egyptian troops, promising not to send them back unless absolutely necessary; but still declared it beyond his power to remove, or to be responsible for, the misery he saw. When Ismail sent Gordon to regulate the Soudan, he found every official and every local chief a lawless oppressor; and the "poor people," who so much excited his commiseration, were doomed to bear the burden of it all. From various causes, the whole population were ready to grasp at the idea of the Mahdi's advent. He was to them what the Messiah was to the Jews, after their conquest by the Romans.

Meanwhile, it is worthy of note, that the very efforts which were used in one direction for the improvement of matters gave life to the first germs of insurrection. With the operations of the Mahdi is now closely associated the name of Osman Ali Digna. This individual was originally a merchant of Suakin, whose principal dealings were in slaves, and who was wont to ship off to Jeddah those whom he could not dispose of in the Soudan and Upper Egypt. In 1877, during the governorship of General Gordon, in pursuance of his measures for suppressing the slave-trade, one of Osman's slave-vessels was captured in the Red Sea; and three or four slave-caravans, of which he and his brother were the principal owners, were seized and liberated. Mad with rage, he attempted to

excite the Soudan chiefs to war with the "Turks"—as he called their Egyptian rulers—whom he denounced as heretics, according to Shiite ideas. They were not prepared, however, for a "holy war" just then. Osman, nevertheless, continued his efforts with perseverance and tenacity, gained over Sheikh Tahir to his views, and found new capital in the prophetic descent, the religious character, the patriotism, and the wrongs of his associate. For a time it seemed as if Sheikh Tahir would occupy the position which Mohammed Ahmed took up; but he was not the right material for a Mahdi. Meantime Mohammed Ahmed declared himself. Osman saw his opportunity, and, in the spring of 1883, took a journey of eight hundred miles to make joint cause with the new prophet. The result of their alliance is now, so far, matter of history; where, when, and how, the history may be completed, it is impossible to say.

At present, the situation is this. The Mahdi, pretending to be the descendant and the representative, spiritual and temporal, of the founder of Islam, has entered upon a career which he and his followers hold to be predicted and predestined. To consolidate the Mohammedan world by the conquest of all opponents as heretics, and to place the Arabs at the head of empire, then to direct his energies against all unbelievers, until the whole world is subdued to Islam—such he asserts to be his destiny. He is evidently a man of no mean capacity, and certainly knows how to get and

maintain a hold on his fellow believers. He has behind him the whole Soudan—not the Egyptian part of it alone, for the Soudan is a wide word, and extends from Abyssinia to Senegambia. Throughout this region a Mohammedan propaganda has of late years been busy and successful, till Islam has become substantially the religion of all its inhabitants. If his success continue, his following will increase everywhere around him; for the trite saying that "nothing succeeds like success" is especially true among the Moslem. His lieutenant, as in the case of the Mahdi of the "Almohades," is perhaps a more vigorous man than himself—perhaps, too, even a greater fanatic. He shares in everything alike with every one of his followers, true to the principle of Communism, which he and his prophet have proclaimed, and is said to be as ragged and dirty as the poorest of his warriors. He expounds the Koran, and preaches his crescentade incessantly to his followers; and such is his influence over them that his severest regulations are cheerfully obeyed.

It may be that the world shall witness ere long a terrible religious war, between Shiites and Sunnites, the two great "denominations" of Islam—the former headed by the Mahdi, the latter by the Turkish Empire. It may be that the confusion may drag others into its vortex. This much is certain, that of his own accord the Mahdi will not stop short of the accomplishment of his boasted destiny. L.

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## BURIAL AT SEA.

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### OFF THE AZORES—ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ ΝΗΣΟΙ.

We laid her in the sapphire sea  
 Far in the west, far in the west—  
 Where ocean girds eternally  
 The ancient "Islands of the Blest."  
 Transparently the ocean gleamed,  
 And on its smooth expanse were thrown  
 The shafts of sunlight, till it seemed  
 The sea of glass before the throne  
 Mingled with fire.—O Thou above,  
 Grant that her soul with sin oppress,  
 Cleansed in the ocean of Thy love,  
 May reach the ISLANDS OF THE BLEST!

—J. R. D.

## B U F F L E S.

## THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE SELL.

BY CAPTAIN H. R. M. HUMPHREYS, LATE "GALLOPING GREENBOYS,"

Author of "BOOT AND SADDLE."

It was a cruel "sell" in one way, and a benefit in another. Anyhow it did him no harm.

He joined *us*—"The Galloping Greenboys"—when only a child that had been smiled upon by seventeen summers. He joined just after the wind-up of the Crimean war, when officers were scarce ;—shot, shell, and cholera, had done a good deal towards wiping out names in the army list—and for that reason any young gentleman of good family, who could pass a decent schoolboy examination at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, could get a commission if his father or guardian asked for one. Buffles, in addition to being very young, was almost preternaturally verdant.

The name that properly belonged to our newly joined warrior was a time-honoured one, but he was never called by it. Buffles was his regimental cognomen, and he got it because a very jolly fellow, who had seen too many corks drawn one evening after mess, couldn't pronounce a name very clearly. Knowing Buffles' breed, we wanted to test him ; for though the soldiers' wives used to say, when they saw him marching about, "He's a pretty little boy, and if I was his mother, I'd 'a kep' 'im at 'ome," he was really such a cock-a-hoop little chap that the inclination to see what he was made of was irresistible.

In the old days, when "the army swore terribly in Flanders," there were regimental bullies, who went by the name of Triers and Provers, and these ruffians took upon themselves the task of testing the courage of young officers joining their regiments, but they did not do it kindly ; they thought nothing of killing the victim of their joke. It is pleasant, however, to know that it is

on record that the biters were not unfrequently bitten. An affront put upon a young gentleman who had given no offence of course drew forth a challenge, and then perchance the lad, who was bound to vindicate his honour, would be, for lack of skill in swordsmanship, left "quivering on a daisy."

There are many who even now think there is something to be said in favour of the "duello ;" for, say they, is it not a monstrous perversion of fair play that women should be betrayed, husbands dishonoured, happy homes turned into wildernesses, and reputations blackened, by scoundrels who have nothing worse to fear than the uncertain decision of a court of law ? Do honest and chivalrous men who have been wronged—men who have had their most tender feelings of honour trampled upon by well-dressed and well-born libertines—get fair redress nowadays ? Ten thousand times No ! To the *true man or woman* who is wronged "Damages" come in the guise of an insult ! In time past a well-directed bullet, or a scientific thrust of a rapier, often put an end to the depredations of a fascinating but voracious hawk of the human sort ; and many cannot help thinking that the men who helped the professed libertines, duellists, gamesters, and gentlemanly card-sharpers, to get out of *this world* were deserving of many thanks and much praise. Dear reader, please pardon this digression, and permit me to hold your attention a little longer, while I spin out my yarn to the end.

Our Colonel was commonly known as "Blasphemous Billy," because although his feelings were those of a Christian gentleman, he unfortunately couldn't help swearing when excited. When he was really vexed his denun-



ciations were couched in language almost demoniacally poetical, but he meant no harm; and would after anathematising a man from the top of his shako down to the rowel of his spur blandly apologise for "his constitutional heat of temper." Well, the Colonel started on the last day of December, 18—, for a day's partridge shooting, to a spot about twenty miles from Graham's Town, capital of the Eastern province of the Cape Colony, and headquarters of the G.G.Bs. "Billy" was a fine fellow, hated by those who couldn't understand him, and beloved by those who did, but he was nevertheless a terrible martinet; so when it became known that he had left the garrison for a space, and that vexatious trumpets, bugles, "officers' calls," etc., were likely to cease for a few hours, and that there would be a short reign of freedom, a number of officers found that they had no specially urgent duties to perform, and so like bees swarmed to the hive, which was the G.G.Bs.' mess-house. In South Africa, where the G.G.Bs. were stationed, most houses are built on high foundations, and you have to reach the front door after ascending some steps, which lead you on to a terrace, called a "stoep." On this "stoep" the inmates of Cape houses sit, and lounge in the evening, to refresh after the fatigue of a day's work under a broiling sun. The "Greenboys" mess-house was built after this fashion.

On the day above indicated, we—that is, myself, then junior "skipper" of the G.G.Bs, Captain Tompion, of the R.A., Major Jellallabad, of "Prince Albert's Own," Sir Jingo de Bricks, G.G.B., Lord Mark Stirrupless, P.A.O., the commandant of the Cape Mounted Police (who sported a more gorgeous uniform than any man in the crowd), the Brigade Major, the subalterns off duty, and all the military idlers of the garrison—were assembled. There was also a goodly assemblage of commissariat and ordnance men, and some jolly civilians, who had, as a slight return for their open-handed hospitality to the military, been accorded by courtesy the "run of the mess-room." So far as my memory serves, this free pass is a compliment very rarely accorded, and

it is an infringement upon military law.

It matters not, however, whether we were legally or illegally assembled, the fact remains that we were on the "stoep," smoking "baccy" and imbibing "long drinks"—gingerbeer and gin being first favourite—for O! it was so hot! when Buffles came marching up. He had just been let off the chain by his military instructor, Corporal O'Dell, who had for some weeks been carefully explaining and demonstrating all that pertains to the mystery of the goose-step, the "extensive motions," and the manual and platoon exercise.

It would be an unpardonable crime to leave Corporal O'Dell undescribed in this sketch. O'Dell was the nattiest little non-commissioned officer that ever wore spurs; but he unfortunately had a too great fondness for his liquor. The gay little drill-instructor was so often tried by court-martial, that at times it became quite difficult to tell what his regimental rank was. He played "lightning changes" between non-commissioned officer and "full private" so often, that his friends calling to see him at the barracks were troubled. People would ask for Serjeant O'Dell on one Monday, and enjoy with him the hospitality of the Serjeant's Mess; on the next Monday the same people would ask for Serjeant O'Dell, and be informed that no such individual was in existence, but that in the barrack-yard there was a Lance-corporal O'Dell putting a squad of young officers and "Johnny Raws" through the "manual and platoon." O'Dell was one of those fellows who insist upon having a "fling" whenever they please, and at any cost. Yet, notwithstanding this mortal weakness, he was an immense favourite with the officers of his regiment, who loved and admired him for his soldierly smartness, chirruppy cockjolly-birdism, and well managed impudence. In a word, O'Dell was the *beau-ideal* of a drill instructor. So much for Buffles' instructor; now for Buffles himself.

When he came up the mess-house stairs he looked very warm and dis-jointed; he went into the mess-room, and there we heard him call for a big glass of gingerbeer. We then all agreed that our most recent acquisition to the mess

was almost *too* young for his years, and quite refreshingly verdant. We knew all about his pedigree, but nothing about his "pluck," so determined to find out whether the latter matched the former.

We went to work in this wise. Captain and Brevet-major Johnny Brasdefer, of the G.G.Bs, said to Tommy Tompion, of the R.A., "That's our infant; let's sell him!" Then the—to speak metaphorically—curtain ascended, and the performance commenced. Billy Lovell, who commanded the troop to which Buffles was attached, ran down the mess-house steps, and went in hot haste to the orderly-room. Lovell soon came back, looking very grave and mysterious, and whispered something to Lord Mark Stirrupless.

"Bounding Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed his Lordship. "This is very serious. Have you really received reliable information, Captain Lovell, to the effect that Blasphemous Billy is in actual danger?"

"He is indeed, Lord Mark," said Lovell, "our Colonel went quail shooting yesterday morning, and a Fingo has just come in to say that the Kaffirs have taken him prisoner; and have sworn to skin him alive, and tie him on an ant-hill, if he is not ransomed by two thousand head of cattle."

The words that Lord Mark spake when this information was given to him, cannot be printed here.

"We must send a party to rescue Billy," said Sir Jingo.

"Just so," replied Lord Mark. "But who's to go? All my youngsters are on duty, or on court-martials!"

"So are all my boys," sighed Sir Jingo; "never knew the garrison so short-handed."

"Someone must go," said Tompion, in the drawing, sleepy way for which he was famous.

"Exactly so," observed several men.

"Fitz-Bellair, you will go out with a troop on this expedition," said Lord Mark.

"I can't, my Lord," replied Fitz, "because we are short-handed; I am regimental orderly-officer: also garrison orderly-officer for the day, and there is no one to take my place."

"Bounding Belial!" shouted Lord Mark. "Who is then to go?"

"Buffles must go," said Tompion, in an authoritative tone. "He's very young, and it seems a pity to sacrifice him in his early bloom, but we must, *we must*, for the good of the service!"

When Buffles was told about the duty he had to perform he became as excited as a game-cock put at "scratch." For a moment he thought he was being hoaxed; but when he looked about him and saw the assemblage of staff officers, he felt sure that no joke was intended.

"I'm *so* glad to get this chance!" said the youngster; "but where, when, and how, am I to go? I have only one horse, and the riding-master has not dismissed me yet from riding-school."

Said Sir Jingo, "Go to the Sergeant-Major and tell him to pick you out the best and quietest troop-horse in the stables, and tell him also that you make the demand under my authority."

Off went Buffles to make his preparations, and off went we to *tiffin*.

The next thing we heard about our embryo warrior was that he had interviewed the Sergeant-Major, who had undertaken to place at his disposal the most high-mettled steed in the three squadrons—but a warhorse—mark you—warranted not to kick, or buck, or shy, tumble on his knees, or play circus-tricks of any sort. The warhorse was to be ready for Buffles at 4 p.m. We also found out that after securing his charger he went to his quarters and ordered his soldier-servant to pack his marching kit; and to see that the revolver was properly loaded, and placed in the right holster, and in the left one a sodawater bottle full of brandy, in case it might be wanted.

"Don't forget to put some spare ammunition in my pouch, Robert, and get yourself ready to march with me. We start at half-past four."

Having thus settled this part of his business, our nice little boy ran off to the mess-room to write what he thought might be his last letter to his guardian and his sister at home—for he was an orphan.

Boreas, the riding-master, held a riding-school drill in the afternoon at 3.15 p.m. for recruits and newly joined officers, and, of course, when the roll was called, Buffles was absent; for the simple reason that at the moment when the "school" was being marched off to the "manège" our young friend was—after sealing a letter, in which his dear ones at home were informed that he had so early in his military career been afforded the chance—(as many distinguished officers had solemnly assured him—of being promoted from cornet to captain, with the immediate probability of a brevet-majority, and C.B.-ship to follow—was reading his last will and testament to Mr. Bartous, our very faithful and gentlemanly mess-butler, and requesting that worthy to be so good as to sign it.

Bartous 'he rascal was in the secret) graciously complied, and was presenting the testator with a mixture that he prescribed as a good thing to march on, when in came Fitz-Bellair, who said, "Buffles, my boy, I'm very sorry, but *must* do my duty. I've come to put you under arrest."

"Arrest! What for?" cried the appalled youngster.

"For being absent without leave from riding-drill parade; and I regret to say," continued Fitz, looking very grave, "that you have committed a very serious offence, little man. It means absence from duty without leave."

"How could I attend to two duties at once?" exclaimed Buff., with a red face and angry eyes—the boy *had* a temper. "What has Old Boreas got to do with me, when I'm ordered for special duty?"

"Know nothing about that," replied Fitz, "my orders are to conduct you at once to the orderly-room, where Major Sir Jingo de Bricks and Captain Lovell are waiting for you; so please give me your sword, and come along."

The lad looked quite crushed—so Fitz told us afterwards—but submissively unclasped his belt and handed his sword to his captor. They then descended the mess-house steps, and when they reached the pathway leading to the orderly-room Fitz-Bellair drew his sword, apologetically remarking,

"Pardon me for this formality, but it's the rule when escorting a prisoner."

The prisoner entered the dreary, but terribly official-looking chamber, where military magnates use up her Majesty's stationery with lavish hand, where rivulets of ink meander over plains of foolscap, to embouche at last in the great gulf of the War Office, more than "ten thousand miles away;" where it is impossible to ask for a pennyworth of anything before quite a shilling's worth of "requisitions," "vouchers," and "returns," have been filled in and signed. In this place Buffles found himself for the first time—*under arrest*.

Seated in *the* chair at the commanding officer's table was Sir Jingo de Bricks, Major by brevet in the *Army*, but Captain merely of D Troop in the *regiment*. Brevet rank is a peculiar military "fakement" which only military men can explain, and there is no room for the explanation in this story. Standing on the right side of Sir J. stood Boreas, the accuser, and on his left the Adjutant, Lieut. Bushall.

"Mr. Bushall, I understand that Mr. Boreas has reported the young officer before us for having absented himself without leave from riding-drill this afternoon."

"Just so, Major," replied the Adjutant.

At this moment in came Captain Lovell, commander of the troop to which the prisoner was attached as cornet.

"Just in time, Lovell," said Sir J.; "suppose you know all about this affair?"

"Just heard of it, sir, and have come to ask you not to be hard upon him, as this is his first offence, and I think, if he will restrain his inherent cheekiness, there is the making of a smart young officer in him."

At this juncture, the expression on Buffles' face would have been worth money to a photographer, for it was a blend of utter bewilderment, cockiness, and anger.

"But—but—but Major!" gasped the accused one, "how can I have disobeyed orders, or been absent from riding-school without leave, when you yourself authorised me to tell the Sergeant-Major to provide

me with a charger and a troop, to go to the rescue of the Colonel? I don't know much about the service yet, but I do know that being detailed for special duty lets a man off regimental duty; besides, I thought (here the boy's voice began to falter) that as I might not come back again, I might have time to write home and make my will!"

This was too much, and we all burst into a roar of laughter. The idea of Buffles making a will was quite too funny.

At last Lovell—when he had regained his composure—got up from his chair, and, patting the prisoner on the shoulder, said, "Good boy, you are all right, it's all a joke!"

"What!" almost screamed our infant, "is there no expedition?" Then he fairly broke down and cried bitterly.

We were sorry and ashamed of ourselves, for we felt we had carried the joke too far; but to make amends we all made much of him—just as troopers do when they receive the command "Make much of your horses"—and then we carried him off to the mess-room and drank his health in champagne. He had won his spurs, and we never chaffed him afterwards about the failure of "The Expedition."

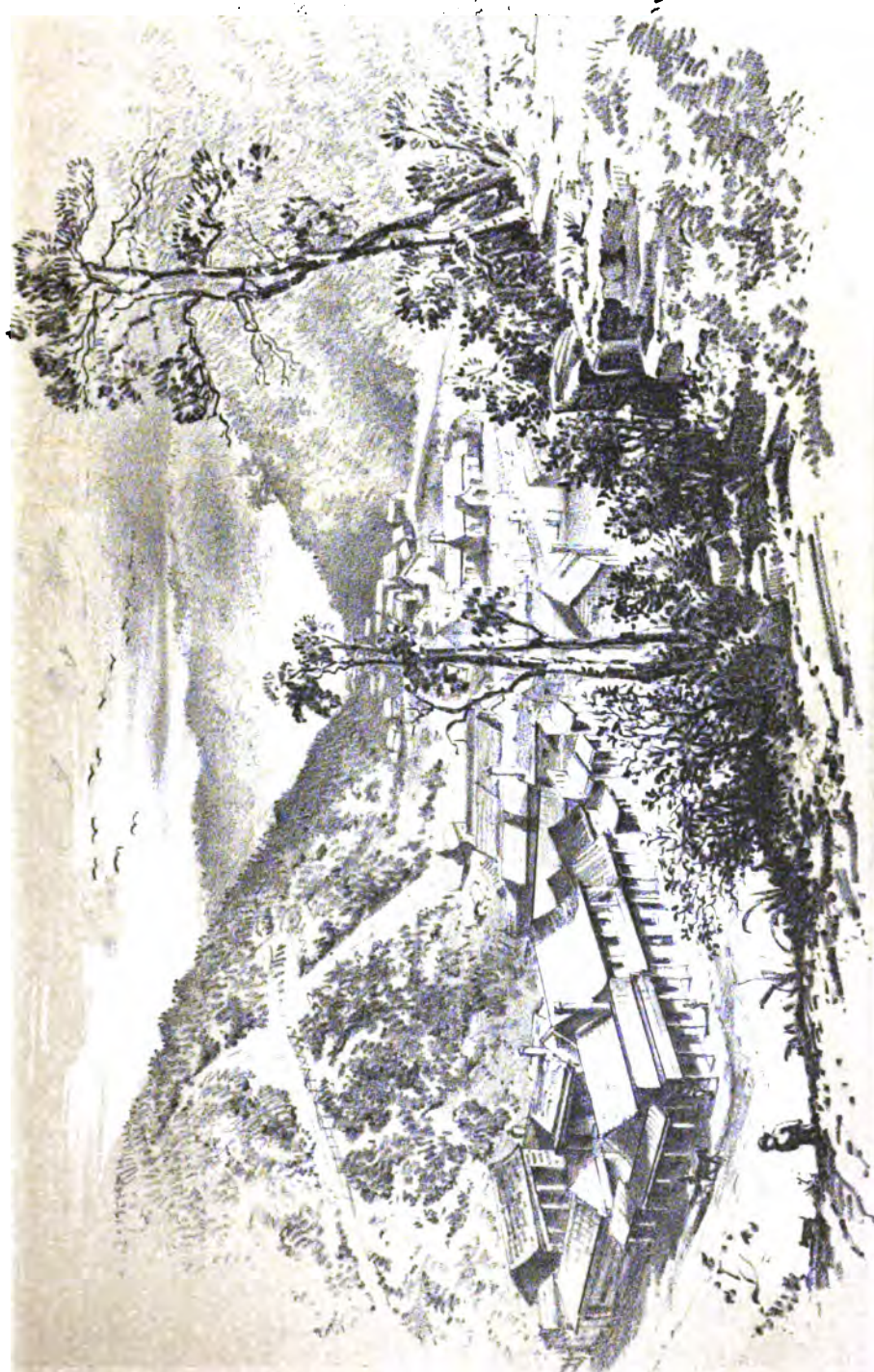
This story may be good, or it may be indifferent; but, be it either the one or the other, it has at least one virtue, inasmuch as it is true—every line of it.

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

### NO. VIII.—GIPPSLAND (VICTORIA).

Shortly after the discovery of the reef at Stringer's Creek, now known as Walhalla, I went with another person to Gippsland on a prospecting tour. We took a youngman with us as assistant, and to look after the horses, camp, etc. We travelled overland by a bush track, of course camping out all the way. I forget the year of this journey; but the only way of reaching Gippsland at that period was either by sea to Port Albert or along the cattle-track. It was far better to go by sea, for the cattle-track, so often used by fat cattle on their way to the Melbourne market, was always in a bad state—rough in dry weather—uneven, wet and boggy, in wet weather. The cattle-track presented a singular appearance, not easily accounted for. It was from fifty to one hundred yards wide, and like a potatoe field, as the surface in all soft places was cut into drills by the feet of the cattle. They always step into the hollows between the drills, because if they were to step upon the drills their feet would slip into the hollows. That explains the existence of drills, but why such drills are nearly always in a

straight line from one side of the road to the other is more difficult of explanation. It is probably to be accounted for by the naturally mild and friendly character of fat bullocks, inducing them to walk in ranks, as human beings in processions, because they can thus have their mates beside them, and can hold friendly intercourse with them by occasional glances. It may not be generally known by those who have not had an opportunity of observing the characteristics of horses, cattle, and sheep, that they always have mates, just as human beings have friends. After crossing the waterless sandy channel of the so-called River Bunyip, there is little but a wild stretch of forest and scrub destitute of grass till Traralgon is reached. Rich soil was observed in some localities, but it was densely covered with scrub. The richest soil seemed to consist of decomposed greenstone, for I observed this rock in outcrops in one or two places. From Shady Creek onward to Traralgon, I regarded the formation as belonging to the carboniferous, and thought it not unlikely that coal might



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be found about Shady Creek. In the present day, nearly every place to the east of Berwick is said to be in Gippsland; but in earlier days, the range extending from Wilson's Promontory to the head of the River Latrobe was considered to be the western boundary. Thus Traralgon, with its rich pastoral lands shaded by gigantic redgum trees, was the first pleasant spot reached by the traveller to the garden of Victoria. On this my first visit to Rosedale—a beautiful name, and quite in keeping with the natural beauty of the country around—I began to entertain a very high opinion of Gippsland. Crossing the bridge over the River Latrobe, we went by Snakesridge and Toongabbie. This latter place with an outrageous name is at the foot of the ranges. There was only one slab building in the township—a wayside or accommodation house—kept by an ex-trooper, who, with another, according to his own account, captured the bushrangers some years before near Mount Macedon. As usual with ex-troopers and ex-police-men, when they retire from the force, he was seeking promotion in keeping a public house—perhaps the only promotion within reach.

On the ranges north of this township (I decline to write its name again), there are fine trees, locally known as mountain ash. The bark closely resembles that of ironbark. It is not an ash, but a eucalyptus. From the foot of the ranges to Walhalla, the track is a succession of ups and downs. There is a very steep descent into the valley of the river Thomson. A small area there, at the top of the descent, has a rich soil, evidently formed from greenstone, of which there are numerous outcrops. From the Thomson to Walhalla, there are numerous dykes of decomposed rock, resembling the dyke at Wood's Point. In two of them I had a shaft sunk, in hopes of finding horizontal quartz reefs. We found quartz highly crystallised, like the reef at Wood's Point, but in mere bands and without gold.

On the Thomson, about five miles from Walhalla, a prospector, in passing along a range, saw a large mass of red rock projecting above the surface. He broke a piece off and brought it to my

camp. It proved to be a lode of copper ore, between a dyke of decomposed greenstone and a wall of clay-slate. I found limestone in the neighbourhood. A company was afterwards formed, but the mine, from some cause, was not a success.

I was much interested in examining the quartz reef at Walhalla. Nearly all the claims were then like small quarry holes. No. 7 showed the richest quartz, gold being visible in nearly every piece. The reef has a wall of sandstone on one side, and clay-slate on the other, and it trends twenty degrees to the west of north. To the south it cannot be traced further than the bed of Stringer's Creek, where it is divided into thin bands in slate rock, and it cannot be traced more than a few hundred yards to the north. At that period a claim might have been readily bought. Some gentlemen, who bought later, have incomes from this remarkable reef amounting from ten thousand to twenty thousand pounds a year. We were too late to find any claim in that neighbourhood, and to purchase a claim is sometimes beset with difficulties, especially in the settlement.

We left Stringer's Creek, and went eastward. Descending in a few miles into a deep valley, we had a long climb up a steep range to the main cleared road to Mount Useful. Parties with pack-horses were making their way up this mountain road to Donelley's Creek. I saw a Chinaman following this industry, but he presented a contrast to the European packers—he walked by his horse, but carried an enormous load himself.

Pitching our camp at the turn off to Donelley's Creek, because there was some grass for our horses, I went round the neighbourhood, descending into the valleys and climbing the ranges, and ascending to the flat top of Mount Useful. This is a very remarkable mount. Its top is about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and is flat, consisting of basaltic rock overlying beds of conglomerate. Fine springs, ever flowing, issue from the lower basalt. As there is only a low eucalyptus scrub near the top, there is a grand unobstructed view obtained, well deserving the climb to the top, independently of hunting



for quartz reefs. According to the opinion of Mr. Selwyn, the geologist, the basalt on the flat top of Mount Useful is the remnant of a basaltic tableland, the rest of it having been carried away. The bed of waterworn quartz conglomerate below it indicates this, but a curious question arises: whence comes the spring of water out of the basalt? The rest of the mount, and all the ranges near, consist of clay-slate and other hardened strata divided by veins of quartz. Between Donelley's Creek and Mount Useful there exists some apparently good slate, very curiously marked with alternate pink and grey stripes. The scrub which grows on the higher slopes of Mount Useful is a species of eucalyptus, the wood of which is extremely tough, and with a sharp knife can be made into fans and other ornamental and useful articles. I have seen very beautifully made articles in the possession of miners.

We heard a curious story in reference to the first marriages celebrated at Donelley's Creek. When a Roman Catholic priest came there from Sale, six or eight couples wished to be married; but the priest took care to call in the services of the mining registrar, from whom he obtained information as to the position of the various couples. He then fixed the fees—adopting a sliding scale from two to ten pounds for performing the ceremony.

Our search for quartz reefs in Gippsland was not successful. The formation is all upper silurian, in which the quartz is generally in narrow bands. The Walhalla reef is exceptional, like the horizontal ones at Wood's Point. There may be more of such reefs still undiscovered, for the system of ranges, often very scrubby, and frequently with a deep soil overlying the rocks, renders prospecting difficult and expensive; but I shall be surprised if in the future any two such discoveries are made—that is if I am in a position to hear of them.

Some years after my first visits to Gippsland a well-known Melbourne stock and share broker asked me to revisit it. A gentleman had reported to

him and others that, twenty years before, he had found in a creek which falls into Lake Tyers large masses of lead ore; and the broker said if I would go and report upon the supposed discovery the gentleman would meet me in Gippsland, and Mr. A. Howitt, the Gold Commissioner, might probably go with us. I had gone overland when there was only a bridle track; but as a so-called coach-road had been cleared, I started by Cobb's coach from the Albion in Bourke-street. The afternoon was wet, and I got inside. There was no other passenger. When we reached the Star Hotel, Windsor, the driver stopped, and called for a pint of beer. When we reached Dandenong he left the box to deliver the mail. The horses started off, but he succeeded in catching the single rein of the leading horse, and the team and coach then described a circle round him. There was nearly an upset. Before leaving Dandenong the driver had a glass of whisky. A wayside traveller was soon given a "lift" for a few miles, and when he reached home he insisted on the driver taking a glass of his home-brewed beer. Farther on, at the Glasgow Hotel, he drank a glass of gin. Getting to Berwick at 11 p.m., we ought to have had our supper, but he took offence at something done by one of the girls at the hotel, and would neither eat nor give me time to finish mine. It was still raining heavily, but I did not think it safe to leave him on the box by himself, and got up beside him. The rage which he felt towards the girl and the landlady he now bestowed on the team of four horses, and three miles onward, the spirited animals, bounding under the whip of the drunken madman, broke one of the bars. There was no spare one on the coach, and I had to sit in the wet, holding the reins, till he walked back to Berwick. In about two hours he returned. The small creeks were rising, and the leaders for a time refused to enter one we came to. They rushed in at last, but the coach stuck in the middle. The front wheels were against a big log. The driver got down into the water, and removed it down the stream. He shortly afterwards got off the track. On telling him the track was to the right,



he suddenly pulled the leaders in that direction, and they bounded over some obstruction, which proved to be an immense log; the wheels just cleared the end of it. He remarked, "I was napping that time." At the next stage we went into the hotel to warm ourselves. In two minutes the driver was asleep. I said to the young man in attendance that he was not in a fit state to drive, and I would not awake him. He slept till daybreak, and then, to make up for lost time, he drove like a madman. When we got to Bunyip, the overseer declared the coach so strained and broken as to be unfit to go further. Neither did the driver go further. The track was boggy and the creeks so flooded that it took us all that day and next night till near daybreak to reach Rosedale. I was the only passenger all the way, and, in reality, worked my passage—holding the reins whilst the driver got down to examine the creeks before we plunged through them—and, at the "Gluepot," had to hold up the coach, whilst it was slowly driven between a big stump and a quagmire.

At Snakesridge I got a saddle-horse, and rode, via Sale, to Stratford, where I was joined by the gentleman above referred to. We rode to Bairnsdale where Mr. Howitt joined us. We rode onwards together by Bruthen to Lake Tyers. We soon saw lumps of ore as big as a human head, but instead of lead ore it was what is known as micaceous specular iron ore. Between Lake Tyers and Mount Nower Nower, I found the matrix—four or five wide reefs of cream-coloured jasper, through which the iron ore occurs in veins. In the main creek, falling into the lake at its north-west extremity, there are pieces of beautiful jasper, like red sealing-wax. We camped there a night, and returned to Bairnsdale. I should have liked to visit the limestone caves at Buchan, when I was within a few miles of them, but I had carried out my instructions.

A steamer had in our absence arrived at Bairnsdale, with "Tom Cringle" and an *Argus* reporter on board. They had come to examine the lake entrance, Tom Cringle having suggested a scheme for securing a permanent entrance. I had seen

quite enough of coaching on the Gippsland track, and I at once determined to return to Melbourne by the steamer. After experiencing much kindness and hospitality from Mr. Howitt, and the late Mr. Archibald McLeod, of Bairnsdale station, we sailed down the Mitchell and out through the natural entrance. Tom Cringle's scheme was to make a new cutting at Jamie's Point; and to prevent a south-east gale from closing it with sand, which, he assumed, came from the eastward, he proposed constructing a groin out into deep water on the eastern side of the proposed new entrance. An amateur's opinion is not to be tolerated by a professional engineer, but Tom Cringle being merely an amateur like myself, I felt at liberty to object to his scheme. I do not know what Sir John Coode's scheme may be, but I considered that the permanent opening from the sea into the Gippsland Lakes is beset with no ordinary difficulties. It does not matter where the sand originally came from. There is nothing but a sandy coast from Wilson's Promontory to the lake entrance, and by the oblique action of the waves on the coast, before the prevailing south west wind, the sand is always being shifted eastwards. The lakes were, undoubtedly, originally bays, but have been cut off from the sea by this constant action of the waves, and but for the rivers falling into the lakes they would have been cut off permanently long ago. At the present day the natural outlet has been shifted to the eastward as far as it can be, proving that the sand drift from the westward is more potent than any drift from the east. I contended therefore that a single groin, or even one on both sides of the outlet, carried out into deep water, would be only a temporary expedient—the angles outside would soon be sanded up, and a bar formed within the outlet. These were some of my objections to Tom Cringle's scheme. My suggestion was either to have the proposed new cutting at Jamie's Point made no wider than to ensure a continual scour from the lakes outwards, or make a wider entrance, with sluice-gates opening inwards, and thus keep the surface of the lakes always a little above the level

of the sea. An overshot dam in the natural outlet would be sufficient to carry off flood waters. A pleasant voyage to Melbourne brought the trip to a close.

I may mention that, through the kindness of the late Mr. M'Leod, of Bairnsdale, who furnished me with a fresh horse, I visited a small diggings on the Nicholson River, up amongst the ranges. Gold was got in small quantities, by sluicing any of the creeks. The quartz, where any exists, is in narrow bands. I went on foot to the top of a range near Bairnsdale, up the Mitchell, about two miles. It may be of some importance to make known that there is granite there, like the red granite of Aberdeen. It is not so fine grained or of so high a colour as the Gabo Island granite, but judging from surface appearances, it is probably equal to the imported Aberdeen granite.

Travellers on the ranges of Gippsland, where there are often rich deep soils, are sure to become acquainted with crab-holes—unpleasantly so sometimes—but without noticing the crabs

which construct them with great ingenuity and apparent forethought. Crab-holes are their water-tanks, and are constructed sometimes so near to the surface that a horse's weight breaks through the domed roof, causing a tumble, and, perhaps, serious injury to man and beast. I had the curiosity to open a tank, and examine it and the inmates minutely. It was beautifully lined with vegetable fibre, like felt; and the young members of the family were hanging on to the mother's legs. Extending from the tank for several yards, drives or aqueducts had been made to the surface, to catch and conduct rain-water to the tank. The lining of vegetable fibre enables the family to move about in the water without rendering it muddy. A traveller along a high range, if in want of water, may obtain a supply of perfectly clear water from a tank; otherwise he has to descend some two or three hundred feet to a spring in one of the beautiful tree-fern gullies, which are everywhere to be met with.

W. L. M.

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### SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—

And yet the fair, good name was wilted,  
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted,  
And life was worse than death.

One venom'd word,

That struck its coward, poisoned blow,  
In craven whisper, hushed and low—  
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,

That muttered low, for very shame,  
The thing the slander dared not name—  
And yet its work was done.

A hit so slight,

And yet so fearful in its power,  
A human soul in one short hour  
Lies crushed beneath its might!

*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE OVERTURNED CARRIAGE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

M. Valstein, Chief Commissioner of Bridges and Roads, had under his own charge the public works in the district of Paris. He drove round his district in an elegant carriage, and was well received in the best houses, on account of his office, his talents, and his amiability. He had been long a widower, and had an only daughter named Herminia, just entering into girlhood. Not being able to superintend her education at home, he had placed her at a celebrated boarding-school in the suburb Montmartre. When his journeys lay in that direction he sometimes called for her, and took her to spend an agreeable day at the house of some one of his numerous friends.

One day M. Valstein used for the first time a new carriage. Herminia had been looking forward to a drive in it; for its fashionable shape and its exquisite finish suited the petty pride of the young lady, whose other good qualities were marred by conceit and arrogance. Her father called for her, to accompany him to a country-seat above St. Denis. It was the *fête* of the patron saint of that village, and in the evening there was to be a rustic ball, at which the best people in the neighbourhood were to be present. Herminia had dressed herself accordingly in an elegant light gown, and a Leghorn hat with a wreath of blue flowers; rich chased bracelets adorned her arms, and her figure was enveloped in a splendid cashmere shawl. A young and neatly-appointed groom, and a horse of the finest action, harmonised with the elegance of the cabriolet. Herminia had never felt more happy, or more self-satisfied.

At the equinox the weather is always uncertain, and on that day some thick clouds at the horizon had already threatened a storm. By the time that they reached the outskirts of Paris, M. Valstein and his daughter had heard several peals of thunder, which in a short time were followed by heavy rain. It did not last long, but it left

the road covered with mud, as the ground had been soaked and softened already by the bad weather.

Herminia crouched into the corner of the carriage, covered herself as well as possible with her father's great-coat, and took every pains to preserve her dress from being touched. In this, however, she was disappointed; for M. Valstein, seeing that the lightly-clad little groom had got wet, insisted on placing him between himself and his daughter. In spite of his care, the groom could not help pressing against the young lady, and putting her in terror about the crushing of her dress. On approaching the plain of St. Denis, they overtook a poor old market gardener of the neighbourhood returning home, seated in the little cart in which he used to take his vegetables to town. It was drawn by three donkeys yoked abreast, and the little animals moved on very slowly, as if they were tired with their morning's work. When M. Valstein's carriage overtook this grotesque turn-out, the civil old man, wishing to give him plenty of room, took one of his wheels off the paved part of the road, which happened to be rather narrow at the place. The wheel got into a rut, overturned the cart, and threw one of the donkeys down. The old man thought it was killed, and tried with all his might to raise the cart, but he had not strength to do it.

M. Valstein had stopped, and hearing the old man's exclamation about his donkey, jumped out and helped to lift the cart to the perpendicular again. In doing this, he muddled his hands, his clothes, and his boots; but thinking only of the help he was giving, he never thought of this. Herminia soon called his attention to it. "O, look at yourself!" she exclaimed with surprise and even disdain; "don't come near me! you'll spoil my dress." "What would you have?" answered M. Valstein; "the poor old fellow wouldn't have got into the rut but for us; it was

only right for me to help him out of it. Besides, I never can resist the appeal of anyone in trouble." Herminia was only partly subdued by this reply; and continued to remonstrate with her father on his excess of goodness, and especially on his unfit state to appear at the party to which they were going. She gave vent to so many bitter pleasantries on his muddy appearance, that he had no difficulty in perceiving what was at the bottom of them all; but he set himself to meet with discretion her ridicule and injustice, and to divert her thoughts by animated conversation.

They were about half-a-league from St. Denis, when the axle of the splendid cabriolet suddenly broke, and they, in their turn, were upset in the middle of the road. Herminia believed at first that it was all over with her. "I am dead!" she screamed, "I am dead!" Her father was at first alarmed by her cry, but he soon convinced himself that there was little else than fear the matter with her. "I am dead!" she cried again. "Well, well, don't scream so loud," said M. Valstein, smiling; "dead people don't cry, or even speak." He and the groom, and several persons who happened to be passing, set to work, and got the carriage up again. Herminia began to recover herself a little. What comforted her above everything was, that her father had managed by taking her in his arms to prevent her dress from being soiled by the fall. It was only a little crushed, although the elegance of the wreath on her pretty hat was considerably damaged.

M. Valstein told her that the carriage was so injured that they could not get into it again, and that they must find some other way of getting first to St. Denis, and from there to the place where they were expected. Some of the vehicles that ran between Paris and St. Denis were passing, but all were full; so they were obliged to wait on, and it was now nearly four o'clock. While they were wondering what was to be done, the old market gardener came up. Seeing M. Valstein, still muddy from the service he had rendered him half a league farther back, he pulled up his three donkeys, got down from his cart, and eagerly offered

his services in return. "What is the matter, my good sir?" "I have been upset, like yourself, but I can't get over it so easily as you; the axle is broken." "We don't know what to do to get to the house where we are going," said the young lady. "Is it far from here?" said the good-natured old man. "'Tis a short half league beyond St. Denis," replied M. Valstein, "and I don't think we shall get there in time for dinner; and that is a mighty disappointment, for I'm getting viciously hungry already." "If I dared offer you and Mademoiselle"—"What is it?" said Herminia quickly. "My little cart will hold two, if they sit close together. We can turn over the straw, which was fresh this morning, and put the gentleman's topcoat on the seat." "Thank you, my fine fellow," said M. Valstein at once. "Herminia, are you not delighted with the good man's offer?" "It is certainly better than nothing," she managed to stammer out; "I am anxious to get there without spoiling my dress, even if I am jolted a little." This was hardly in accord with the heartiness of her father; however, the cart was brought over to her side of the road, and she found herself on the seat of it, safe and sound. M. Valstein seated himself beside her: and the groom was ordered to fix up the carriage, so as to take it on at a walk to St. Denis, and get it put into such a condition as to return to Paris in the evening.

The old man walked on, leading his grotesque equipage, and in half an hour Herminia and her father made a triumphal entry into St. Denis. Every one that passed looked on with a laugh, and people ran to their windows to see the singular convoy. M. Valstein smiled in return; but Herminia looked down, and bit her lips, and said that it was very disagreeable to be the laughing-stock of a paltry little village. "What does it matter?" said her father, still smiling; and added with significance, "you will escape the mud, and, as you said just now, this is better than nothing."

As they passed the square of St. Denis, Herminia begged M. Valstein to take one of the conveyances standing there, and to leave the market gardener's triumphal car. "We shall be

far more comfortable," she said ; " and we shall get the sooner and the more respectably to the brilliant *réunion* to which you are taking me." " O, no, my dear," replied M. Valstein ; " that would mortify this excellent old man beyond measure ; he has got us out of our difficulty so obligingly, he has walked all the way in the mud on our account, and has come out of his road a long way besides ; I mean that he shall take us right on to our destination." These last words were a stab to the vanity of Herminia, who was accustomed to persist in having her own way. During this discussion the little cart rolled on steadily, and our travellers, having left St. Denis behind them, found themselves at the entrance of the avenue leading to the house where they were going. Herminia now proposed to get down, and to walk up the avenue. The sun had been shining for some time, and the ground had got so dry as to threaten no risk to her dress. " No, no," persisted M. Valstein ; " I have become too fond of our equipage not to present it to the large circle of friends who are waiting to receive us."

By this the three donkeys abreast had entered the first court of the

château. They soon crossed the second, and came quite up to the steps of the vestibule, after having marched along before the drawing-room windows. At the sight of the whimsical equipage every one burst out laughing, and ran out to meet pretty Herminia ; who, purple with vexation and shame, dismounted from her strawy car amidst the exclamations and unextinguishable laughter of all around.

M. Valstein, giving her his hand with a ceremonious dignity which added to the amusement of the situation, related all that had happened. Every one admired the civility and kindness of the old market gardener. M. Valstein ordered Herminia to give him a louis to reward him for saving her dress from the mud ; and giving her a kiss said, " Pardon me this lesson, my dear. Remember that one ought never to be ashamed of a benefit, nor of the hand that gives it. Recollect what La Fontaine says : ' Oblige every body as much as you can ; one has often need of help from a person of less importance than himself.'"

M. M.

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### UNKIND REFLECTIONS.

Oh ! never let us lightly fling  
A barb of woe to wound another ;  
Oh ! never let us haste to bring  
The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound ; but he  
Who wounds that he may witness pain,  
Has spurned the law of charity,  
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,  
Or sorrow's influence to subdue—  
But not to wound, or to annoy,  
Is part of virtue's lesson too.

Peace, perfect in the world above,  
Shall lend her dawn to brighten this ;  
Then all man's labour shall be love,  
And all his aim his brother's bliss.

—Gisborne.



### THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice !"

—*Epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren  
in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

All who combine a Catholic love of art with a patriotic interest in the Imperial metropolis will rejoice to hear of the progress that the great scheme of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral in London is steadily making. Those who are at all acquainted with the matter will recollect that shortly after the thanksgiving service in the Cathedral for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, public attention was drawn to the bare and forlorn condition of the building, and a fund was started for its worthy completion. About £50,000 was raised, and an executive committee was appointed. The first design submitted was by Mr. F. C. Penrose, M.A., the surveyor to the Dean and Chapter. This was not accepted, and the late Mr. W. Burges, A.R.A., was commissioned to prepare

a complete scheme, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874. We were in London at the time, and well remember its more salient features, prominent among which were a proposal to remove the stone surface of the interior, and to veneer the pilasters and other architectural features with marble. The whole scheme of decoration was sumptuously magnificent; but it was generally animadverted upon, less on account of its enormous estimated cost than of its art-character. Mr. Burges, it should be borne in mind, although a most able architect, a skilled archæologist, and a thorough artist at heart, laboured under two disadvantages for the work in question. He was so exceedingly near-sighted that he could not possibly take in at a glance the whole of a design upon a sheet of "double elephant," and had to peer at everything through great goggle gig-

lamps, with his nose almost touching the paper. Hence the clumsy over-massiveness that marred his otherwise fine competitive design for the new Law Courts, since built by the late Mr. George E. Strut. But there was another thing; Mr. Burges' artistic proclivities were entirely medieval, and his favourite style, twelfth century French work. It is true that he had decorated with fine effect, in something of the *cinqu   cente* style of the *Renaissance*, the interior of Worcester College; but the details of the work owed a good deal of their character to the decorators (Harland and Fisher, if our memory serves us), and even then were contrasted by connoisseurs with the pure medieval decorations that Green and King had carried out in the Northampton Town Hall, under Mr. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., and the equally chaste classic that Clayton and Bell were working in about the same time under Mr. Pearson. It was felt, moreover, both by the critics and the public, that whatever Pugin and the Gothic purists might urge against the structural truth of the building, still the Cathedral, as it stands, is one of the noblest architectural monuments in the world, surpassing in beauty of outline and proportion the vaster *St. Peter's* at Rome; and that, however talented Mr. Burges might be, to tamper with Wren's constructional forms would be an indignity to the memory of the great architect who lies beneath the fane, that Englishmen would hesitate to brook. Mr. Burges' plans were consequently rejected; and in June, 1877, a sub-committee of five experts was appointed to deal practically with the whole question. The chair was occupied by Lord A. Compton, the Dean of Worcester; and the other members were the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, Mr. James Fergusson, F.R.S., D.C.L., Mr. Edmund Oldfield, M.A., and Mr. T. Gambier Parry, whose really noble decorative work in Gloucester and Ely Cathedrals had attracted considerable attention. The following year these gentlemen reported to the general committee that the late Mr. Alfred Stevens had prepared a design for the interior treatment of the cupola, which they believed to "display a power and

resource in architectural decoration without precedent in the country." They strongly recommended the purchase of the design, which was accordingly effected; and they thereupon commissioned Mr. Edward J. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Hugh Stannus, A.R.I.B.A., to prepare alternative versions of Mr. Stevens' design.

In this course of action the sub-committee manifested a sound discretion and practical common sense that are not always met with upon art matters within the British empire. Mr. Poynter is second to no English painter in his knowledge of the human form. We knew him very intimately more than twenty years ago, when he was comparatively an unknown man, and watched the great picture of *Israel in Egypt*, which first brought him prominently into public notice, grow, month after month, beneath his hand. Our personal recollections of his indefatigable study, as well as his position before a now enlightened English public, both as a Royal Academician and the head of the life school at South Kensington, for years past, enable us to pronounce with confidence upon his merits in this respect. But Mr. Poynter possesses, in addition, an archaeological knowledge of Biblical and Eastern history and art, that are probably only exceeded by that of Mr. Holman Hunt, who, it will be remembered, spent five years in Palestine and Egypt in collecting the details for his celebrated pre-Raphaelite picture, the *Shadow of the Cross*. And lastly, Mr. Poynter looks upon art from a severe and serious point of view, endeavours to preserve the best traditions of the best schools, and resolutely abstains from everything debasing or unworthy. Mr. Stannus, as a professional architect, a pupil of Mr. Stevens, and an enthusiastic believer in Sir Christopher Wren, brings to bear several high and special qualifications for a work of the kind.

Towards the end of last September, both Mr. Poynter's and Mr. Stannus' cartoons were fixed *in situ*, in the dome of the Cathedral, for the opinion of the sub-committee, the experts, and the art-public; and they were most highly spoken of in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which we are

indebted for some of the following details of them :—

Mr. Poynter's cartoons, illustrating the worship of the saints in glory, and the two subjects from the Revelation, "Our Lord sitting in judgment," and "St. John writing to the Churches," are full of very beautiful details. The artist has departed from Mr. Stevens' design in the matter of the ribs, as this portion of it was unfavourably criticised, and has substituted an architectural construction in several stories, painted in correct perspective, upon the stages of which are sitting or standing groups of angels singing a chorus of praise. It will thus be seen that the general disposition of Mr. Stevens' design is maintained; and this is still more the case with the version by Mr. Hugh Stannus, who has also been most careful to follow the leading characteristics alike of his old master, Mr. Stevens, and of Sir Christopher Wren. This gentleman, bearing in mind the great distance at which the work has to be seen, and the normal gloom of the dome in the ordinary London atmosphere, has kept his work simple and large in character. His subjects are the bishop of one of the Apocalyptic churches with angels, typifying the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in the lower part of the cupola, while the adoration of the glorified spirits forms the *motif* for the upper part. Mr. Stannus has simply put masses of colour in the two circles, as he considered the filling of them as foreign to his commission. This has been undertaken by Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Poynter. No more worthy or sympathetic collaborators could have been selected than these two gifted Academicians. The distinguished President of the Royal Academy will supply designs for the lower range of eight large circles, the one which he has already executed being "The Resurrection" ("And the sea gave up the dead which were in it"—Rev. xx., 13). which is intended to be placed on the eastern side. The design represents a pathetic episode of the resurrection morn, the figures showing a father, mother, and child who have been drowned. Of this beautiful composition, which presents

the best characteristics of the early Italian school of painting, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an outline sketch. Very happily has Sir Frederick seized the loving clutch with which the father, who is gazing on the light in the eastern sky, is carrying his loved ones with him. While the man is fully conscious, the wife and child seem only waking; and round these central figures are depicted others in winding sheets arising from the graves. The upper range of circles will be by Mr. E. J. Poynter, whose work of "Christ Sitting in Judgment" we have already mentioned. At the summit of the cupola round the eye, both of the first-named artists have shown the twenty-four elders who "surround the throne." In Mr. Poynter's version the elders are depicted sitting on their thrones, in Mr. Stannus's they are in the attitude of worship. Each cartoon covers only one-sixth of the surface of the cupola, that towards the north being Mr. Poynter's, and that towards the south Mr. Stannus's. The peristyle and the Whispering Gallery beneath the cupola have been decorated, that under Mr. Poynter's portion by Mr. Penrose, and that under Mr. Stannus's by himself. Below the great cornice, the spandril panels have been filled with enlargements of Mr. Stevens' designs, which he had happily left in a forward condition. These have been carried out by Mr. Reuben Townroe, another pupil of Mr. Stevens. They are the four major prophets of the older dispensation, and are delineated with great power and true decorative feeling. The personification of Isaiah, which has been executed in mosaic for some years, represents the aged prophet scanning a tablet held by an angel, while another waits at his side. Jeremiah is seen listening to a messenger, and dictating to his friend Baruch, the scribe who writes upon the scroll. Ezekiel is inditing his description of the new temple, while Daniel appears to be scanning the oracles of the future on a scroll held by two angels. The whole has a grand and imposing air of unity, simplicity, and thoroughly high art.

D. L.



## MARY MARSTON,\*

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

The same wind that rushed about the funeral of William Marston in the old churchyard of Testbridge howled in the roofless hall and ruined tower of Durnmelling, and dashed against the plate-glass windows of the dining-room, where the three ladies sat at lunch. Immediately it was over, Lady Malice rose, saying—

"Hesper, I want a word with you. Come to my room."

Hesper obeyed, with calmness, but without a doubt that evil awaited her there. To that room she had never been summoned for anything she could call good. And indeed she knew well enough what evil it was that to-day played the Minotaur. When they reached the *boudoir*, rightly so called, for it was more in use for *sulking* than for anything else, Lady Margaret, with back as straight as the door she had just closed, led the way to the fire, and seating herself, motioned Hesper to a chair. Hesper again obeyed, looking as unconcerned as if she cared for nothing in this world or in any other. Would we were all as strong to suppress hate and fear and anxiety, as some ladies are to suppress all show of them! Such a woman looks to me like an automaton, in which a human soul, somewhere concealed, tries to play a good game of life, and makes a sad mess of it.

"Well, Hesper, what do you think?" said her mother, with a dull attempt at gaiety, which could nowise impose upon the experience of her daughter.

"I think nothing, mamma," drawled Hesper.

"Mr. Redmain has come to the point at last, my dear child."

"What point, mamma?"

"He had a private interview with your father this morning."

"Indeed!"

"Foolish girl! you think to tease me by pretending indifference!"

"How can a fact be pretended, mamma? Why should I care what passes in the study? I was never welcome there. But if you wish, I will pretend. —What important matter was settled in the study this morning?"

"Hesper, you provoke me with your affectation!"

Hesper's eyes began to flash. Otherwise she was still—silent—not a feature moved. The eyes are more untamable than the tongue. When the wild beast cannot get out at the door, nothing can keep him from the windows. The eyes flash when the will is yet lord even of the lines of the mouth. Not a nerve of Hesper's quivered. Though a mere child in the knowledge that concerned her own being, even the knowledge of what is commonly called the heart, she was yet a mistress of the art of self-defence, socially applied, and she would not now put herself at the disadvantage of taking anything for granted, or accept the clearest hint for a plain statement. She not merely continued silent, but looked so utterly void of interest, or desire to speak, that her mother, recognizing her own child, and quailing before the evil spirit she had herself sent on to the generations to come, yielded and spoke out.

"Mr. Redmain has proposed for your hand, Hesper," she said, in a tone as indifferent in her turn as if she were mentioning the appointment of a new clergyman to the family living.

For one moment, and one only, the repose of Hesper's faultless upper lip

gave way ; one writhing movement of scorn passed along its curves, and left them for a moment straightened out—to return presently to a grander bend than before. In a tone that emulated, and more than equalled, the indifference of her mother's, she answered,—

"And papa?"

"Has referred him to you, of course," replied Lady Margaret.

"Meaning it?"

"What else? Why not? Is he not a *bon parti*?"

"Then papa did not mean it?"

"I do not understand you," elaborated the mother, with a mingled yawn, which she was far from attempting to suppress, seeing she simulated it.

"If Mr. Redmain is such a good match in papa's eyes," explained Hesper, "why does papa refer him to me?"

"That you may accept him, of course."

"How much has the man promised to pay for me?"

"*Hesper!*"

"I beg your pardon, mamma. I thought you approved of calling things by their right names!"

"No girl can do better than follow her mother's example," said Lady Margaret, with vague sequence. "If you do, Hesper, you will accept Mr. Redmain."

Hesper fixed her eyes on her mother, but hers were too cold and clear to quail before them, let them flash and burn as they pleased.

"As you did papa?" said Hesper.

"As I did Mr. Mortimer."

"That explains a good deal, mamma."

"We are *your* parents, anyhow, Hesper."

"I suppose so. I don't know which to be sorrier for—you or me. Tell me, mamma: would *you* marry Mr. Redmain?"

"That is a foolish question, and ought not to be put. It is one which, as a married woman, I could not consider without impropriety. Knowing the duty of a daughter, I did not put the question to *you*. You are yourself the offspring of duty."

"If you were in my place, mamma," re-attempted Hesper, but her mother did not allow her to proceed.

"In any place, in every place, I should do my duty," she said.

It was not only born in Lady Malice's blood, but from earliest years had been impressed on her brain, that her first duty was to her family, and mainly consisted in getting well out of its way—in going peaceably through the fire to Moloch, that the rest might have good places in the Temple of Mammon. In her turn, she had trained her children to the bewildering conviction that it was duty to do a certain wrong, if it should be required. That wrong thing was now required of Hesper—a thing she scorned, hated, shuddered at; she must follow the rest; her turn to be sacrificed was come; she must henceforth be a living lie. She could recompense herself as the daughters who have sinned by yielding generally do when they are mothers, with the sin of compelling, and thus make the trespass round and full. There is in no language yet the word invented to fit the vileness of such mothers; but as time flows and speech grows, it may be found, and when it is found, it will have action retrospective. It is a frightful thing when ignorance of evil, so much to be desired where it can contribute to safety, is employed to smooth the way to the unholy doom, in which love itself must ruthlessly perish, and those who on the plea of virtue were kept ignorant, be perfected in the image of the mothers who gave them over to destruction. Some, doubtless, of the innocents thus immolated, pass even through hideous fires of marital foulness to come out the purer and the sweeter; but whither must the stone about the neck of those that cause the little ones to offend, sink those mothers? What company shall in the end be too low, too foul for them? Like to like it must always be.

Hesper was not so ignorant as some girls; she had for some time had one at her side capable of casting not a little light of the kind that is darkness.

"*Duty, mamma!*" she cried, her eyes flaming, and her cheek flushed with the shame of the thing that was but as yet the merest object in her thought; "can a woman be born for such things? How could I—mamma, how could any woman, with an atom of self-respect, consent to

occupy the same—room with Mr. Red-main?"

"Hesper! I am shocked. *Where* did you learn to speak, not to say *think* of such things? Have I taken such pains—good God! you strike me dumb! Have I watched my child like a very—angel, as anxious to keep her mind pure as her body fair, and is *this* the result?"

Upon what Lady Margaret founded her claim to a result more satisfactory to her maternal designs, it were hard to say. For one thing she had known nothing of what went on in her nursery, positively nothing of the real character of the women to whom she gave the charge of it; and—although, I daresay, for worldly women, Hesper's school-mistresses were quite respectable—what did her mother, what could she, know of the governesses, or of the flock of sheep—all presumably, but how certainly, *all* white?—into which she had sent her?

"Is *this* the result?" said Lady Margaret.

"Was it your object, then, to keep me innocent, only that I might have the necessary lessons in wickedness first from my husband?" said Hesper, with a rudeness for which, if an apology be necessary, I leave my reader to find it.

"Hesper, your are vulgar!" said Lady Margaret, with cold indignation, and an expression of unfeigned disgust. She was indeed genuinely shocked. That a young lady of Hesper's birth and position should talk like this, actually objecting to a man as her husband because she recoiled from his wickedness, of which she was not to be supposed to know, or to be capable of understanding, anything, was a thing unheard of in her world—a thing unmaidenly in the extreme! What innocent girl would or could or dared allude to such matters? She had no right to know an atom about them!

"You are a married woman, mamma," returned Hesper, "and therefore must know a great many things I neither know nor wish to know. For anything I know, you may be ever so much a better woman than I, for having learned not to mind things that are a horror to me. But there was a time when you shrunk from them as I do now. I appeal to you as a woman: for God's

sakes save me from marrying that wretch."

She spoke in a tone inconsistently calm.

"Girl! is it possible you dare to call the man whom your father and I have chosen for your husband, a wretch!"

"Is he not a wretch, mamma?"

"If he were, how should I know it? What has any lady got to do with a man's secrets?"

"Not if he wants to marry her daughter?"

"Certainly not. If he should not be altogether what he ought to be—and which of us is?—then you will have the honour of reclaiming him. But men settle down when they marry."

"And what comes of their wives?"

"What comes of women. You have your mother before you, Hesper."

"Oh, mother!" cried Hesper, now at length losing the horrible affectation of calm which she had been taught to regard as *de rigueur*, "is it possible that you, so beautiful, so dignified, would send me on to meet things you dare not tell me—knowing they would turn me sick or mad? How dares a man like that even desire in his heart to touch an innocent girl!"

"Because he is tired of the other sort," said Lady Malice, half unconsciously, to herself. What she said to her daughter was ten times worse; the one was merely a fact concerning Red-main; the other revealed a horrible truth concerning herself. "He will settle three thousand a year on you, Hesper," she said with a sigh; "and you will find yourself mistress."

"I don't doubt it," answered Hesper, in bitter scorn. "Such a man is incapable of making any woman a wife."

Hesper meant an awful spiritual fact, of which, with all her ignorance of human nature, she had yet got a glimpse, in her tortured reflections of late; but her mother's familiarity with evil misinterpreted her innocence, and caused herself utter dismay. What right had a girl to think at all for herself in such matters! These were things that must be done, not thought of!

"These things must not be thought After these ways; so, they will drive us mad."

Yes, these things are hard to think about—harder yet to write about! The

very persons who would send the white soul into arms whose mere touch is a dishonour, will be the first to cry out with indignation against that writer as shameless, who but utters the truth concerning the things they mean and do: they fear lest their innocent daughters, into whose hands his books might chance, by ill-luck, to fall, should learn that it is *their* business to keep themselves pure.—Ah, sweet mothers! do not be afraid. You have brought them up so carefully, that they suspect you no more than they do the well-bred gentlemen you would have them marry. And have they not your blood in them? That will go far. Never heed the foolish puritan. Your mothers succeeded with you: you will succeed with your daughters.

But it is a shame to speak of those things that are done of you in secret, and I will forbear. Thank God, the day will come—it may be thousands of years away—when there shall be no such things for a man to think of, any more than for a girl to shudder at. There is purification in progress, and the kingdom of heaven *will* come, thanks to the Man who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. You have heard a little, probably only a little, about him at church sometimes. But when that day comes, what part will you have had in causing evil to cease from the earth?

There had been a time in the mother's life, when she herself regarded her approaching marriage with a man she did not love, as a horror to which her natural maidenliness—athing she could not help—had to be compelled and subjected: of the true maidenliness—that before which the angels make obeisance, and the lion cowers—she never had had any; for that must be gained by the pure will, yielding itself to the power of the Highest. Hence she had not merely got used to the horror, but in a measure satisfied with it; never suspecting, because never caring enough, that she had at the same time, and that not very gradually, been assimilating to the horror; had lost much of what purity she had once had, and become herself unclean, body and mind, in the contact with uncleanness. One thing she did know, and that

swallowed up all the rest—that her husband's affairs were so involved as to threaten absolute poverty; and what woman of the world would not count damnation better than that?—while Mr. Redmain was rolling in money. Had she known everything bad of her daughter's suitor, short of legal crime, for her this would have covered it all.

In Hesper's useless explosion the mother did not fail to recognize the presence of Sepia, without whose knowledge of the bad side of the world, Hesper, she believed, could not have been awake to so much. But she was afraid of Sepia. Besides, the thing was so far done; and she did not think she would work to thwart the marriage. On that point she would speak to her.

But it was a doubtful service that Sepia had rendered her cousin—to rouse her indignation and not her strength; to wake horror without hinting at remedy; to give knowledge of impending doom, without poorest suggestion of hope, or vaguest shadow of possible escape. It is one thing to see things as they are; to be consumed with indignation at the wrong; to shiver with aversion to the abominable; and quite another to rouse the will to confront the devil, and resist him until he flee. For this the whole education of Hesper had tended to unfit her. What she had been taught—and that in a world rendered possible only by the self-denial of a God—was to drift with the stream, denying herself only that divine strength of honest love, which would soonest help her to breast it.

For the earth, it is a blessed thing that those who arrogate to themselves the holy name of society, and to whom so large a portion of the foolish world willingly yields it, are in reality so few and so ephemeral. Mere human froth are they, worked up by the churning of the world-sea—rainbow-tinted froth, lovely thinned water, weaker than the unstable itself out of which it is blown. Great as their ordinance seems, it is evanescent as arbitrary: the arbitrary is but the slavish puffed up—and is gone with the hour. The life of the people is below; it ferments, and the scum is for ever being skimmed off, and cast—God knows where. All is scum where will is not. They leave behind

them influences indeed, but few that keep their vitality in shapes of art or literature. There they go—little sparrows of the human world, chattering eagerly, darting on every crumb and seed of supposed advantage! while from behind the great dustman's cart, the huge tiger-cat of an eternal law is creeping upon them. Is it a spirit of insult that leads me to such a comparison? Where human beings do not, will not *will*, let them be ladies gracious as the graces, the comparison is to the disadvantage of the sparrows. Not time, but experience will show, that although indeed a simile, this is no hyperbole.

"I will leave your father to deal with you, Hesper," said her mother, and rose.

Up to this point, Mortimer children had often resisted their mother; beyond this point, never more than once.

"No, please, mamma!" returned Hesper in a tone of expostulation. "I have spoken my mind, but that is no treason. As my father has referred Mr. Redmain to me, I would rather deal with him."

Lady Malice was herself afraid of her husband. There is many a woman, otherwise courageous enough, who will rather endure the worst and most degrading, than encounter articulate insult. The mere lack of conscience gives the scoundrel advantage incalculable over the honest man; the lack of refinement gives a similar advantage to the cad over the gentleman; the combination of the two lacks, elevates the husband and father into an autocrat. Hesper was not one her world would have counted weak; she had physical courage enough; she rode well, and without fear; she sat calm in the dentist's chair; she would have fought with knife and pistol against violence to the death; and yet, rather than encounter the brutality of an evil-begotten race concentrated in her father, she would yield herself to a defilement eternally more defiling than that she would both kill and die to escape.

"Give me a few hours first, mamma," she begged. "Don't let him come to me just yet. For all your hardness, you feel a little for me—don't you?"

"Duty is always hard, my child," said Lady Margaret. She entirely

believed it, and looked on herself as a martyr, a pattern of self-devotion and womanly virtue. But, had she been certain of escaping discovery, she would have slipped the koh-i-noor into her belt-pouch, notwithstanding. Never once in her life had she done or abstained from doing a thing *because* that thing was right or was wrong. Such a person, be she as old and as hard as the hills, is mere putty in the fingers of Beelzebub.

Hesper rose, and went to her own room. There, for a long hour, she sat—with the skin of her fair face drawn tight over muscles rigid as marble—sat without moving, almost without thinking—in a mere hell of disgusted anticipation. She neither stormed or wept; her life went smouldering on; she nerved herself to a brave endurance, instead of a far braver resistance.

I fancy Hesper would have been a little shocked if one had called her an atheist. She went to church most Sundays—when in the country; for in the opinion of Lady Margaret, it was not decorous, *there* to omit the ceremony: where you have influence you ought to set a good example—of hypocrisy, namely! But if any one had suggested to Hesper a certain old-fashioned use of her chamber-door, she would have inwardly laughed at the absurdity. But, then, you see, her chamber was no closet, but a large and stately room; and besides, how, alas! *could* the child of Roger and Lady M. Alice Mortimer know that in the silence was hearing—that in the vacancy was a power waiting to be sought? Hesper was not much alone, and here was a chance it was a pity she should lose; but when she came to herself with a sigh, it was not to pray, and when she rose, it was to ring the bell.

A good many minutes passed before it was answered. She paced the room—swiftly; she could sit, but she could not walk slowly. With her hands to her head, she went weeping up and down. Her maid's knock arrested her before her toilet-table, with her back to the door. In a voice of perfect composure, she desired the woman to ask Miss Yolland to come to her.

Entering with a slight stoop from the waist, Sepia, with a long, rapid, yet altogether graceful step, bore down upon

Hesper like a fast-sailing cutter over broad waves, relaxing her speed as she approached her.

"Here I am, Hesper!" she said.

"Sepia," said Hesper, "I am sold."

Miss Yolland gave a little laugh, showing about the half of her splendid teeth—a laugh to which Hesper was accustomed, but the meaning of which she did not understand—nor would, without learning a good deal that were better left unlearned.

"To Mr. Redmain, of course!" she said.

Hesper nodded.

"When are you going to be—" she was about to say "cut up," but there was a something occasionally visible in Hesper that now and then checked one of her less graceful coarsenesses. "When is the purchase to be completed?" she asked instead.

"Good Heavens, Sepia! don't be so heartless!" cried Hesper. "Things are not quite so bad as that! I am not yet in the hell of knowing that. The day is not fixed for the great red dragon to make a meal of me."

"I see you were not asleep in church, as I thought, all the time of the sermon last Sunday," said Sepia.

"I did my best, but I could not sleep: every time little Mowbray mentioned the beast I thought of Mr. Redmain; and it made me too miserable to sleep."

"Poor Hesper!—Well! let us hope that, like the beast in the fairy-tale, he will turn out a man after all."

"My heart will break," cried Hesper, throwing herself into a chair. "Pity me, Sepia; *you* love me a little."

A light shadow darkened yet more Sepia's shadowy brow.

"Hesper," she said gravely, "you never told me there was anything of that sort! Who is it?"

"Mr. Redmain of course—I don't know what you mean, Sepia."

"You said your heart was breaking: who is it for?" asked Sepia, almost imperiously, and raising her voice a little.

"Sepia!" cried Hesper, in bewilderment.

"Why should your heart be breaking except you loved somebody?"

"Because I hate *him*," answered Hesper.

"Pooh! is that all?" returned Miss Yolland. "If there were anybody you wanted—then I grant!"

"Sepia!" said Hesper, almost entreatingly, "I cannot bear to be teased to-day. Do be open with me. You always puzzle me! I don't understand you a bit better than the first day you came to us. I have got used to you—that is all. Tell me—are you my friend, or are you in league with mamma? I have my doubts. I can't help it, Sepia."

She looked in her face pitifully. Miss Yolland looked at her calmly, as if waiting for her to finish.

"I thought you would—no help me," Hesper went on, "—that no one can except God—he could strike me dead; but I did think you would feel for me a little. I hate Mr. Redmain, and I loathe myself. If *you* laugh at me, I shall take poison."

"I wouldn't do that," returned Miss Yolland, quite gravely, and as if she had already contemplated the alternative; "that is, not so long as there was a turn of the game left."

"The game!" echoed Hesper. "—Playing for love with the devil!—I wish the game were yours, as you call it!"

"Mine I'd make it, if I had it to play," returned Sepia. "I wish I were the other player instead of you, but the man hates me. Some men do.—Come," she went on, "I will be open with you, Hesper; you don't hang for thoughts in England. I will tell you what I would do with a man I hated—that is, if I was compelled to marry him;—it would hardly be fair otherwise, and I have a weakness for fair play.—I would give him absolute fair play."

The last three words she spoke with a strange expression of mingled scorn and jest, then paused, and seemed to have said all she meant to say.

"Go on," sighed Hesper; "you amuse me." Her tone expressed anything but amusement. "What would a woman of your experience do in my place?"

Sepia fixed a momentary look on Hesper; the words seemed to have stung her. She knew well enough that if Lady Malice came to know anything of her real history, she would have bare

time to pack up her small belongings. She wanted Hesper married, that she might go with her into the world again; at the same time she feared her marriage with Mr. Redmain would hardly favour her wishes. But she could not with prudence do anything expressly to prevent it; while she might even please Mr. Redmain a little, if she were supposed to have used influence on his side. That, however, must not seem to Hesper. Sepia did not yet know in fact upon what ground she had to build.

For some time she had been trying to get nearer to Hesper, but—much like Hesper's experience with her—had found herself strangely baffled, she could not tell how—the barrier being simply the half-innocence, half-ignorance, of Hesper. When minds are not the same, words do not convey betwixt them.

She gave a ringing laugh, throwing back her head, and showing all her fine teeth.

"You want to know what I would do with a man I hated, as you say you hate Mr. Redmain?—I would send for him at once—not wait for him to come to me—and entreat him, *as he loved me*, to deliver me from the dire necessity of obeying my father. If he were a gentleman, as I hope he may be, he would manage to get me out of it somehow, and wouldn't compromise me a hair's breadth. But that is, *if I were you*. If I were *myself* in your circumstances, and hated him as you do, that would not serve my turn. I would ask him all the same to set me free, but I would behave myself so that he could not do it. While I begged him, I mean, I should make him feel he could not—should make him absolutely determined to marry me, at any price to him, and at whatever cost to me. He should say to himself that I did not mean what I said—as indeed, for the sake of my revenge, I should not. For that I would give anything—supposing always, don't you know? that I hated him as you do Mr. Redmain. He should declare to me it was impossible; that he would die rather than give up the most precious desire of his life—and all that rot, you know. I would tell him I hated him—only so that he should not believe me. I would say to him,

'Release me, Mr. Redmain, or I will make you repent it. I have given you fair warning. I have told you I hated you.' He should persist, should marry me, and then I *would*."

"Would what?"

"Do as I said."

"But what?"

"Make him repent it."

With the words, Miss Yolland broke into a second fit of laughter, and turning from Hesper, went, with a kind of loitering, strolling pace towards the door, glancing round more than once, each time with a fresh bubble rather than ripple in her laughter. Whether it was all nonsensical merriment, or whether the author of laughter without fun, Beelzebub himself, was at that moment stirring in her, Hesper could not have told; as it was, she sat staring after her, unable even to think. Just as she reached the door, however, she turned quickly, and, with the smile of a hearty, innocent child, or something very like it, ran back to Hesper, threw her arms round her, and said, "There now; I've done for you what I could: I have made you forget the odious man for a moment. I was curious to know whether I could not make a bride forget her bridegroom. The other thing is too easy."

"What other thing?"

"To make a bridegroom forget his bride, of course, you silly child!—But there I am, off again! when really it is time to be serious, and come to the only important point in the matter.—In what shade of purity do you think of ascending the funeral pyre?—In absolute white?—or rose tinged?—or cream-coloured?—or gold-suspect?—Eh, happy bride?"

As she ceased, she turned her head away, pulled out her handkerchief, and whimpered a little.

"Sepia!" said Hesper, annoyed, "you are a worse goose than I thought you! What have *you* got to cry about? *You* have not got to marry him!"

"No; I wish I had!" returned Sepia, wiping her eyes. Then I shouldn't lose you. I should take care of that."

"And am I likely to gain such a friend in Mr. Redmain as to afford the loss of the only *other* friend I have?" said Hesper calmly.

"Ah, Hesper! a sad experience has taught me differently. The moment

you are married to the man—as married you will be—you all are—bluster as you may—that moment you will begin to change into a wife—a domesticated animal, that is—a tame tabby. Unwilling a woman must be to confess herself only the better half of a low-bred brute, with a high varnish—or not, as the case may be; and there is nothing left her to do but set herself to find out the wretch's virtues, or, as he hasn't got any, to invent for him the least unlikely ones. She wants for her own sake to believe in him, don't you know? Then she begins to repent having said hard words of the poor gentleman. The next thing of course will be, that you begin to hate the person to whom you said them, and to persuade yourself she drew them out of you; and so you break off all communication with the obnoxious person; who being, in the present instance, that black-faced sheep, Sepia Yolland, she is very sorry beforehand, and hates Mr. Redmain with all her heart; first, because Hesper Mortimer hates him, and next, but twice as much, because she is going to love him. I wish you would hand him over to me. I shouldn't mind what he was. I should soon tame him."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Hesper, with righteous indignation. "*You would not mind what he was!*"

Sepia laughed—this time her curious, half-laugh.

"If I did, I wouldn't marry him, Hesper," she said. "—Which is worse—not to mind, and marry him; or to mind, and marry him all the same? Eh, Cousin Hesper Mortimer?"

"I *can't* make you out, Sepia!" said Hesper. "I believe I never shall."

"Very likely. Give it up?"

"Quite."

"The best thing you can do. I can't always make myself out. But then I always give it up directly, and so it does me no harm. But it's ten times worse to worry your poor little heart to rags about such a man as that; he is not worth a thought from a grand creature like you. Where's the use, besides? Would you stand staring at your medicine a whole day before the time for taking it comes? I wouldn't have my right leg cut off because that is the side my

dog walks on, and dogs go mad! Slip cup, and lip—don't you know? The man may be underground long before the wedding-day: he's anything but sound, they tell me. But it would be far better soon after it, of course. Think only—a young widow, rich, and not a straw the worse!"

"Sepia, I can't for the life of me tell whether you are a Job's comforter, or a devil's advocate."

"Not the latter, my child; for I want to see you emerge a saint from the miseries of matrimony. But whatever you do, Hesper, don't break your heart, for you will find it hard to mend. I broke mine once, and have been mad ever since."

"What is the use of saying that to me, when you know I have to marry the man?"

"I never said you were not to marry him; I said you were not to break your heart. Marriage is nothing so long as you don't make a heart-affair of it: that hurts; and, as you are not in love, there is no occasion for it at all."

"Marriage is nothing, Sepia! Is it nothing to be tied to a man—to *any* man—for all your life?"

"That's as you take. Nobody makes so much of it now-a-days as they used. The clergy themselves, who are at the business, don't fuss about every trifle in the prayer-book. They sign the articles and have done with it—meaning of course to break them, if they stand in their way."

Hesper rose in anger.

"How dare you—" she began.

"God gracious!" cried Sepia; "you don't imagine I meant anything so wicked! How could you let such a thing come into your head? I declare you are quite dangerous to talk to!"

"It's such a horrible business," said Hesper, "it seems to make one capable of anything wicked only to think about it. I would rather not say another word on the subject."

A shudder ran through her, as if at the sight of some hideously offensive object.

"That would be the best thing," said Sepia, "if it meant not think more about it. Everything is better for not being thought about. I would do anything to comfort you, dear. I would



marry him for you, if that would do ; but I feel it would scarcely meet the views of Herr Papa. If I could please the beast as well—and I think I should in time—I would willingly hand him the

purchase-money. But of course he would scorn to touch it, except as the proceeds of the *bonâ-fide* sale of his own flesh and blood."

*To be Continued.*

## THE ESSAYIST.

### GOETHE'S FAUST.

One must be bold indeed to attempt anything like an exhaustive account of this great German tragedy. But as, in roaming through the vast corridors of some magnificent palace, a little child may light upon an unexplored corner, overlooked by greater folk, so may one chance upon a stray truth, till now unheeded in the marvellous drama of the great Goethe.

It is usual, when considering "Faust," to compare it with what is, in some respects, its English companion drama, namely "Hamlet ;" both are analyses of human character, under peculiar circumstances, both are equally remarkable for strength and delicacy of treatment. But the difference between them is essential, while the resemblance is but superficial.

The interest in the character of Hamlet inevitably flagging through his vacillation and inaction, the play becomes dependent on external agencies for arousing the two elements which Aristotle asserts to be necessary to a tragedy—compassion and fear. This is precisely the reverse in Faust. There we feel that the real tragedy lies not in Valentine's murder, Gretchen's infanticide and despairing misery, but in the degradation of Faust's moral nature.

The prologue in Heaven prepares us for this, and step by step throughout the play this one purpose is steadily kept in view. *En passant*, let us remark that this prologue, though certainly not, as some assert, a parody on the Book of Job, is most probably borrowed from it, as it is known that Goethe studied Hebrew to be able better to appreciate the Old Testament scriptures, among which this sacred poem was his especial favourite.

In this introduction the challenge is thrown down to a combat which is daily being repeated on the stage of the world. Mephistopheles, representing the Real or Material, pledges himself to subdue Faust, who represents the Ideal or Spiritual.

Now of all men was not Goethe the ablest to show forth this never-ending struggle in the form of a drama ?

If he had been a pure idealist like his friend Schiller, he could not have so perfectly portrayed both sides of human nature, but being endowed with an equally splendid physique and intellect, he could throw himself now into the cynical materialism of Mephistopheles, now into the unsatisfied aspirations of Faust, and by the fulness of his nature sympathise with both.

Let us but look at our poor Faust as he first appears to us, seated in his study surrounded by books and parchments, with his whole soul thirsting, pining for "More light"—a fuller knowledge. In despair he thinks first of magic, then of suicide, not seeking death as a cowardly escape from trouble, but as the entrance to wider life and nobler knowledge. From these dark musings the clear music of the Easter chant arouses him. He goes out with Wagner, and, his soul expanding in the joyous atmosphere, he gives expression to his long pent-up feelings, which his common-place companion entirely fails to comprehend. Soon after their return home, Mephistopheles appears on the scene, and after some conversation, in which he announces himself as the "spirit which denies," he closes his compact with Faust. What name could better express his sneering disbelief in all save what is sensuous and earthy ?

Faust, wearied by his struggles after the unattainable, and driven on by restless discontent, curse-truth, patience, and life itself, and consents to be led by his tempter into all the depths of sensuality and passion, if in so doing he can lose his individuality and its unsatisfied cravings. Alas! well would it have been for him had he "followed his star," for in the "eternal song" which haunts him, "Entbehren sollst du," we see that he has caught an echo of the everlasting harmony which alone can reconcile the seeming discords of existence. In the coarse revelry of Auerbach's cellar, and the bestial jugglery of the witches' kitchen, we find Mephistopheles quite in his element, and Faust silent and disgusted; indeed, up to the point of his vision of Gretchen, he remains a passive spectator, cynical and disapproving. From this time begins the real power of Mephistopheles over Faust. Yet even with the hellish potion surging through his blood, and the influence of the tempter always at work, it is clear as daylight that Faust's spiritual nature is never annihilated.

Though the pinions of the soul be dragged in foul mire, crushed, maimed, yet they remain capable of one day bearing their precious burden into its pure and native atmosphere.

With what poetry and tenderness does he enshrine the resting-place of his beloved when introduced into Gretchen's chamber, and in humble repentance for his daring thoughts, vows never to return. He surrounds the lowly maiden with a halo of divinity, and excuses his passion by deceiving

himself into a belief in its eternal constancy. He goes further—he resolves to tear himself away from temptation, and repeatedly must Mephistopheles employ his whole armoury of foul suggestions and truly devilish sneers before he drives his victim to accomplish his own ruin and that of the fair-haired and too confiding Gretchen.

How well is set forth the destructive power of the sensual to pure love in Margarete's feelings when Mephistopheles approaches, "I even feel then that I no longer love thee." As we peruse the scenes that follow Valentine's death, we find Faust, though apparently an actor, in fact nothing but a tool; and, amid the magic revelry of the Brocken, we see him tormented by the apparition of his deserted love, and, at last maddened by remorse, frenzy, and rage, he demands to be instantly transported to her prison. Unheeding Mephistopheles' appeals to save himself, he determines, if he cannot save Margarete, to die with her; and, in his passionate despair and self-sacrifice, his pure God-given nature re-asserts itself in a final victory. For him too will the still small voice echo "saved!" The ideal must finally triumph over the real, by virtue of its inherent divinity. Thus ends the tragedy, and from the conditions of our nature, the interest is deathless. As long as the waves of human passion beat upon the shore of time, the suffering and struggles of Faust will move the inmost sympathies of the human race.

A. C. B.

#### A HAPPY OLD AGE.

Happy were he could finish forth his fate  
In some unhaunted desert, where, obscure  
From all society, from love and hate  
Of worldly folk, there should he sleep secure;  
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise;  
Content with hip, with haws, and brambleberry;  
In contemplation passing still his days,  
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry:  
Who, when he dies, his tomb might be the bush  
Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush:  
—Happy were he!

—R. Devereux, *Earl of Essex.*

## THE OBSERVER.

## NEUROPHOBIA.

In the afternoon of one of the sunniest days last week, two men got on a Madison avenue car going down town at the corner of Fifty-fourth-street. One was a thin, pallid, rather emaciated gentleman, possibly forty years of age, with a peculiar transparency of the temples, restless eyes, and a singular nervousness of manner; the other large, well nourished, massive, and rather corpulent, with the placid, self-satisfied countenance of the man who has succeeded in the world, and feels on good terms with it. The pair might readily have been mistaken for a madman and his keeper, only the feebleness of the two was evidently not past the verge of sanity, while the placid companion was a trifle less vigilant than the custodian of a maniac ought to be, and moreover was recognised by at least one passenger as a famous physician.

The thin gentleman shifted his position uneasily, gazed out of the car window a moment, then studied the faces of his three or four fellow-passengers with the rapid intensity of a physiognomist, and glanced furtively at the open door, in which the figure of the conductor was framed like a full-length photograph.

"Fares, gents," grumbled that functionary, stalking into the car. The thin gentleman paid for two, and again glanced in the direction of the open door. His hand shook as he replaced his pocket-book, and a shiver passed over him. His portly companion turned and spoke to him in a low tone. The words were inaudible, and the intonations were soft, soothing, and evidently expostulatory. Suddenly the pale passenger sprang to his feet, pulled the bell violently, and rushed out of the car, which was now midway between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth-streets. The portly physician rose from his seat in a leisurely, comfortable sort of a way, and alighted at the corner of Forty-eighth-street, where the car came to a full stop. The thin gentleman, excited, nervous, out of breath, and trembling all over like a leaf in the

wind, joined the doctor and began to speak apologetically: "No use, you see. I can't stand it. You really must excuse me, doctor."

"Pooh! pooh!" laughed the portly physician. "You'll conquer the thing by and by. Try again, my dear boy."

"I'll step across and take the elevated down town, with your permission, doctor," said the thin gentleman, making no direct reply to his friend's exhortation. He lifted his neat Derby hat with a hand that was almost pellucid in its delicacy and whiteness, and was gone.

"That man," said the doctor, "is one of a hundred cases that have come under my notice in the last few years—a strange case of nervous impression. He is not in the least timid; will ride down town in a Third avenue car, a Broadway stage, or an elevated train, with perfect composure, but he has a morbid, unconquerable nervous terror of the Fourth avenue, and would suffer any inconvenience or incur any expense rather than ride in a Fourth avenue car. I can't trace this impression to any tangible cause, nor can he. He has never met with an accident on the Fourth avenue, so far as he remembers. It is simply one of those inexplicable, unreasoning, spontaneous impressions of the nervous system that no science can explain. The man is not a crank, nor in the least given to eccentricities of opinion or manners. On the contrary, his name is familiar as that of a shrewd banker. As to courage, he is as brave as a lion, as I have occasion to know, and would fight odds of ten to one if his blood was up. Only the moment he finds himself on a Fourth avenue car he is seized with a paroxysm of nervous terror which he cannot control, and that is the end of it."

The doctor mused for a moment. "Walk across with me to my office," he said, "and I'll talk with you by the way. Such cases are by no means uncommon, though no paper has ever been written on the subject, and there is no name for the malady in the

A work of special interest to loyal colonials will be the photogravure of H. Wells, R.A.'s "Victoria Regina." The picture represents the announcement to her Gracious Majesty of her accession to the throne through the death of William IV. The communication took place at Kensington Palace at five o'clock in the morning, when the Princess Victoria was aroused from sleep to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, and find herself the Queen of England. Nothing can be happier than the expression of interest, admiration, and loyal devotion upon the face of the kneeling prelate, while the girlish grace of the youthful monarch, her tearful self-composure, and unassuming innate dignity, are rendered the more striking by the unbound tresses falling over the shawl across her shoulders, the slipped feet, and loose white dressing robe. Very different in idea and treatment is an artist's proof on satin of Albert Moore's "Companions." There is hardly a work of this most classic of artists, that we can call to mind, more finely and exquisitely Greek in feeling than these two noble female figures. And equally different, again, are two other female figures in W. H. Bartlett's "Soft Persuasions." They are those of a pair of children on the sea shore, "clothed on with chastity," like the Lady Godiva, but with that alone. The elder, who is just budding into womanhood, is trying to persuade the younger to enter the rippling waves. The natural gawkiness of figure in girls at that period of life is very skillfully dealt with in the modest pose of the young chaperon, while the little one of eight or nine summers stands erect as Cleopatra's Needle, the very model of a female child, with all the essentials of a Venus, a Phryne, or a Galatea, in the days to come.

There are also some excellent water-colour drawings at this establishment by J. D. Hardy, J. S. Bowers, Albert Bowers and others. We noticed a fine work, mostly in body, of the "Samson Rock, Isle of Scilly," by F. Suker; and another, by J. S. Bowers, of "Arundel Castle." The massive square of the castle in the centre of the picture, with the light streaming down through the great entrance archway, the red roofs of the houses nestling up among the trees to find their way to the church, the afternoon's soft glow of the summer sky, and the cattle wading in the quiet Arun, combine to form a landscape, beautiful in itself, and, with the romance of feudalism chastened, reformed, adapted to the present year of grace, one that of all the countries of the globe England alone can show.

D. L.

MELBOURNE.—Some more work of the clever young London artist, Miss Alice Grant, is to be seen at Mr. Dowling's studio, where it has recently arrived. This gentleman is, with justice, very proud of his pupil's talent. The new paintings are four in number, consisting of two fruit-pieces admirably treated, a portrait of herself, and a charming subject—"Leaving Home"—in which a sweet-faced country-girl is represented waiting on the lonely road-side for the coach that is to

convey her far away from the spot evidently endeared by tenderest associations. The wistful, pathetic look upon the young face, the warm plaid shawl, perhaps "mother's" parting gift; the bundle, so carefully held—all tell their own tale, and render "Leaving Home" an easy story to be read by the visitor. The sight of Miss Alice Grant's work should prove an incentive to every young lady studying the same grand art.

Mr. Dowling himself shows an uncompleted portrait of Miss Robertson, of Colac, which will probably add to the artist's reputation in that branch. "In the streets of Cairo," is one of the Eastern subjects in which Mr. Dowling so excels. The single figure depicted is full of life and activity, and the details are worked out with his usual success and fidelity to nature. A portrait (said to be that of the late Lady Fergusson) is to be seen in this studio; the face is a handsome one, and the natural expression of the eyes and mouth probably very sweet, but a hardness is observable in it, as though some check had been put on every soft and loving feeling, and used as a mask to hide from the world the real thoughts of the woman-nature beneath it. The portrait is one to strangely rivet the attention of the visitor.

Mr. J. F. Patterson's latest works are two water-colour drawings, the largest being one of the results of his recent "artist-trip." It shows a bit of the Fernshaw State forest, where one of the monarch-gums towers above all around it, the slight clearance of other trees giving a comparatively free space. Fern-trees, with their graceful fronds, fill up the foreground with delicious freshness and tender verdure, and a little gleam of blue sky, most effectively treated, is seen breaking through the thickly-woven foliage, observable in the distance, and which, with the dense undergrowth, are very artistically rendered. The scene is true to nature, and painted, like the artist's other works, with great power, and yet with the delicacy always noticeable in Mr. Patterson's exhibits.

The second water-colour is taken from the Falls Bridge, and is an exquisite bit; both the cloud and water-effects are very clever, and the whole subject is treated in a manner of which the artist may be proud. It is a painting of which anyone possessing but even a slight artistic knowledge must certainly see the beauty.

Miss Bell's studio will soon be named amongst the things of the past, as the lady intends returning home next month. She has several portraits at present on the easel, two of them being those of Mr. Fitzgibbon's children, taken in the Torridors' costumes worn by them at the recent Juvenile Fancy-Ball given at the Town Hall. Miss Bell is so successful in her portraits that it is scarcely needful to say that they are good. A capital likeness of a Dandie Dinmont terrier is also to be seen there. Two interesting exhibits belonging to the decoration of the studio are large Japanese portraits of Miss Bell and her sister; the dresses are precisely the same as those worn by ladies in that country, and the likenesses themselves were taken in Japan from photo-

graphs sent out there. They give an admirable idea of the costumes, and the portraits are fairly like.

A welcome addition to the artistic ranks in Melbourne is Senhor Louriero, a native of Oporto, who arrived here in the latter part of last year. He has studied under well-known masters in Rome and Paris, and has been several times an exhibitor in the Salon of the latter city. His works are characterised by great freedom and a delicious out-of-air feeling. The gaze is carried away from the studio into the fields and lanes in which the artist evidently delights. The colouring is singularly pure and bright, the foliage well-delineated, and the various figures full of life and grace. Amongst the most prominent of his exhibits are "A Green Lane in Surrey," which shows all the glowing beauty of autumn tints in the gold and russet hues of the over-arching trees and the thickly-fallen leaves that strew the ground. The figure of a girl reading a letter as she slowly moves onwards is introduced with great effect, the position being most natural and easy. Senhor Louriero deserves the thanks of all English visitors to his studio for giving them such a charming remembrance of home scenery. "A Dead Bird" is skilfully and touchingly worked out. A little child, who apparently sees Death for the first time, is holding a bird with pitying, tender care, whilst she raises sad, wondering eyes, as though seeking to fathom so great a mystery. The words of sorrow seem about to be uttered by the rosy lips, and the "unshed tears" are not far from the blue eyes. It is a painting that wins on the gazer, and the strange *fresh* feeling belonging to all the Senhor's work is perhaps felt even more strongly in this subject than in any of the others. A portrait of a little daughter of Mr. James Smith; a figure of our Saviour, designed for a Roman Catholic Church at St. Kilda; some flowers and the head of a boy, thrown out by strong fire-light, are all worthy of great praise, as well as some other unfinished subjects upon the easel, and serve to show in how many branches Senhor Louriero is a skilful artist. His studio is shared by his brother-in-law, Mr. J. Huybers, who exhibits some good modelling, and a head in oils, where the signs of great age are treated most artistically. A school of design is held at this studio, and, judging from the great merit displayed in their own work, the two gentlemen just named should prove first-class instructors in their glorious art.

The South Melbourne Society of Arts held its first exhibition in the club room of the Mechanics' Institute in that suburb on February 17th. The Society, which has been in existence about a year, was started by Mr. T. Lambert, in the hopes of offering some worthy opponent to cricket and football, which unfortunately are occupying the attention of the rising generation to the exclusion of higher and more profitable sources of amusement and instruction. The idea was gladly acted upon by many members of the South Melbourne School of Design, and has resulted in an exhibition that is more than creditable, considering the limited time for study in the case of many of those who have joined the Society.

The result must be very gratifying to Mr. T. Lambert, as he has most kindly given both his time and his knowledge to help on the Society and further the cause of Art, which, as yet, is too lightly considered by the community at large. When it is remembered that most of the exhibitors are in business, and only able to study for a short time on Wednesday evenings, and Saturday afternoons, their attempt to start a society amongst themselves, and so endeavour to raise the tone of society in South Melbourne, should certainly meet with the encouragement it deserves.

Amongst the names of those whose exhibits show great merit may be mentioned Mrs. Jordon, the Misses Fitzgerald, O'Grady, Tribe and Gowdie, and Messrs. Mackie, Finney, Downie and Hartley.

The exhibits comprise oils, water-colour and pencil drawings, and coloured photographs, and it is to be hoped the young ladies of the "model suburb" will join the society, and use any artistic skill they may possess in studying real Art, and not waste it by continual employment in crystoleum, lustroleum, &c., which at best are merely drawing-room decorations that may at any date become unpopular, and can never (however exquisitely done) vie with an even moderately well executed painting that belongs to a higher branch of Art.

Mr. Daplyn will probably exhibit at the Academy in March some of his recent work taken from the scenery upon the Hawkesbury River, New South Wales. They are four different views which will be sure to attract notice. Mr. Daplyn has been most successful in his delineation of foliage, and the manner in which the different grasses are treated speaks well for his artistic powers. A visit to this gentleman's studio always shows good sound work, and if his pupils are enabled to catch something of his style, we may look for exhibits of a higher order than have hitherto been the case. The same freshness that marks Senhor Louriero's works is to be noticed in those of Mr. Daplyn, and is doubtless owing to their having both studied in the French school, which makes its pupils go to nature and learn *wholly of her* the beauty she only can show them.

Several fine water-colour drawings are now to be seen at Mr. Fletcher's Art-Gallery. The names of the artists comprise some of those best known, and visitors will find an hour or two pass away pleasantly in examining their works. "At Hurley, on the Thames," by Mr. Thomas Pyne, shows all his noted skill in representing water, the contrast between that foaming beneath the mill-wheel and the placid stream passing underneath the bridge being very fine. Mr. R. A. F. Marshall sends a "View of the Teste, Hampshire," that is charmingly rendered. The loveliness of an English summer scene is brought truly before the gazer, and the foliage is admirably treated. The same can be said of a "Walk on Hampstead Heath," by Mr. J. H. Mole, and which must surely go home to the hearts of all belonging to the old country. Messrs. E. A. Cook, Strutt, Law and Taylor, as well as some other artists, English and Italian, all show good work,

which might, did space admit, worthily find a place in the "Art Notes."

Some clever work in oils, by Miss L. Rigby, a pupil of Mme. Mouchette, and intended to represent tapestry, is now on view at Messrs. Cullis Hill and Co.

The long talked-of "Bridges' Art Union" is likely to be drawn in about four months' time. Some of the prizes are worth noticing. Amongst them may be named Suldrayer's "Monks begging in Antwerp," which received a gold medal at the recent International Exhibition; the "Angel of Sorrow," by Laudelle, exhibited at the same time; "Judas treating for the Betrayal," attributed to Sir Benjamin West, but considered by Mr. Bridges to be the work of another well-known artist. "Wards in Chancery," by G. Morgan; Segoni's "Nobleman and Parrot;" and "Caught," by A. Glisenti, shown in the Italian Court of the International Show. This latter is very well treated; the miscellaneous collection of curios and everyday requirements is skilfully delineated, whilst the figure of the old man examining the trap, and the cruel look of expectancy in the watchful cat, are full of life and vigour. Another which repays examination is by J. Herring, jun., "Farmyard and Cattle." The modelling of the various animals is very fine, as well as the texture of the horses' coats; and the soft grey English sky is given with fidelity. "The Nobleman and Parrot" is a fine piece of *genre* work, the lace, velvet and satin of the former's costume are treated admirably, and the position is natural and easy.

In the gallery are to be seen several interesting works: a Murillo and Titian, both said to be genuine; a painting by Valentin, originally belonging to the Angerstein collection; a fine head by Vandyk; "Amati Bay, West Coast," by the late I. Whitehead; an admirably-treated head of a short-haired, wiry terrier, full of life and animation; some genuine Hogarths, formerly in the collection of General Macquarrie, first Governor of Sydney; one showing the old Billingsgate Market, with "Mad Moll" upsetting a basket of fish, are to be noticed, as well as some remarkable examples of needlework by Mr. Bridges—one being a copy of Da Vinci's famous "Last Supper," done in '51, when Mr. Bridges was living in Ballarat, and the other an original subject, "Triumph of Christianity." They are both wonderful pieces of industry.

In such a large collection there must needs be some inferior work as well as some good exhibits, but the visitor will find much to interest in the gallery.

Since writing the above, Miss Bell has gone to Sydney, where she has received several orders that may probably induce her to remain for some little time in that colony.

E. A. C.

#### LITERATURE.

A new magazine, *The Agnostic*, has been issued. The first number contains an article on "Agnosticism and Theism," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and the commencement of a popular exposition of Herbert Spencer's philosophical teachings. *The Agnostic* is to be published monthly.

The death is announced of Mr. Henry Ivison, of New York, the head of the largest school-book publishing house in the world. Mr. Ivison had reached the advanced age of seventy-six years. A native of Glasgow, he landed in America with his parents in 1820.

The new theological magazine, *The Interpreter*, edited by the Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A., and the first number of which was issued in November, is not yet widely known in Australia. The January number contains several articles by eminent writers which are worthy of notice. But the critique of Professor Drummond's work is unworthy of the magazine.

The well-known *Expositor*, so long and ably edited by Dr. S. Cox, of Nottingham, commences the year with a thoroughly good number. The articles are on subjects interesting and important, and are written by able and scholarly men. Though many will regret that Dr. Cox no longer occupies the editorial chair, all who have been instructed by it during past years will rejoice that the *Expositor* is still continued.

Dr. Leopold Von Ranke, the eminent historian, who was born in the same month of the same year as Thomas Carlyle, and who has consequently passed his eighty-ninth birthday, is still able to work on his history eight hours every day, enjoys excellent health, and is very cheerful.

An English edition of Dr. Gindely's "History of the Thirty Years' War," translated from the German original by Professor Ten Broeck, has just been published by Messrs. Bentley and Son, of London.

In the January number of *The Nineteenth Century* there is a most interesting article, by Mr. Fraser Rae, on "*The Times* Centenary." The history of the origin and progress of the great London journal is marvellous. The difficulties surmounted, and the success and triumph achieved by the unwearied efforts of the originators of *The Times*, Mr. John Walters and his son and grandson, are fully narrated. Mr. Rae's article is well worth reading.

A unique MS. volume, says the Glasgow *Christian Leader*, has been presented to the Mitchell library in Glasgow. It contains no fewer than 2881 sacred tunes and chants, all composed during the past thirty years by Mr. William Maclean, of Plantation. Of this enormous number a selection of 200 were published many years ago in a volume which is now out of print.

"Tom Brown's Schooldays" has been added to Pitman's Shorthand Library. The work is clearly printed on good paper, and will form excellent reading practice for the shorthand student.

The public letters of John Bright, M.P., are to be gathered into one volume. The letters of the famous orator and tribune of the people, when thus collected and published, are sure to obtain a wide circulation.

It is announced that the publishers of the well-known Cyclopaedia of Drs. M'Clintock and Strong, the last of the ten volumes of which appeared in 1881, have resolved to issue a series of five or six supplementary volumes. The first covers the ground from A. to Cr.

In scholarship, as well as in outward form, it corresponds to the original work.

One of the most interesting volumes, recently published is Dr. H. C. M'Cook's work, entitled "Tenants of an Old Farm, Leaves from the note-book of a Naturalist." The volume is beautifully illustrated with original drawings from nature. While suitable for readers of any age, it will be an attractive book to young people.

The Rev. E. P. Roe, the American novelist, stated lately to a newspaper reporter that novel-writing is not so profitable as one might suppose, and he added, "The only way in which the author of American fiction can get a reasonable return for his labour is to have his stories published first in serial and then in book form."

A new weekly journal is announced under the title of *The Lady, a Journal for Gentlewomen*. It is stated that the project has excited much interest in society, and has strong support from many ladies of position.

"A Lady's Life in the Soudan" is the title of a very interesting work in two volumes, recently published by Messrs. Bentley and Son, London. The author of the work, Mrs. Speedy, is said to be the only English lady, with the exception of Lady Baker, who has made a tour through the Soudan. A great amount of information is given in a very pleasant style. The English reviewers describe the work as "charming and interesting."

Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has just published a large volume, entitled "Letters and Journals of Mrs. Calderwood of Poulton. Mrs. Calderwood was a Scottish country gentlewoman of the eighteenth century, and a grandniece of Janet Dalrymple, the ill-fated bride of Lammermuir, celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's tragic and pathetic story. The book is very interesting, and contains much that is curious and amusing.

Of the Rev. Theodore T. Munger's "Freedom of Faith" 15,000 copies have been sold in England and America. The volume by the same author, "On the Threshold," has sold to the extent of 12,000 copies in America, and has also been largely circulated in England and elsewhere; and the volume of sermons for children, entitled "Lamps and Paths," published recently, has become so popular that a second and enlarged edition has been published.

It is announced that Professor Ebers will shortly publish a new novel in his old field of Egyptology. The title is "Serapis," and, like "Hypatia," portrays the struggle of Paganism against Christianity in Alexandria. Those acquainted with the previous works of Professor Ebers will learn with regret that he is seriously ill, his malady calling for a dangerous operation, to which he intends shortly to submit himself.

Under the title of "Egypt and Babylon," Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of London, recently published an interesting and instructive volume, by the Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. To prevent any disappointment, it is proper to notice that the contents of the volume appeared periodically in *The Clergyman's*

*Magazine*. The volume is of great value, and is crowded with information. Great light is thrown on many Scripture texts. The volume is large, yet moderate in price.

Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, who is so well known as the author of numerous excellent expository works, including lectures on Moses, Daniel, Elijah and Peter, has just published, through Messrs. Randolph and Co., of New York, a new volume of discourses, under the title of "Jesus at the Well." Dr. Taylor stands in the front rank of the expository preachers of the present day.

In the January number of the *Century, Illustrated Monthly*, there is a fine biographical sketch of a noted American author and preacher, Edward Everett Hale, many of whose numerous works are probably well known to our readers. Two of Mr. Hale's best known volumes are those entitled "In His Name," and "Philip Nolan's Friends." The sketch is well written, and will be found a bit of pleasant reading for a leisure hour. The same number contains a weighty and suggestive article on "Christianity and Popular Amusements," by a well-known writer, the Rev. Washington Gladden.

Among many beautiful and useful books, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, the splendid volume on "The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales" must be assigned a prominent place. It is descriptive, historical, and pictorial. The illustrations are all beautiful, and number over one hundred and fifty. The printing, binding, and letterpress are all of first quality, and considering the nature and extent of the work, it is published at a very moderate price.

The admirers of the writings of Charles Dickens will find in the January number of the *Cornhill Magazine* an article entitled, "Charles Dickens at Home." It is written by his eldest daughter, and records some very pleasant reminiscences of the great novelist's home life, and his intercourse with his own and other little children. It presents Dickens in a very attractive light. He loved little children, and they loved and trusted him.

Dr. Baird, the author of the excellent work, "The History of the Huguenots," has nearly ready a "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America." The work is the fruit of many years of special study by its able and accomplished author. The volume may be expected shortly.

Two or three years ago an exceedingly interesting and instructive book, entitled "Gesta Christi," by Mr. C. L. Bruce, attracted much attention. It is gratifying to place on record that three editions of the book have been published, and that a fourth edition in a less expensive form is now issued. The work has been revised throughout, and is also enlarged. To any of our readers who have not yet become acquainted with "Gesta Christi" we heartily commend it.

A learned and exhaustive work, entitled "The Divine Law as to Wines," has recently been published by Messrs. J. P. Lippencolt and Co., of Philadelphia. The author is Dr. G. W. Samson. An American reviewer says the author "deals with the subject in all its

phases, he has made it the matter of a life study, and gives us here the results of years of research and special investigation. He has laid under contribution alike the scientist, the physician, the statesman and the philanthropist; he has called as witnesses the Fathers of the early Church and the religious rites of ancient Egyptians, Romans and Hebrews, and he demonstrates clearly that a wine was in use free from the poison of alcoholic ferment, and that it was this wine Christ made, drank and appointed for His Supper."

The American publishers, Messrs Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of New York, announced in December that fifty thousand subscriptions had been received to the illustrated edition of Longfellow's works, published by them in superb quarto volumes. The work is variously bound in three or six volumes, is profusely illustrated, and the text of all Mr. Longfellow's writings is given complete. The price of the three volumes in plain binding is £6, and from that figure ascends to £16, according to binding. We make this note for the information of wealthy men who seek after handsomely got up books.

The Boston *Literary World* of December 27 contains a long and exhaustive survey of "The World's Literature in 1884." The article extends over fourteen closely printed pages of three columns each, and to literary men and all lovers of books it will be interesting reading. In England and America a very considerable number of valuable works were published last year, in the departments of Biography, History, Medicine, Science and Theology. In Fiction and Poetry, a large number of volumes appeared, but no really great novel appeared during the year," and, "in poetry," to borrow the market phrase, there has been "nothing doing." No American poet of distinction has uttered a new note, and the only new English poet whose work has attracted any attention, during the year, is Michael Field, with his dramatic effort "Fair Rosamond."

An exceedingly able and valuable work has just been published by Messrs T. and T. Clarke, of Edinburgh, under the title of "Old and New Theology." The author, the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A., Vicar of St. John's Church, Caterham, is widely known as the writer of a previous interesting and instructive work on "The Tripartite Nature of Man." In the present volume, Mr. Heard has much to say,

and says it clearly and forcibly, on Bibliology, Theology proper, Soteriology, and Eschatology. Probably most earnest inquirers after truth will regard the chapters on the "Being of God," and the "Fatherhood of God," as the most important parts of the work. The volume is very highly commended by some of the English reviewers.

Lord Alfred Tennyson's new drama "Becket" has excited much interest among the thousands of the admirers of the Poet Laureate. As a poem it will probably be considered by some as inferior to several of his previous works, but it is a noble work and abounds in passages of great power and beauty. King Henry II. and his Queen Eleanor are but poor and almost contemptible persons as portrayed by the poet, while Becket stands forth great and noble; faithful to the church, brave in word and deed, calm and heroic in death. There is a treat in store for those who have not yet read "Becket."

Dr. R. S. Storrs has just published, through Messrs. Randolph and Co., of New York, a large and important volume, containing ten lectures on "The Divine Origin of Christianity, indicated by its Historical Effects." The lectures have been delivered on several occasions, and are now published, a large number of valuable notes being added. Among the topics discussed, perhaps the most important are the lectures on "The New Conceptions of God, introduced by Christianity;" "The New Conception of Man;" "Duties of Nations towards Each Other;" "The Effect of Christianity on the Moral Life of Mankind;" and on "The World's Progress." An English edition of the work has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of London. The only thing to be regretted in connection with the publication of this book is that its high price will place it beyond the reach of not a few, who would highly appreciate it, and reap instruction from its pages.

Mr. David Douglas, the Edinburgh bookseller, who has given to the reading public, in a series of beautiful little volumes, the works of Dr. Holmes and Mr. John Burroughs, announces an edition of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's prose writings. Mr. Aldrich's books are widely known in Great Britain and on the Continent, and translations of several of his volumes have been published in French, German, Italian, Dutch, Danish and Norwegian. Mr. Douglas's cheap volumes will be a boon to thousands.

T.

#### PETITION OF THE LETTER "H," TO THE INHABITANTS OF ———

Whereas by you I have been driven  
From house, from home, from hope, from  
heaven,  
And placed by your most learned society  
In exile, anguish, and anxiety;  
And used (without one just pretence)  
With arrogance and insolence;  
I hereby ask full restitution,  
And beg you'll mend your elocution.

#### Answer.

Whereas we've rescued you, ingrate,  
From hell, from horror, and from hate;  
From horse-pond, hedge-bill, and from halter,  
And consecrated you in altar—  
We think you need no restitution,  
And shall not change our elocution.



## CHESS.

## THE DANISH GAMBIT—(Continued.)

The following brilliant and instructive variation occurred in actual play between Dr. Lindehn, the well-known Swedish amateur, and M. Maczuski, the Polish blindfold player. It is a capital illustration of the force of the attack when Black adopts the bad defence of 4. P takes Kt P:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
(Dr. Lindehn).	(Mr. Maczuski).
1 P K 4	1 P K 4
2 P Q 4	2 P takes P
3 P Q B 3	3 P takes P
4 B Q B 4	4 P takes Kt P
5 Q B takes P	5 B Kt 5 ch.
6 Kt B 3	6 Kt K B 3
7 Kt K 2	7 Kt takes P
8 Castles	8 Kt takes Kt
9 Kt takes Kt	9 B takes Kt
10 B takes B	10 Q Kt 4
11 R checks	11 K Q sq.
12 P K B 4	12 Q takes P
13 B takes Kt P	13 R Kt sq.
14 Q K Kt 4 and wins.	

Black could not castle on his tenth move on account of:—

11 Q K Kt 4	11 P Kt 3 or 4
12 Q Q 4	

and Black cannot avoid checkmate.

Chess theory is progressive, and new discoveries are constantly being made in the openings. At the same time certain *débuts* and certain lines of defence (as, for instance, the capture of the third pawn in the Danish Gambit) have long since been rejected by the leading authorities, having been proved by laborious analyses to be bad. The conscientious chess writer, therefore, is bound to keep pace with the progress of modern theory; whilst, on the other hand, the Chess Editor, who publicly recommends moves which have long ago been condemned by competent theorists, is not only guilty of an act of injustice to those authors whose labors he ignores, but openly confesses his own ignorance of the theory of the game.

## CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

We are in receipt of the first number of the "International Chess Magazine," edited in New York by Herr Steinitz, the chess champion of the World. It contains an interesting sketch of the career of the late lamented Paul Morphy, games, problems, &c., and a *résumé* of the doings of the chess world both in Europe and America. Steinitz is unrivalled as an analyst and annotator, and his notes to the games alone render the magazine a valuable addition to chess literature. We regret to hear of the cessation of the *Nuova Rivista*, so ably edited hitherto by Mr. Vansittart—an English banker in Rome—who possesses one of the finest chess libraries in the world and is a liberal patron of the game. He participated in 1883 in the Vizayanagaram Tournament, in which he acquitted himself

very creditably, and he is also the composer of many excellent problems, some of which we intend publishing shortly.

The death from consumption of Mr. Marriott, of Nottingham—a promising and talented young amateur—is announced.

Steinitz played 22 simultaneous games on November 27th, at the Manhattan Club, New York, winning 21 and drawing 1. At Baltimore he also gave 3 performances, firstly: 12 simultaneous games, all of which he won; secondly, 33 simultaneous games, losing only 2; thirdly, four blindfold games and a *partie* at whist, winning all the games both at chess and cards.

An exhibition game of chess with living pieces at Milwaukee took place on November 26th. The display was a gorgeous one, an attempt being made to represent graphically the whole social aspect of a certain period in history, viz., that of the Elizabethan era. All the costumes were reproductions of those worn at that time, and the figures typified historical characters, one side being composed of men and the other of women in corresponding strata of society. The Kings and Queens represented the royalty; Knights, the nobility; Bishops, the clergy; Rooks, the *bourgeois* or citizens; and Pawns, the peasantry. Among the costumes was an Oriental robe formerly worn by one of the wives of Warren Hastings in India.

## MR. WISKER AS A PLAYER, THEORIST AND CRITIC.

A recent number of the Adelaide "Observer" contains the following curious paragraph:—"By winning the British Chess Association Cup Mr. Wisker ranked at the time as the British Chess Champion, and his matches with Mr. Bird, played just before leaving England, showed that he could fully hold his own against that brilliant player," and the Chess Editor of the *Observer* further adds "*that Mr. Bird could only make even games with Mr. Wisker.*" (*sic*)!!!

In common fairness to Mr. Bird (who, from the brilliancy and rapidity of his play, has not inaptly been styled the "Murat" of chess), we must state "that Mr. Wisker, so far from being able to fully hold his own against Mr. Bird, was decisively beaten by him, losing two out of three matches played;" in one he was defeated with the utmost ease, by a large majority of games. Mr. Wisker was also defeated in a set match in London at the St. George's Club, by M. Rosenthal, the French champion, who had to succumb to Mr. Bird in the Vienna Tournament of 1873. In fact, Mr. Wisker never succeeded in beating any really first class player in match play (which is the *true* test of skill) with the solitary exception of McDonnell, who, however, was quite out of form at the time, and who defeated Wisker in the "Glow-worm" Tourney of 1868, in which he (McDonnell) won the first prize. Wisker was always ignominiously defeated by Steinitz on every occasion he ever encountered him in public play, whereas Bird made the closest

struggle on record with the *Cesar of Chess*, only losing the match by the odd game, the score being Steinitz 7, Bird 6; and when it is borne in mind that *Zukertort* was easily defeated by Steinitz by a score of 7 to 1, and that *Blackburne* was also beaten by Steinitz by a score of 7 to 0, some idea may be formed of Mr. Bird's performance. Mr. Wisker's blindfold play was also a failure, as he almost invariably lost a majority of games. It is true that he won the cup offered by the British Chess Association in 1870 by almost inconceivable good luck, inasmuch as there were only five other competitors, and but for our defeating in that tournament Mr. Burn (who was two points ahead of him, and had already beaten him), and our forfeiting our game to Wisker, *without playing it*, owing to a misunderstanding, of which no chivalrous player would have taken advantage, he would have been *literally nowhere*. He never participated in any Continental Tournament—probably because he had a more just appreciation of his own merits than the English public. In short, as Mr. Potter truly wrote in *Land and Water*, Mr. Burn was the real British champion in 1870, as he won *three times in succession* the Cup of the Counties Chess Association, whilst Mr. Wisker was merely the champion of the St. George's Chess Club and the British Chess Association. Mr. Wisker's reputation was simply a fictitious one, and his dull unimaginative style of play and extreme slowness were in striking contrast to the versatility and rapidity of Messrs. Bird, Blackburne and Burn—the true chess champions of England—to whom he was immeasurably inferior. We may add that he was also decisively beaten by Mr. Burns, of Melbourne. Yet the editor of the *Observer* brackets him with Mr. Blackburne, who won the first prize in the great Berlin Tournament, the second at Vienna in 1873 (winning two games of Steinitz), and the third in London in 1883; besides winning a host of prizes in other tournaments, not to speak of his prodigious blindfold performances, and places him on a footing of equality with that great veteran Bird. Nothing can be more preposterous or unfair.

As a theorist Mr. Wisker will never take high rank. His assertion in the "Westminster papers that the defence of 5 Kt KB 3 in the *Allgaier-Kieseritzki Gambit* was long since exploded, whereas it has been proved to be not only a sound defence but also to yield Black a winning position, and his denunciation of the Sicilian defence, adopted by Von Bardeleben in every game in the Vizayanagaram Tourney in reply to 1. P K 4, establish his theoretical weakness; whilst as a critic he was beneath contempt. The *Chess Players' Manual*, published by the eminent firm of Routledge, though favourably reviewed after months of careful examination by the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, the editor of which (Mr. Watkinson) declared a deep debt of gratitude to be due to the author, the *Liverpool Daily Courier*, by Mr. Minchin, in the *Academy*, also by *La Stratégie*, and com-

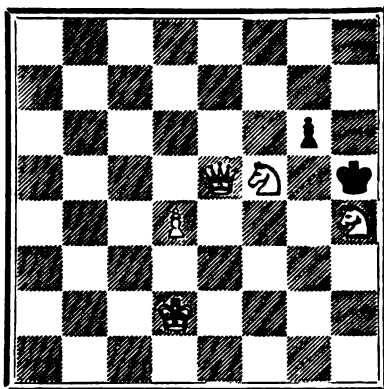
mended by no less an authority than the late Herr Löwenthal in the *City of London Chess Magazine*, was thus noticed in the *Sportsman*, a few days only after its appearance, by Mr. Wisker—"There can be no hope that this book can be of any use to chess-players, or, in fact, to anyone else." *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum* should be the motto of the impartial chess critic. Mr. Wisker, however, whilst he denounced the "Manual," showered undeserved praise on Wormald's "Chess Openings"—a treatise that was severely condemned by a far greater authority in the *City of London Chess Magazine*, and shown to be full of mistakes.

## PROBLEM II.

(From the *Sonntagsblatt*).

By F. DUBBE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

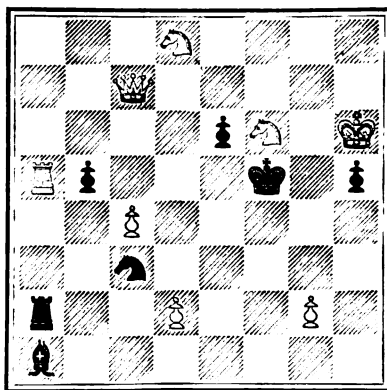
White to play and mate in three moves.

## PROBLEM III.

(From the *Deutsche Schachzeitung*).

By G. CHOCHOLISH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

G. H. D. GOSSIP.





ADAM LINDSAY GORDON  
(1870)  
A SKETCH FROM MEMORY BY  
FRANK MADDEN ESQ.,  
KINDLY PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF  
ONCE A MONTH.

# ONCE A MONTH.

No. IV.

APRIL 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

## GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. V.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON,

AUSTRALIAN POET.

Leaving, for the present, the sphere of the statesman, we shall cast a passing glance at the world of literature; and there contemplate an Australian poet—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

In spite of all the verse, the great stream of genuine poetry that past generations have transmitted to us, it is still as easy as ever for the man who really has it in him to make his mark as a genuine poet. If he goes to nature, and has the capacity to be moved by its impulses, he cannot fail of success. So infinite in number are the types which nature can produce that the most complete originality is still as possible as it ever was.

The man who has made up his mind that he is going to be original finds his excellent resolution difficult; because it seems to him that his predecessors have unfortunately anticipated just those avenues which he himself would have followed with distinction, if only they had not interfered in so distressing a manner. The man who *is* original pursues his work with little thought as to whether it is original or not. That, to his mind, is not the question. There is work to be done, and he does it.

How many persons in the last half century have looked around on their

Australian surroundings, and recorded with a groan that no poetry was there; all seemed commonplace, fit only for the most ordinary prose. Had there been any poetry there they would have unearthed it. On the other hand, Adam Lindsay Gordon lands here with no thought of looking for poetry; but, the inborn poet being there, the sights and sounds of his new home stir in him strong feelings; with no great thought of producing poetry he writes, and the result is poetry—not sets of finished and polished verses, but deep emotions made articulate in speech that is often rough, but always impressive. His faculties are stirred to action by instinct; the verses are formed almost of themselves, and for years are crooned by the poet to himself in secret; but now that the world has them we feel that every line is stamped with the individuality of the man.

Gordon certainly went to nature. But that does not mean that he confined himself to the study of external phenomena. His short vigorous descriptions of Australian landscapes are certainly among the best of his work, but the nature he chiefly drew from was the stormy human nature, the world of passions, aspirations, emotions, instincts, hopes, fears, and the life that he found

in his own consciousness, a consciousness enriched by the remembered pangs and remorses of a misguided life. Of all the interesting features developed in his writings the one that seizes the reader with the greatest fascination is the feeling that there, in fullest intensity, is laid bare the working of a noble but far from perfect soul, struggling with theremorse, the temptation, the mastery of weaknesses inherent in the flesh. That is why he shares with Burns and Byron in the tender epithet "poor." We say, with infinite pity, "poor Burns" and "poor Byron;" so Australians continually refer to "poor Gordon." In all of them we see the noblest powers, the utmost generosity, the loftiest ideals—angels of good that ought surely to be a legion of defence round a man's daily path—maintaining a lifelong struggle with the demons of bodily temptations and failing at the last. The spectacle awakens all our tenderness, and if the writer for whom this tenderness is felt is also the author of sweet verses that, once heard, are entwined as parts of ourselves, he is sure of that half pitying, half reverencing, but wholly loving feeling with which we look back upon the career of Burns.

Gordon certainly had a wayward and unhappy history, one that caused him much remorse, though it need not cause his nearest friend the smallest shame. From first to last he was the soul of honour: no one that knew him ever failed to notice favourably the difference that existed between him and the common run of men; he was a gentleman, so truly a gentleman that the simplest or most vulgar person who ever came in contact with him will tell you emphatically, though all else be forgotten, that "he was in mind and manner a gentleman."

He was the son of an officer of the Indian army, who, in failing health, retired from service and accepted the position of professor of Oriental languages at the great public school of Cheltenham. It was in that town and at that school that the lad was chiefly educated, and it was there that he began that wilful course that cost him so many sighs in after life.

Often when he should have been studying he was careering on any

mount that could be got over the Cotswold Hills.

"I remember the lowering wintry morn,  
And the mists on the Cotswold Hills,  
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn,

Not far from the seven rills.

Jack Esdale was there, and Hugh St. Clair,  
Bob Chapman and Andrew Kerr,  
And big George Griffiths, on Devil-may-care,  
And black Tom Oliver."

The individuals thus commemorated in his verses do not seem to have been the best of companions; a horsey set is not likely to form good company for a lad; extravagance and thoughtless betting followed; and were carried with him to Woolwich, whither he went to study for the army. The result was expulsion before he had been a year in the institution. His excellent father then sent him to Oxford, perhaps thinking, as is sometimes the custom, that if too wild for the army he might settle down and do well enough for the church. But his thoughts were fixed on horses and racing and betting. He and a friend were buying a horse from "black Tom Oliver" on time payment. They thought they had paid enough to have a proprietary right in the animal, and entered him for a steeplechase. Oliver thought differently and refused to let them have him. They broke into the stable at night, took out the horse, and next day Gordon had just ridden in triumph past the winning post after a very daring exhibition of horsemanship; when the police appeared for the purpose of arresting him. He managed to escape, and concealed himself till his father paid the money demanded, and so settled the matter.

Years afterwards Gordon wrote:—

As one who pursues a shadow,  
As one who hunts in a dream,  
As the child who crosses the meadow  
Enticed by the rainbow's gleam,  
I—knowing the course was foolish,  
And guessing the goal was pain,  
Stupid and stubborn and mulish—  
Followed, and follow again.

There is little pleasure, if any,  
In waking the past anew,  
My days and my nights have been many,  
Lost chances many I rue.  
My days and my nights have been many,  
Now I pray that they may be few,  
When I think on the hill-side, Annie,  
Where I dreamt that the skies were blue.

He had not reached his twentieth year when he was forced to leave England, a tall spare young man, of appearance much older than his years, well educated in an irregular sort of way, and filled with a strong love of poetry, especially the Latin poets, and a passionate fondness for the horse. So he landed in Adelaide to push his own fortunes, and he never again saw any of his relatives. He wished to slink out of sight, and from that time began a lonely life of self-communion, preferring to be alone, though never rudely repulsing proffered company. As he sailed from home he wrote—

With adverse fate we best can cope  
When all we prize has fled,  
And, where there's little left to hope,  
There's little left to dread!  
Oh, time glides quickly ever by!  
Destroying all that's dear;  
On earth there's little worth a sigh,  
And nothing worth a tear!

What fears have I? What hopes in life?  
What joys can I command?  
A few short years of toil and strife  
In a strange and distant land!  
When green grass sprouts above this clay  
(And that might be ere long),  
Some friends may read these lines and say,  
"The world has judged him wrong."

His love of riding led him to join the mounted troopers. The free life in the open air, the camping in lonely solitudes, the decided spice of danger suited him. This was in 1853, just about the time when the South Australian Government had formed a gold escort between Mount Alexander and Adelaide, in order to attract some of the precious metal and its attendant trade to their capital. A five hundred mile ride, through territory mostly uninhabited, and infested in some parts by bushrangers, supplied Gordon with the life of adventure he longed for. But when the escort was abolished and he had to settle down to the ordinary policeman's work, conveying drunken men and abandoned women to the lock-up, sometimes with a ride of a hundred miles and more in detestable company, the service assumed a very different aspect. On one occasion a sergeant requested him to brush a pair of boots for him. He flung the boots at his arrogant superior, and left the service.

He then commenced business as horsebreaker in the south-eastern province of South Australia. He roved from station to station, generally camping by himself at a mile or two from the homestead, breaking in the horses of the station. He spent his lonely evenings reading and re-reading such books of poetry as fell into his hands until he was saturated with verse. By day he enjoyed many a wild gallop and—

The measured stroke, on elastic sward,  
Of the steed three parts extended;  
Hard held, the breath of his nostrils broad  
With the golden ether blended.  
Then the leap—the rise from the springy  
turf—  
The rush through the buoyant air,  
And the light shock landing; the veriest serf  
Is an emperor then and there!

Gordon liked the sensation of mastering a horse. Often he mounted a desperately vicious animal for mere pleasure. On one occasion he saw a man making great preparations to mount a mare which was a notorious buck-jumper. He was so slow in getting ready his straps, to strap himself into the saddle, that Gordon, who was waiting to see the result, grew impatient. He stepped up, threw the saddle off, jumped on the barebacked animal, and darted away like a whirlwind. There was a wild scene, a terrific clatter came from the cloud of dust, in which he was all but invisible. However, the mare was conquered. Thus, it is probable that though the business he had chosen was a laborious and a dangerous one he found it agreeable to his own peculiar inclinations. At length at Robc, on the shores of the Southern Ocean, he received an exceedingly bad fall from which only careful nursing and attention brought him round. He lay some weeks in the little inn at Robc, attended chiefly by the servant girl, whose name was Park. The grateful patient, having won the heart of his nurse during their many long conversations, secured for her a horse, and the pair rode over to Mount Gambier and were married. They settled down in a little cottage, and lived a laborious but on the whole happy enough life for a couple of years. But Gordon does not seem to have abandoned his love of solitary musings. He was especially

pleased to get down to the rocky coast, and from some high perch look out on the beautiful perspective of headland after headland, each softer and hazier than the other, melting among the clouds on the far horizon. There, watching in absolute loneliness, as the changing day brought those fascinating changes stealing over the dream-like cliffs and the glittering ocean and the ceaselessly rhythmic breakers, he spent his holiday, returning with a face on which a world of unknown thoughts was imprinted, as on that of "Bonny Kilmeny." He had been away seeing fairer sights than the bodily eye of man has ever seen, and held communings such as towns or villages cannot know the murmur of. And reaching his home he liked to steal away to bed, so that the spell of the day might softly merge in slumber rather than be rudely broken by the common place thoughts and topics of ordinary existence.

But his whole course of life was changed in 1864 by news that reached him from home. His father had died four years after he left England; his mother three years after that again in 1860. But as Gordon had wished to be forgotten and had never written or given any sign of his existence or any hint of his address, he heard nothing of these or any other family occurrences. But the fact that he was entitled to £7000, as his share of the amount bequeathed, caused the lawyers at home to make enquiries, which were successful, and he received the money. He was now considered by the people of the district to be of sufficient importance to stand for Parliament, and so he was duly elected. But his career as an orator was not a complete success. The one or two speeches he tried were eccentric jumbles of Latin quotations, and passages of fiery but ill-judged eloquence mingled with others of easy familiarity,—the whole leaving a decided impression that he was not the man to address South Australian legislators upon matters of every day interest. So ere long he ceased to attend, and when a general election took place some time after he did not again present himself.

Unfortunately he invested his money in land, the choices made being unwise

and the cause of heavy losses. But, still more unfortunately, his love of horses led him into very expensive pleasures. He kept several racehorses, and amused himself by riding them at the various meetings. In 1865 the manner in which he rode his own horse, "Ballarat," in a steeplechase at Flemington, attracted much attention in sporting circles, and he soon obtained the reputation of being the best steeplechase rider in Australia. Several heavy falls he had in pursuing this amusement with a wild daring undermined his constitution. One in especial left a great hollow in the back of his head, from which he suffered severely all the rest of his life. Three years of this life left him with no cash and his land all mortgaged, so he had again to think of a means of livelihood. He realised what he could and bought a livery stables business in Ballarat. But though a judge of horses he was in no way qualified for conducting business. Mrs. Gordon worked very hard, and took the chief part in attending to the hounds of the Ballarat Hunt Club; and Gordon himself was very careful in his duties, but matters went against them; they were getting into debt, and when the death of a relative in England placed a small sum of money at Gordon's disposal, he thought it wisest to use this in clearing off all liabilities and abandoning the business. Then while Mrs. Gordon went back for a time to South Australia among her friends, Gordon tried to find some employment, but with no great success. He got an offer of newspaper work, but as it would bind him effectually to the racing fraternity he declined. He went down to stay for a few months with his friend Mr. Riddoch at Yallum in South Australia, and it was there that several of his best poems were written. Subsequently he and Mrs. Gordon returned to Melbourne, where between them they managed to eke out a very scanty living. They took lodgings with a fisherman in Brighton, and lived in the very cheapest way possible, Gordon walking out and in when he had to go to Melbourne. He was employed at times in training horses for the races and riding them when the race time



came. He also earned a little, but only a little, by writing for the papers. He was in this state of distress when news came that an estate in Scotland had been left by a relative of his, and that according to the strict law of entail it should descend to him. There was no doubt about the fact that if the entail held good the estate, worth about £2000 a year, was his, and an able lawyer told him that the entail was still valid. He accordingly prepared to take steps for the recovery of this property, although from the battered and crazy state of his constitution he felt that he would not himself long enjoy it. However on the strength of his hopes he ventured to borrow a little money from a Jew. Further inquiry from lawyers in Scotland showed that that sort of entail had been pronounced by the Scotch law courts no longer valid.

When the mail arrived that brought this news Gordon's hopes were at a blow smashed to pieces. He was no nearer the acquisition of any permanent employment; he had no means of paying his debt, and just at that time appeared from the press a volume of poems, for the total cost of which, amounting to some sixty or seventy pounds, he was himself liable. All these things brought on a fit of despondency. He had wandered in very low spirits through street after street of Melbourne, in the last stage of melancholy, when in the afternoon he met Kendall. The two poets were equally out at elbows, and disconsolately turned into an hotel wherein was spent the last couple of shillings they could muster. In the unfortunate state of Gordon's brain, affected as it was by a series of heavy falls which had several times fractured the skull, a very little liquor produced a state of restless excitement, and, as bad luck would have it, when he got home, he found waiting to see him a festive, but by no means desirable acquaintance. The two talked of suicide, and this friend coincided with Gordon's gloomy views, agreeing with him that the best thing he could do was to shoot himself. The poet went to bed, but at daybreak he rose, kissed his wife, dressed himself quietly, took down the rifle which, as a member

of the volunteer corps, he had in his possession, wandered along the beach to the Picnic Point, and was there discovered a few hours later, dead. He had lain down in one of those clear parts of the tea-tree scrub, generally frequented by holiday-makers. He had put the muzzle of the gun to his jaw, and had pushed the trigger with his feet, and so all that was mortal of Adam Lindsay Gordon was left to fill a grave in the Brighton cemetery.

His widow some years after married again, and is now the wife of an overseer on Mr. Riddoch's station near Penola.

Gordon's poems are not only decidedly the best that Australia has produced, but they are among the best in the English language that the last twenty years can boast of. Leaving out of the reckoning Tennyson, Browning and Longfellow, who certainly belong to a period anterior to that, there is no one who is Gordon's superior in true poetic fire. We may, if we choose, rank Rossetti, and Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold, and the Morris as high, or higher, but it will not be by virtue of that home-thrusting power of genuine poetry. Their polish of language, or their philosophical suggestiveness, or their intensely stirring imaginations may cause them to rank high, but for sheer poetry there is none to compare with Gordon.

There is in his verse a singular combination of high animal spirits that seem to enjoy life to its utmost, with a deep undercurrent of melancholy. The boisterous happiness is that of a man throwing off a deep load of care, and under all his galloping rhymes there is the tone of one who has looked deeper than the surface of things, and like the preacher of old has reached the sad, and essentially untrue conclusion, that "all is vanity."

Is there aught worth losing or keeping?

The bitters or sweets men quaff?

The sowing or doubtful reaping?

The harvest of grain or chaff?

Or squandering days, or heaping,

Or waking seasons or sleeping,

The laughter that dries the weeping,

Or the weeping that drowns the laugh?

Weigh justly, throw good and bad in

The scales, will the balance veer

With the joys or the sorrows had in

The sum of a life's career?

In the end spite of dreams that sadden  
The sad, or the sanguine madden,  
There is nothing to grieve or gladden,  
There is nothing to hope or fear.

Similar strains occur again and again  
in his poetry—

For the great things of earth are small things,  
The longest life is a span,  
And there is an end to all things—  
A season to every man:  
Whose glory is dust and ashes,  
Whose spirit is but a spark,  
That out from the darkness flashes,  
And flickers out into the dark.

But he gathers from this gloomy philosophy the idea of working with a worthy object, and finding in genuine work the truest happiness that life affords—

Distant yet, approaching quickly,  
From the shades that lurk,  
Like a black pall, gathers thickly  
Night, when none may work.  
Soon our restless occupation  
Shall have ceased to be.  
Units ! in God's vast creation  
Ciphers ! what are we ?  
Onward, onward, oh ! faint-hearted ;  
Nearer and more near  
Has the goal drawn since we started ;  
Be of better cheer.

Question not, but live and labour  
Till the goal be won,  
Helping every feeble neighbour,  
Seeking help from none.  
Life is mostly froth and bubble ;  
Two things stand like stone—  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.  
Courage, comrades, this is certain,  
All is for the best ;  
There are lights behind the curtain ;  
Gentles, let us rest.

Nearly half of Gordon's poetry in some degree represents the workings of his own mind ; in the most unexpected places the doubts and difficulties that had troubled him well up to the surface and give a fine air of suggestiveness. But there are many pieces in which the hand of the true artist can be discerned. "The Romance of Britomarte" is told with a vividness of conception, a vigour of language, and besides a delightful flavour of the old cavalier days, that make us wish there were more in the same style.

"They had posted a guard at the northern gate,  
Some dozen of pikemen and musketeers ;  
To the tall park palings I turned her straight,  
She veered in her flight as the swallow veers.  
And some blew matches and some drew swords,

And one of them wildly hurled his pike ;  
But she cleared by inches the oaken boards,  
And she carried me yards beyond the dike.  
Then, gaily over the long green down,  
We galloped, heading for Westbrook town."

"The Roll of the Kettledrum" is another piece with a fine bold effect. "The Rhyme of Joyous Guard" is a picture of remorse, such as only a powerful mind could have drawn. On the other hand, the manly pathos of the "Sick Stockrider" and "Gone," in spite of an affectation of sternness, a repudiation of anything like sentiment, is of the kind that tingles in the very heart of the reader.

Gordon is well known for the success of his poems relating to the turf. "How we Beat the Favorite" is perhaps the best "galloping rhyme" ever written, and the five pieces entitled "Hippodromania" are singularly effective, and rise to no little degree of elevation, though devoted to subjects no higher than Cup races and Steeplechases. But, personally, I prefer him on other ground, and his beautiful little songs and tender lyrics, though they do not number a dozen altogether, shew us what Australia lost in possible reputation when it lost the mind and the hand capable of such finished work.

"Thy voice in mine ear still mingles  
With the voices of whispering trees ;  
Thy kiss on my cheek still tingles,  
At each kiss of the summer breeze.  
While dreams of the past are thronging,  
For substance of shades in vain,  
I am waiting, watching, longing—  
Thou comest not back again."

A few weeks before his death Gordon wrote what he called a "Song of Autumn," which, unfortunately, was only too prophetic.

Where shall we go for our garlands glad,  
At the falling of the year,  
When the burnt-up banks are yellow and sad,  
When the boughs are yellow and sere ?  
Where are the old ones that once we had ?  
And when are the new ones near ?  
What shall we do for our garlands glad,  
At the falling of the year ?

"Child, can I tell where the garlands go ?  
Can I say where the lost leaves veer,  
On the brown-burnt banks, when the wild winds blow,  
When they drift through the deadwood drear ?  
Girl, when the garlands of next year glow,  
You may gather again, my dear ;  
But I go where the last year's lost leaves go,  
At the falling of the year."



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON  
(1850)  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.  
PAGE 246.



And, truly enough, when Autumn was ended, Adam Lindsay Gordon lay dead among the heaped-up leaves that the sea breeze had strewn beneath the trees.

He is so far our truest poet, and one who has in his works sufficient elements of perennial interest to keep his memory well before Australia for many generations yet. Indeed it is most likely that his reputation is only now dawning, and that the close of the present century

will find his name and his verses as household words in Australia. I am glad to know, and so will all who take a pride in Australia, that there is a very great and increasing demand for his poems, though when he died, nearly the whole of the small editions of the three volumes he published in his life time were unsold.

A. S.

## JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### GEOFFREY'S COIN.

Sir Wilfred Vanborough and his daughter were riding together through the Charnwood lanes. For the most part their ride had been a silent one. Sir Wilfred was not a talkative man, and Clarice had lately fallen into the habit of silence when alone with him. Three weeks only had passed since the departure of her brother Geoffrey from England in company with Nigel Tremaine and Luke Darenth. As yet she had not received any news of them, and she had been sternly forbidden to mention their names at home.

They passed Spence's cottage (where children were again playing in the garden, and the mother, still weak, was sitting peacefully at the door), and turned the corner by which the road led through the village to one of the park gates. Here, coming from the village, they saw a young woman, whose face lighted up with a flash of recognition as she met them. Clarice looked at her with interest. This was Joan Darenth, whose brother had gone to Buenos Ayres with Nigel and Geoffrey. Nigel had spoken to her of Luke, and Gilbert had commended the beauty of Luke's sister; Geoffrey had not mentioned her, and Clarice had no

suspicion of any special friendship existing between the two. She had never been thrown in the Darenths' way as the boys had been. Geoffrey and Gilbert had both been playmates of Luke and Joan, but Clarice was some years younger than any of them, and had been brought up in strict seclusion by a severe governess whom she had only lately discarded. She was now nineteen, while Joan was twenty-four, and Luke two years older.

She had lately, however, taken interest in Joan on her own account. She had heard of the misadventures of the Spence family; as Lady Bountiful of the village she knew all about the way in which the Spences had been nursed and cared for by Joan Darenth, and she was secretly longing to make the girl's acquaintance. So when she saw her in the road she called her father's attention to the passer-by with a low-toned remark—

"That is the girl whose face Gilbert put into his last picture."

Sir Wilfred shot a hasty glance at the dark beauty of the face beneath its white sun-bonnet, and started visibly.

"Oh, yes, a Darenth, I see," he said, and would have passed on with a slight

nod had not Clarice reined in her horse.

"She wants to speak to us, papa."

For Joan had stopped and curtsied, with an unmistakable desire for speech in her face and eyes.

"Well, my good girl," said Sir Wilfred, rather impatiently, "what do you want? Had you not better come to the house if you wish for anything?"

"I have only something to give you, sir; something that belongs to you rather than to me."

Sir Wilfred was struck with the clearness of her tone, the faintness of her Hertfordshire accent in her speech. Joan's tongue was not free from country dialect certainly; but her voice was so pure, her manner so grave and collected, that it had the force of archaism rather than the ineffectiveness of provincial ignorance. He listened and looked, and noticed the likeness to which Luke, at a somewhat later date, alluded: the likeness to her aunt, Elizabeth Darenth, whom he had known and admired in earlier days.

Meanwhile Joan was bringing out a little parcel from her pocket. Her face was flushed, but her eyes were as clear as day when she offered it to Clarice.

"I've been carrying it about with me all day," she said, "and I called at the house with it this afternoon; but you were out, Miss, and I wanted to put it into your own hands, or the master's. I found it on the ground three weeks ago or more; but I couldn't return it earlier, because I had been nursing the sick at Spence's cottage, and Doctor Ambrose wouldn't allow me to go anywhere."

"What is it?" said Sir Wilfred, as Clarice undid the wrappings, and Joan, with another curtsy, prepared to go upon her way. "Wait a moment, my girl."

"Thank you, sir; I'm bound to be home by nightfall, and must make haste," said Joan, resolutely avoiding the appearance of waiting for a reward. "Good afternoon, sir."

"But Joan, Joan," said Clarice, holding up the coin, "this is not mine. Why do you give it to me? Is it yours, papa?"

"No," said Sir Wilfred, "it is not mine. You must be mistaken, my good girl."

Joan turned round and came back to the side of his horse, where she looked steadily up into his face as she answered, "I thought you would know it, sir, as I did. It's the little gold coin that Mr. Geoffrey brought from Norway, and used to wear on his watch-chain. He must have dropped it somewhere, and I picked it up."

A wave of crimson suffused Sir Wilfred's pale high features. His brow contracted; for a moment he did not speak. Then he stretched out his hand to Clarice for the coin.

"If that be the case," he said coldly, "you had better keep it until you have an opportunity of transmitting it to him. I have nothing to do with his property."

And he placed the coin in her hand. Joan glanced at Clarice, but she was mute and white as a snow-wreath.

"I thought, sir," said Joan quietly, "that you might like to keep it as a remembrance of your son."

"I have a very sufficient remembrance of him," said Sir Wilfred, with a haughtiness of tone which he did not think it worth while to suppress in Joan Darenth's presence, and which, indeed, he never imagined that she would comprehend. "Keep it yourself—as a reward for your honesty."

He passed on, and for a moment Clarice was left face to face with Joan.

"I will keep it," said Joan with sudden hardihood and a flash of resentment in her beautiful eyes as she looked into Clarice Vanborough's face, "I will keep it—not as a reward, but in remembrance of *him*—until he comes back to claim it for himself."

And without a word of farewell, without the customary curtsy, which she was generally so careful never to omit, she walked rapidly away, with a glance of scorn worthy of Sir Wilfred Vanborough himself.

When she reached her home she sought out a little piece of black ribbon, which she put through the hole in the coin and then tied round her neck. She meant to wear it until she saw Geoffrey Vanborough once more.

Clarice pondered over that look in Joan Darenth's face in her silent dreamy way, until even she felt that she was attaching morbid importance to it. How much did Joan Darenth know of the quarrel between Geoffrey and Sir Wilfred? What business had she to form a judgment of the merits of the case? She supposed that something concerning the reasons for Geoffrey's leaving England had leaked out to Luke, and through him to Joan. And then, not knowing Joan, she became uneasy lest the farmer's daughter should gossip about the affairs of the Vanboroughs, lest all the world should hear that Geoffrey's "quarrel," as it was called, with his father had meant his condemnation on a charge of forgery and theft:

She had plenty of time in which to indulge herself in idle dreams and sad forebodings. Gilbert and Merle had gone back to London. Charnwood had never been a particularly cheerful place, but it was gloomier than ever now that Sir Wilfred began to deny himself to guests, and oppose Clarice's acceptance of invitations from without. He was angry and indignant with Nigel Tremaine, to whom he had taken the trouble in almost the first instance to write a confidential letter expressive (in a general way) of displeasure with Geoffrey, and stating that if Nigel desired to remain on good terms with *him* he must henceforth renounce his friendship with his elder son; so angry and indignant because Nigel would not yield one jot of confidence in or affection for his old friend, that he had even forbidden him the house. As to the marriage contemplated between Clarice and Mr. Tremaine, he told his daughter plainly that she must give up all thoughts of it. And when he heard that Nigel was accompanying Geoffrey to South America, he waxed so wroth that he broke off all communication with the Tremaine household, and forbade Clarice to write letters either to her brother or to Nigel. This prohibition, however, was not enforced, and Clarice steadily and openly disregarded it. The writing of long despatches for the South American mail went on daily almost under her father's eye.

Sir Wilfred shut himself up more and more in his study. Clarice gave a few orders to the housekeeper in the morning, wrote her letters, read a great deal in the library, dispensed alms in a distant, mechanical way to the poor, took solitary walks beneath the melancholy elm-trees in the park, went to church on Sundays, and came home chilled to the bone, lay awake at nights, and grew more like a white snow maiden day by day.

Going to church was something of a misery to her. Charnwood had been a neglected parish for many years. The rector was abroad; his curate was in feeble health, and his voice almost inaudible. The church was low, damp, shadowy; the small windows were filled with mournful-looking yellow glass darkened by ivy shoots and long branches of yew trees, which tapped at the panes like ghostly hands and arms all through service-time. The pews were high, the pulpit was a three-decker, from the lower desk of which the clerk made melancholy responses, seconded by a few shrill school-children. There was a harmonium which Clarice herself had presented, and which was played by a smartly-dressed farmer's daughter—not Joan Darenth; Joan Darenth sat with half-a-dozen village boys and girls in the singing pew, and "led" the singing with her fine, melodious voice, which kept the others almost in tune.

Clarice and her father (when he went, which was seldom) sat in the square pew in the centre of the church, where they had directly before their eyes the tablet recording the names of Marian, Lady Vanborough, beloved wife of Sir Wilfred Vanborough, who died when Clarice was a baby girl of two years old, and of four younger children; Philip, who came between Geoffrey and Gilbert; Edward and Archibald, who were older than Clarice; and, last of all, the little sister who had lived just long enough to receive her mother's name, and then to be buried in the same grave with her. Philip, Edward, Archibald, Marian—what would Charnwood have been like, Clarice often wondered, as she sat chill and passive in the family pew between her father and her governess, if these had lived?

The boys would have gone into the world, as Geoffrey and Gilbert had done, but Marian would have stayed with her, and been the sunshine of the house. In Clarice's imagination Marian was always strong, bright, gentle and merry as her mother (she was told) had been in youth; she, at least, would not have been led astray by the weak, visionary, morbid nature which had been so often the curse and the ruin of the Vanboroughs. It was of these—her dead mother, sister, brothers—that Clarice speculated when she went to church.

There were vaults under the pavement of the mouldy little building—ruinous vaults, not yet hermetically sealed as they ought to have been. The Vanboroughs' vault ran under the family pew. Weird sounds were heard beneath the pavement now and then, as of the creaking of wood, the crumbling of stone, the giving way of supports. Clarice had never got over the horror she experienced when, a child of six or seven, she had been led into the church one week-day by a foolish nurse, and had listened to her gossip with the parish clerk and sexton. As they stood in the aisle a sound was heard as of something falling down in the vault beneath their feet. The nurse exclaimed, and Clarice clutched her gown tightly. "Oh," said the sexton, looking at the floor, "there's old Joe Gargery's coffin gone at last; I thought it wouldn't hold together much longer." And thus to Clarice's childish mind the mysterious noises beneath the pavement were explained. She was never free, in Charnwood church, from the sense of horror which this speech implanted in her mind.

Sitting thus in her seat one Sunday morning, during the sermon, she lifted up her eyes and let them fall upon the face of Joan Darenth, in the singing-pew. Joan sat in a corner, and her profile was thrown into strong relief to Clarice by a curtain of faded crimson, which divided the player of the harmonium from the choir, and was therefore just in face of the singers. What a fine head and face she had! Her dress and headgear were of the most entire simplicity; her abundant dark hair waved slightly upon her brow, and was drawn into a massive knot, just

appearing below her bonnet; her dark eye was thoughtful and calm; her beautiful mouth drooped a little at the corners with the faintest possible suggestion of sadness. The colouring of her face was so rich and beautiful, without any want of refinement or sensibility, the pose of her figure expressed so much quiet strength and composure, as well as stately grace, that Clarice felt a sensation of rest in looking at her. As she came out of church she said to her father—

"May I ask Joan Darenth to come and see me?"

Sir Wilfred stared a little, then concluded that she wanted the girl on some matter of household work or millinery, and answered impatiently—

"Of course. Give your own orders."

But Clarice did not want to give orders. She left his side, and went back to the side door, where she saw Joan's tall figure and sedate face behind the pushing, giggling, singing-boys and girls. The group fell back as Miss Vanborough approached, and the way was clear between her and Joan Darenth. She held out her slim hand in its dainty glove, and laid it between Joan's unaccustomed fingers.

"Will you come and see me to-morrow at Charnwood?" she said, looking up in Joan's face. "I seldom walk so far as your home or I would go there myself. But if you do not mind the trouble—"

"It will be no trouble," said Joan, flushing crimson through the clear brown of her skin, as Geoffrey's sister invited her to the home of his boyhood. "I shall be glad to come. At what time, Miss, please?"

"At eleven o'clock in the morning," said Clarice, quite unconscious that she named a peculiarly inconvenient hour for the farmer's daughter. But Joan would have borne a great deal of inconvenience before declining an invitation from a Vanborough, to whose family she considered that she was bound by all the ties of fealty and feudal reverence.

The visit paid next morning was a highly successful one. Clarice had received letters from Nigel and from Geoffrey during the previous week, and Joan had not received any from



Luke. It was natural that the sister should long for news about her brother, and that details of South American life should interest Joan so deeply! Clarice was almost surprised to find her so well versed in the history and geography of the *Bandes Orientales*. "I wanted to read about the places where Luke was going," said Joan, with a guilty blush. And then Clarice promised, as Luke did not write regularly, to keep her informed of his movements, as well as she could gather them from the letters of her brother Geoffrey and Mr. Tremaine.

"Indeed," she added, "I might ask them to tell me always how Luke is getting on. And if it would save you trouble I could sometimes enclose a letter from you to him."

Joan hesitated. Her lip trembled; her colour varied. In this interview she seemed to have lost the serene tranquillity which had made her face so attractive to Clarice in church. Nevertheless, her agitation did not lessen her beauty, and the more she beheld it the more was Miss Vanborough startled and delighted by it.

But presently the firm, quiet look came back. "No, thank you, Miss Vanborough," she said. "Please don't trouble either Mr. Geoffrey or Mr. Tremaine for news of my Luke. He'll write to me himself before long. And neither he nor father would like me to trouble you with my letters."

After this first visit Joan came to Charnwood very often. Clarice talked to her of Mr. Tremaine sometimes, and even more frequently of Geoffrey; it was such an unexpected well of pleasure, springing up in the desert of her life, to speak of the two dear ones whose names she dared hardly utter in her father's hearing.

And what was it to Joan?

Time after time she told herself that she must go to Charnwood no more; that she might as well drink poison as listen to those bitter-sweet details of Geoffrey's daily life; that she was a fool ever to have set foot over the threshold of his home. She would go out from Clarice's presence with throat swelling and eyes smarting from unshed tears; her hands would clench themselves with pain amongst the folds of

her dress when Clarice read sentences from those loving, brotherly, half-wistful letters which Geoffrey now and then sent her. It was so hard that she could do nothing to lighten his burden of toil and pain; so hard that she could not send him even a little message to show that she remembered him! At times the weight of having to manifest merely discreet commonplace interest in Captain Vanborough's affairs was almost more than she could bear.

But for Clarice's sake she did bear it. As summer deepened into autumn, and autumn into winter, and Sir Wilfred grew more and more unsocial and morose, and Clarice's life more and more lonely in consequence, Joan saw that she could do this girl of nineteen years some service. The time came when the news of Nigel's wound was received, when his return to England was long delayed, when he himself was unable to write, and, in the press of business and sick-nursing, Geoffrey's own letters became few and far between. Then Clarice grew whiter and slenderer day by day; she did not complain, but she looked listless, weary, miserable, did not sleep, did not eat, did not take exercise, until Joan forced her into something like activity. Joan came and talked cheerfully, read aloud to her, persuaded her to visit the poor and sick, even coaxed her into calling upon some of her old acquaintances in the neighbourhood. In time her presence became so necessary to Clarice that Joan was invited to spend the winter months with her, and Sir Wilfred was very anxious to give her wages and call her a "companion" to his daughter. But although Joan had no foolish objections to the earning of money, "it went against her," she said, "to take gold from Sir Wilfred," and not a penny from his hand would she touch. "I take enough from you," she said to him, one day, with a touch of pride, "when I eat your bread and sleep in your house; and I am free to go at any moment I choose. I cannot take money from you for doing my own pleasure." And Sir Wilfred yielded outwardly to this reasoning, though, being in his way nearly as proud as Joan herself, he cast about in his own mind for ways in which to do her family

service in return for the service she did his daughter.

To the outer world Joan appeared rather as Clarice's maid than her "companion" in the conversational sense of the term. She brushed her mistress's soft, fine hair, mended her dresses, washed her laces; but in this, as in everything else, she did, Joan raised a so-called menial service to the height of a lovingly-fulfilled duty. "Entire affection hateth nicer hands." And Joan would have felt wounded if Clarice had asked another person to do for her what she could do. But as regarded mental companionship, they were more on a level than was evident at first sight; for, while Clarice had had a wider culture, Joan possessed the keener and stronger mind, and, while Clarice had been nourished to a great extent upon the airy diet of romance and poetry, Joan had "browsed undisturbed" in the Rector's library, which had very early been thrown open to her through Geoffrey's influence, upon theology and history. She was now made free of Sir Wilfred's library also, and Clarice was almost vexed to see that she passed over the volumes of fiction in favour of works by Bain, Hamilton, and Mill. Her unfeigned and passionate enjoyment of a book like Mill's "On Liberty" was a wonder and an intellectual lesson to Clarice Vanborough.

It was a damp afternoon in November when Clarice sallied forth into the garden with rather a brighter look than usual. The day itself was a melancholy one—dark and grey, but not cold. Clarice turned into one of the long walks, bordered on each side by trees, beyond the sheet of water behind the house. Here she walked up and down for some little time, until she saw Joan hastening from the house to meet her.

"Well," she said, "have you found your novel cure for low spirits, Joan?"

"It is here," said Joan, her eyes brim full of laughter as she showed a saw which she carried in one hand.

Clarice lifted her delicate eyebrows.

"What are you going to do with it?"

Joan looked round. There was a half-dead, lifeless-looking laurel branch thrusting itself across the path. She attacked it boldly with her weapon, sawing it steadily, vigorously across,

until, at the end of a few minutes, she had severed it from the trunk. Then she set to work upon another.

"I told you I had the gardener's permission," she said. "These branches can be used for firewood, and the laurels want thinning. It is the best work in the world for a cold day."

She sawed unweariedly, until her cheeks lighted up with a warm flush, and her breath came faster with the exertion. Then Clarice tried her strength, but soon got tired and surrendered the saw once more to Joan, who worked like a fury or giantess for some minutes.

"There!" she said at last; "now I feel better. My life here seems too quiet for me sometimes, Miss Clarice. I need to use my arms, and hands, and put out all my strength now and then if I am to be well and happy."

She drew herself up to her full height, and threw out her arms in a grand wide sweep. With nostrils dilated, flashing eyes, lips parted with a proud, frank smile, she might have stood for a statue of some goddess of liberty, some queen of a savage race "whom bonds could never hold, nor harshness tame."

But Clarice, who was generally so quick to seize upon new points for admiration in Joan's beauty, now looked at her with strange discomfiture and dismay; for in this full exertion of her strength Joan had paid little attention to the details of her dress, and a black ribbon that she wore round her neck had become untied. It fluttered loose now, and from it hung the coin which she had vowed to herself to wear until Geoffrey's return.

Becoming conscious of Clarice's astonished gaze, she suddenly looked down, blushed like a red rose, seized her token and thrust it out of sight, but not before Clarice, pointing to it had said, in a low tone of distinct offence and astonishment—

"Why do you wear that coin? What does it mean?"

## CHAPTER XII.

### DARENTH OR VANBOROUGH?

Joan's sudden movement, her quick look at Clarice, followed by a shame-faced dropping of her eyelids, proved to that keen observer's mind that

further inquiry was needed. It was with a certain edge in her voice, therefore, that Clarice asked—

"Why should you wear that coin *there*—in that way?"

Seeing that Joan did not know how to answer, she continued—

"Surely it is the one you picked up?—the one you offered to us when we met you in the road last August? Why should you hide it?"

"To keep it—safe," said Joan, faltering.

"Safe? Till his return—as you said? Quite right; but surely it need not be hidden in that manner, as if it were a remembrance—a token of—something," said Clarice, growing rosy-red, and looking at Joan with offended, unfriendly eyes. "It is not—not quite good taste in you, Joan, if you will allow me to tell you so," she proceeded, with a slightly dictatorial, though still courteous, air, as if she were desirous of lifting her companion to her own level. "If you wear Captain Vanborough's coin at all, wear it openly; not as if you were ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of it!" said Joan, recovering her self-possession at the words. "I am not ashamed of it, nor of what it signifies."

"What does it signify?"

"Oh, Miss Clarice," said Joan, turning to her with a pathetic look and a slight outward movement of her hands, as if she longed to take the girl in her arms and hold her fast while she made her confession, "does not your heart tell you why?"

Clarice answered coldly, "No."

"Then," said Joan, letting her hands drop to her sides, "I should be a fool to say."

This answer roused Clarice's ire. "But you must say—you must tell me why at once. I have a right to know. I am Geoffrey's sister."

Joan shook her head and looked at the ground.

"If you will not tell me," said Clarice, her clear high tones vibrating with haughty anger, "I must demand my brother's property. I will take care of Geoffrey's coin."

"Again Joan astonished her. She said, "Certainly," with mournful readi-

ness, took the ribbon from her neck and laid it in Clarice's hand. Then, while Clarice still stood hesitating, she turned towards the house.

"May I go now, if you please, Miss?"

"Go? Where?"

"To pack up my clothes," said Joan meekly. "The carrier will call for them, or our yard-boy. I can send him, if I reach home before five o'clock."

"Very well," said Clarice, coldly. Joan's rapid decision and action seemed to have turned her to stone. She hardly looked up when Joan curtsied and moved away with a hasty dash of her hand over her eyes.

"Good-bye, Miss Clarice." Joan almost sobbed as she spoke. "I am going."

Clarice let her go. She felt as if she could not utter another word.

But before Joan had taken three steps in the direction of the house the girl's heart smote her. How could she let her friend leave her in that cold way? She called her by name, sprang after her, put her arms about Joan's stately shoulders, and melted into rare tears.

"Dear Joan," she said, "sweet Joan, forgive me. I am an unkind, cruel girl: what would Nigel say if he saw me now? Take the coin; papa gave it you to keep; and wear it as you like, without telling me anything about it, only—only——"

"Nay, Miss," said Joan, gently disengaging herself, "I could not keep Captain Vanborough's property, as you call it, with a clear conscience. I thought it was mine before, to do what I liked with. But I'll give it you back now. It's none the worse for my wearing it."

"The worse?" said Clarice vehemently. "It ought to be the better for touching a noble-hearted, generous woman like you. But it is only metal, and cannot be harmed or mended; and I, who might be mended by you a little, am driving you away by behaving like a wretch to you! Take the coin, Joan dear, and let us say no more about it, but come back and be my friend again."

"No," said Joan, who had listened to this outburst with down-drooped

eyes and a sorrowful face ; " if I come back I must tell you why I kept the coin hung round my neck and hidden. And tell you I will, before I touch your hand again, or the coin either," she added, raising her eyes with a flash of light in them which made Clarice involuntarily shrink back. " I owe you that much truth speaking. I wore it because *he* had worn it once before ; because I knew it had been his. And because I loved him—and love him still."

She turned pale as she said these words, but, as Clarice did not answer, and words that would not be restrained came thronging to her lips, a fine red flame crept up into her cheeks, and her dark eyes glowed like fire.

" What harm did I do him by loving him ? No more harm than I did to his senseless bit of gold by wearing it next my heart. Love is free ; love degrades nobody. He may be above me in station, as the world accounts station. God made us equal. *He* did not forbid me to love Geoffrey Vanborough because I was poor and ignorant and obscure. Only men's foolish customs and foolish pride would do that. And I—I have not tried to step out of my place. When—if he asked me to marry him, I would refuse. I might harm him ; and I would not harm him for the world, because—I love him."

She would not even do what might lower him in his sister's estimation. She would not say that Geoffrey had loved her long, even before she thought of loving him.

" And now," she said, dropping her voice, " now I have told you all, and can go home in peace. You shall not feel that I am deceiving you. I have done your brother no injury ; and I had my right to love, like any other woman. Perhaps you will not forgive me for what you may call my presumption ; I cannot help that. I will go to my own people, and you can forget me—save as a poor, foolish girl, who was not wise enough to care only for men in her own class."

There was an unusual touch of bitterness in her speech and tone.

" It is high time for me to go," she said, as Clarice did not answer. And suddenly she started forward.

" Joan," said Clarice softly. " Joan."

And when Joan turned she saw that Clarice's dusky eyes were full of tears, and her slender hands were reaching out for hers. She surrendered one of her hands to Clarice's nervously eager clasp, and waited with studious stillness for her judgment.

" You told me to ask my own heart, Joan," said the girl. " I have asked it, and it tells me what to say. Did you think I was so worldly and conventional as to despise you for loving ? Do you think I am not glad that you—that anyone—Why didn't you go out with him, Joan, to South America ?"

There was both subtlety and simplicity in the question. Joan's arm was round her now, and Joan looked down at her with grave, sad tenderness.

" Do you think I should have gone if he had asked me ?"

" Yes," said Clarice, with craftiness. " You would have gone if you thought you could have helped him, and made his life less miserable than it is now."

" Miserable ?" said Joan, with dilating eyes.

And then Clarice told her, as far as she knew it, the story of Geoffrey's banishment from home. She had various reasons for doing so. Clarice's nature was a complex one—she seldom knew how to act or feel with entire singleness of motive, and not unfrequently her actions were prompted by a combination of apparently quite opposing forces. Thus, in this case, she at once honoured Joan for her unselfish love, and was shocked by it ; again her generosity triumphed over her feeling of its unfitness. Then it occurred to her that Joan was the very woman who could be happy with Geoffrey in his settler's life ; and yet she wanted to try her faith by an account of the suspicion attaching to him ; and if Joan's trust in him had wavered, she would not have been without a certain joy in the fact that only herself and Nigel knew how to do Geoffrey justice. Alas ! Joan must not suppose that Geoffrey's life was a pleasant, easy one. If she loved him she must be prepared to hear of his troubles as well as of his prosperity.

But Clarice repented of the inclination to malice which had prompted her last words when she saw Joan's cheek turn pale, and her lips take the straight line of pain. And if she had hoped that Joan would be a little scared by the thought of disgrace and the hint of dishonour she was mistaken—for what she said was this—

"Is it possible that any one who knows him would not take his word against all the world? Oh, what he must have suffered—and I, not knowing all the while, not able to do anything."

"You would have trusted him then? you would have gone to South America?"

"He never asked me," Joan answered gravely; and Clarice felt herself rebuked, although she hardly knew why.

"And now," said Joan, "Miss Clarice," you must let me say good-bye. I think I had better go home. We cannot be to each other exactly as we have been before."

"We can be more," said Clarice, eagerly. "We shall be like sisters. Don't leave me, Joan, just when I am so lonely."

"I will come back perhaps," said Joan, after a little pause. "I must go and see my father now, and walk about the old house, and do the old work. It will do me good. And then, Miss Clarice, I will come and see you, if you will still let me be your friend. But just now I cannot stay."

Upon this point she was inflexible. Clarice begged her, with tears in her eyes, to remain, but Joan had made up her mind. She went to her room, packed up a little bundle of clothes, which she carried with her, and promised to send for the rest. She refused all offers of aid in the way of conveyance or attendance. The need to be independent lay strong upon her; the desire to avoid, almost to repel, any form of kindness which might proceed from condescension or imply forgiveness. She could not bear to be treated as if she had done wrong and wanted pardon.

But she parted from Clarice on the best of terms. The servants in the house noted with amaze that their young mistress had not shown so much feeling

about parting with any one since Mr. Geoffrey went away. There could not have been a quarrel; yet why did Miss Darenth (as she was almost always called) go away so suddenly, and with reddened eyes? And on foot, too! Why, the coachman himself, a very grand personage, would not have objected to drive her up to Darenth's farm in the pony carriage, ay, and let her hold the reins if she had a mind, for she had the lightest hand and the strongest wrist that the coachman had ever known a woman to possess, as well as the most persuasive ways with a stubborn pony. However, she was gone, with a bundle in her hand, such as the upper housemaid would have scorned to carry through the village, and it was to be hoped that Miss Vanborough would not die of dullness and damp in the course of the coming winter.

Joan went home, therefore, where her father and elder brother were glad, in a sedate, restrained way, to have her, and skilfully enough she gathered up the reins of government which had, for the time, fallen from her hands. Up at four or five o'clock on the dark winter mornings, silently and swiftly passing from dairy to kitchen, from kitchen to poultry-yard and stall; so busy with mending, making, baking, brewing, that she had scarcely time to cast a glance upon her beloved books: bearing in patience the sparse and homely talk about farming matters, the scraps of village gossip, which constituted the subjects of conversation between her father and brother and herself. The presence of Madame Vallor was scarcely a relief to her.

True, she was a cultivated woman, who seemed to have seen a good deal of the worst side of the world, and her revelations might have possessed startling interest for Joan; but she was curiously reticent and unexpansive.

From the day when she first set foot upon the threshold of her English relations to the present time she had said nothing of her past life. Joan knew from the sentences dropped on the evening of her arrival that she had led an unhappy life, but she knew no more. And none of the Darenths chose to betray any curiosity concerning her

secrets; she might tell them or withhold from them what she chose; it was no business of theirs. When Mrs. Tuke, or foolish Patty Price, ventured to ask a question, or to give a hint that secrecy, in their opinion, implied shame, she froze them into silence with a look of calm contempt, and did not condescend to reply. To the hard-worked curate who called upon her, and was very nervous during the interview, she acknowledged that she had been brought up as a Romanist, and therefore excused herself from attending the village church. She had grown so much stronger that the distance was hardly an impediment to her going to a little Roman Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood; but she did not express any wish to do so, nor to seek out the priest who officiated there.

Well-meaning neighbours offered their advice both to Joan and to her father on the best way of "getting rid of the Papist;" but neither Joan nor Reuben Darenth showed any anxiety to get rid of her. She had insisted upon paying a sufficient sum for her maintenance; and, although she did not help in the household work, she was never in the way. She sat alone in her own room sometimes; sometimes she was seen embroidering wonderful designs on silk and satin, which Joan took to the nearest town and sold for her at the shops. She was so skilful a workwoman, that she soon received more orders for her embroidery than she cared to execute. But in her quietness, her industry, her exceedingly great reserve, she was not a very enlivening companion for Joan, although the affection that existed between the two never for an instant wavered.

Meanwhile Clarice Vanborough's life became more and more lonely and self-absorbed. Christmas came, and for a few days Gilbert and Merle visited Charnwood, but when they were gone an added stillness and darkness seemed to fall upon the house, an added gloom upon the countenance of the old man and the young girl who lived at opposite corners of the house, and were more remote in heart and mind than they were in body. Clarice's opposition to Sir Wilfred's wishes with respect

to Nigel Tremaine had sadly alienated the father from his child.

Quietly and uneventfully winter glided into spring. Nigel had not yet come home, and Sir Wilfred was not slow to remark, with a sneering smile upon his lips, that his absence seemed to him unnecessarily long. Any report of the ill-health induced by his wound was received by him with civil incredulity, which had a chilling and dispiriting effect upon his daughter's mind. The mails, too, came irregularly, and she sometimes questioned herself as to whether Nigel were a little less fond, a little less constant, than he used to be.

It was in this state of mind that she went out with her father for one of the rare walks in which he sometimes accompanied her.

It was a bright day in March. The snow had fallen late this year, and white lines of it lay upon the hills and in the shaded parts of the road. Little pools of water in the shade were also crusted with ice, but the brooks were running madly along, swollen by the recent thaw. The sunshine glanced on the bright young ivy leaves clinging to the trunks of ancient trees. At a little distance the masses of unclothed boughs were half lost in a brown and purple haze; the eastern sky showed a deep amethystine tint between the long, reddish stems of fir trees, while in the south, west, and north it was of a paler blue, and flecked with small, white, moving clouds. The wind was keen, and the air cold, but exhilarating. The buds were pushing themselves out and turning the branches red; everything seemed instinct with growth and vitality. As Clarice walked over the sunlit road she noticed how sharply cut were the shadows of the trees upon it, how distinctly every sound could be heard in the clear air—the cawing of the rooks, for instance, and the strokes of an axe wielded by a man who was lopping young trees and making piles of wood in the copse beside the road. It was a bright, cheerful day, but not one that would, perhaps, delight the heart of a Southerner. So, at least, Sir Wilfred remarked to his daughter, as they passed upon the road a man with a swarthy, pinched face and a look of

shrinking cold. He was half inclined to throw him a piece of money, but no alms were asked for, and after another glance Sir Wilfred passed him by.

"That man looks like an Italian," said Clarice.

"He must suffer in this climate," said Sir Wilfred, with an involuntary shrug of the shoulders, as he met the cutting wind full in his face and pulled up his collar. Sir Wilfred did not love an English winter any more than did the Spanish stranger, Sebastian Vallor.

"Who is that?" asked the dark-faced foreigner of the man in the copse, as he pointed to the tall, thin, white-haired gentleman who had passed.

"That? Why, that be Sir Wilfred Vanborough and Miss Vanborough. Where have you lived that you don't know that?" said the man, with a fine contempt for any person who came from "furren parts."

"That is Sir Wilfred Vanborough, is it?" said Sebastian Vallor; and a cruel smile played about the corners of his thin lips as he looked after the retreating figure. "Well," he added to himself in Spanish, "I could tell you something about your two sons, Senor, which you are not likely to hear from either of them. What can I make of my secret, I wonder?"

He meditated a little, then muttered to himself as he walked on—

"The other brother ought to pay high if I kept his secret. I wonder if the old man knows. Possibly he is keeping the truth back because he loves the younger son better than the elder. If I were once inside the house I should find out. Certainly, my knowledge of their affairs ought to be turned to good account. I learned something when I hid in the tent that night. Fool that I was to risk so much for the sake of that young fop's gold watch and purse! But I was so poor—so damnably poor. If I had not had the chance of working my passage to England I might have died in the pampas by this time. They knew me too well at Monte Video. At Rio, too, and Buenos Ayres. Nothing for it this time but the Old World; nothing for it in the Old World but England. Well, with my claims on the Darenths, and my knowledge of the Vanborough

family affairs, I did well to beg my way to Charnwood. Curse that fellow Vanborough and all that belongs to him! What a pretty face that girl had! Is she his sister? Why, if I succeed, shouldn't I marry her, and then tell my lord at Buenos who is his brother-in-law? That would sting him; that would wound him to the quick; I know him well.

"But I should have to be careful. Should I give my name or not? I suppose not, for I believe the girl writes to her lover and brother. Jacobi would do; nobody but Madalena knew me by that name, and she, the Fates be praised, is dead. Shall I try it?"

"In that case I could not present myself to the Darenths. That matters little; they are not likely to do anything for me. But it might be less risky to apply to them for help—as a relation of Madalena."

His face wore an unpleasant smile as he communed thus with himself; presently it darkened into an equally unpleasant gravity.

"There are three rooks sitting on yonder bough," he said to himself. "I used to hit well from a distance. Let me try. If I frighten them only and hit none, I will turn my steps to the Darenth's farm. If I hit one, I will speak to Sir Wilfred Vanborough and see what comes of that. Now then.

He stopped and picked up a smooth pebble from the road, took aim, and launched it at the birds. They flew away with a great outcry and flapping of their wings. Vallor burst into a discordant laugh.

"Hey for the farmer's house, then," he cried.

But as he passed on he heard the sound as of some creature in distress on the other side of the hedge. He looked and paused. A bird rose, fluttered, sank down again. He had struck one of the rooks upon the wing. It fluttered over the hedge again and settled breathless at his feet.

Sebastian Vallor picked it up with a smile, held it for a moment, and then deliberately wrung its neck and cast it away from him. "It is to be the Vanboroughs', then, after all," he said.

He heard the sound of footsteps and looked up. The white-haired gentle-

man and his daughter were returning from their walk. They were close upon him now.

With a strange, evil look upon his face, Sebastian Vallor advanced towards Sir Wilfred, lifted his hat and made two

elaborate bows, one to him and one to the beautiful young lady.

"May I venture," he said, "to address a few words to Sir Wilfred Vanborough?"

*(To be continued).*

### "TURN-BACK-JIMMY."

"Turn-back-Jimmy!" a funny name  
For a creek—well, many have thought the same;  
Though on the diggings 'twould sound quite pat  
With Peg-leg Gully, or Jackass Flat.  
It got the name some years ago,  
And I'll tell you why, if you'd like to know.

'Twas just the season I came here;  
'T hadn't been so wet for many a year  
The tracks were soft for a heavy load,  
And our new supplies were on the road.  
How they'd get through we began to doubt,  
And most of our stores were nearly out,  
When a letter came that our carrier Ross  
Was stuck at Echuca, and couldn't cross;  
The punt wasn't working—from side to side  
The flood on the Murray was two miles wide.

No time to be lost. That very day  
I sent off a man with a horse and dray,  
To get some goods at the nearest store,  
Enough to serve for a month or more;  
If he couldn't get all we wanted there,  
To go further on and try elsewhere,  
At every township along the road,  
But not to come back without his load.  
Well, off he went, and that very night  
It rained in torrents till past daylight;  
Our creek was up, and the swamps were full,  
And every hollow a standing pool:  
But Jimmy, we thought, must have crossed the plain,  
And got to the township, before the rain.

A week passed on—no Jimmy came back;  
But we knew that the road must be awful slack;  
And, besides, we fancied he might have gone  
To get something we wanted farther on.  
But I made up my mind, after one more day,  
I'd go and see what made him stay.

Well that day passed—no Jimmy yet;  
Next morning early, off I set—  
Came to the creek—'twas a regular sea,  
And horribly boggy—I thought 'twould be;  
So I rode to the east for a mile, and found,  
As I guessed I would, some harder ground;  
Crossed—and along the plain I went  
Right for the township where Jimmy was sent.



He had been there, and had loaded his dray,  
 And started after the rain next day.  
 There was nothing for it but just come back  
 And look for his traces along the track.  
 Close to the gate that you came through  
 You saw a hut—'twas then quite new—  
 Among the pines—we hadn't sent  
 The boundary rider that afterwards went.  
 Well, the chimney was smoking—some tramp, I thought  
 No! 'twas old Jimmy—fairly caught!  
 Boiling his billy, and opening a tin  
 Of salmon or lobster as I looked in;  
 Taking it easy—snug as could be—  
 Horse hobbled out—dray under a tree.  
 A good new hut to keep weather out,  
 Plenty of firewood all about,  
 Plenty of stores covered up on the dray  
 To last him as long as he liked to stay;  
 No need for hurry with such supply;  
 Jimmy could wait till the creek was dry.  
 I did pitch into him strong, of course,  
 And packed him off to get in his horse,  
 For all the while I was like to laugh,  
 And couldn't bounce him enough by half.  
 I let the old beggar drink his tea,  
 And eat his fish, since he'd made so free;  
 Started for home, and took him round  
 The way I came, on the hard red ground;  
 Rather slow, but got in all right,  
 And put the things in the store that night.  
 After dinner, while having our smoke,  
 We voted the whole thing a capital joke;  
 And young Stuart proposed, as the creek had no name,  
 To make it commemorate Jimmy's fame.  
 "Turn-back-Jimmy!" the fun of it took with the men;  
 And the name has stuck to it ever since then.

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#### GLEANINGS FROM A HAPPY HOLIDAY.—IN JAPAN.

Among the chief charms of life in Japan are the trips into the country during the different holiday seasons. Few countries offer so many attractions to the traveller.

Go where he will he is sure to find a hearty welcome from the natives, beautiful scenery to delight him during the day, and comfortable quarters for the night.

The Easter holidays had come. The weather was more than usually bright and bracing, so we agreed to have a walking tour in the Peninsula that shuts in Yedo Bay from the Pacific Ocean.

Like Mark Twain, however, in his famous "Tramp Abroad," we began our walking tour in a carriage, but unlike him we really did walk a good deal, as our story will show.

We drove as far as Ichikawa, a distance of about ten miles from Tôkiô. The way lay through streets, and then between rice-fields, where the road was in most places so narrow that two carriages could not have passed each other. A strong keen wind blew across the plain, and one of our party who had come in a pith helmet was astonished to see it sailing in a muddy

rice-field below. It was rescued in a weeping condition by a man who was standing knee-deep turning over the black liquid mud in preparation for the first crop of rice. The rice or paddy-fields are marked off in squares of about half an acre, and the banks which separate them are often planted with trees, to which the ripe grain is tied in clumps after it is cut. The tree forms a kind of foundation for a stack. The rice, like other cereals in Japan, is sown in small clumps placed in straight rows. From a height the paddy-fields present the appearance of a checker-board.

At Ichikawa we had to leave our carriage and cross the swiftly flowing Toné-gawa (Toné-river), in a flat ferry boat. Here also we left the treaty limits, and we had to show our passports at the inn before we were allowed to proceed further. Half-a-mile from Ichikawa, on a high bluff overlooking the river, is the site of the old fort of Konodai, famous in the time of the Ashikaga dynasty about A.D. 1500, when it was the scene of much fighting, and two notable battles. The place is still and peaceful now, with beautiful maple and loquat trees covering the slopes, and pine trees crowning the summit. Here an extensive view is spread out before one. Below flows the broad winding river, dotted with white sailed boats; beyond this lies the flat, green plain of Musashi where Tōkiō is situated; and bounding the far horizon, to right and left, are blue mountains rising peak on peak.

In bygone days this view was greatly enjoyed by one of the Shōguns (Tycoons) who issued the very wise order that no one should drink saké (rice beer) or smoke tobacco on the spot. Would that some monarch of to-day could issue the same order, and then the romance of some of our beautiful scenes would not be spoiled by the fumes of the noxious weed! But alas that the ancient orders of the Shōguns are not obeyed still. We found a party of Germans there before us, with their inevitable lager and pipes!

But we had to leave the shades of historic romance and continue our journey. The road was well-laid and

bordered nearly all the way by houses, some open to the road, others nestling in prettily kept gardens behind neatly trimmed hedges. A few pink blossoming plum trees gave a pleasant dash of colour here and there. We greeted some of the cheery people, who came out of their houses to see the wonderful sight of foreigners who looked able to pay for horse or jinrikisha calmly choosing to walk instead! We gave them pamphlet copies of the Gospels in Japanese, which they received readily. The houses were very quiet, as most of the men were at work and the children at school.

At Funabashi, a large fishing town, we rested for dinner. The inn was not inviting, and if a Japanese inn is not clean and pretty, it is of all places the most miserable. However, we consoled ourselves in a back room upstairs over a palatable meal prepared by our good cook Jiro. From the balcony nothing was to be seen but a sea of thatched roofs, the lines of which were very graceful, as they usually are in Japan, where thatching is carried to perfection.

The wind had fallen and the afternoon was warm, so we decided to continue our journey for that day in jinrikishas. The road lay under white cliffs along the sea-shore, and the view of the blue sea and the mountains on the opposite side of the bay through the afternoon haze was very pleasing. Near the top of a low cliff we saw a deposit of shells about three feet thick, some thirty or forty feet above the sea level, underlying the alluvial soil, and affording evidence of the elevation of this part of the country in comparatively modern times.

We stopped at one village to pay a visit to the father of a young Japanese lady whom one of us knew in Tōkiō. Quite a crowd of villagers escorted us in our search, which proved successful. The houses stood open to the street, and the people lay lazily about enjoying the warm afternoon sunshine. Here a barber leisurely operates on some victim whom he leaves in bondage while he gazes at us; there a cooper turns out his neat tubs and pails, hooped with green split bamboo; and further on a cloth merchant displays

his wares to some thrifty housewife, and enjoys a good gossip at the same time. In passing through a Japanese street one gets an insight into the inner work-a-day life of the people—if one can speak of inner where everything is open to the outer air!

The Japanese children specially interest us with their quaint little men and women ways, and their ability to look after themselves at a very early age. In this they seem to resemble our young colonials; but I fear the analogy cannot be carried much further, as the Japanese children are more than ordinarily obedient and respectful to their parents, and this praiseworthy trait does not disappear when they grow up. It is a curious sight to see two little girls of six or seven, their short straight black hair arranged in comical tufts, and tied with bright scarlet or blue crêpe, and a tiny baby strapped on the back of each, trotting noisily down the street, deep in conversation, their heads nodding emphatic punctuation—as is the manner of girls in other lands—and the heads of the babies swaying about till one wonders they stay on at all; or still more curious, not to say alarming, is a group of boys, baby-laden, playing at a vigorous game, in which sticks take a prominent part; that the babies escape death leads one to believe them possessed of as many lives as the proverbial cat! One could stay longer to enjoy the varied life of the village, but we must press on to Chiba, our resting place for the night.

We soon found our inn, and received a hearty welcome from the hostess and her bevy of waiting-maids. In Japanese inns you are treated more like a guest and honoured friend than a customer; but this does not prevent you from being charged, although it makes everything more agreeable. One thing that greatly amused the hotel folks was the lady in native footgear of straw sandals and cotton one-toed socks and her Japanese servant in European dress and leather boots.

A bright-faced girl brought a basin of hot water and bathed our feet, keeping up a lively flow of questions and remarks of the most personal character all the time. "How old is the honourable lady? Madam must be very

tired! Has madam got an honourable mother?" and so on in rapid succession, with scarcely a pause for answers. From anyone else these questions might savour of impertinence; but when they come so innocently from a pretty waitress or kindly hostess, he would be cross indeed who could object.

Night came on and the candles were brought in. These are placed on candlesticks about two feet high, and as they are made of very thick wick and inferior tallow, they give but a poor light and need energetic snuffing. From the street below came the hum of voices, the clatter of wooden clogs, the music of a Samisen (guitar), accompanied at intervals by a prolonged shriek meant for singing, and the sound from the whistles of blind people, who by this means safely guide themselves along the streets. Some of the blind men earn a livelihood as shampooers. Their services are much sought after by rheumatic people or weary travellers. The gentlemen of our party sent for an amma, as they are called, and allowed him to kneel and rub their muscles; but we ladies fought shy, and preferred to indulge only in the hot bath, a luxury always to be had even in the most remote village in Japan. No Japanese would be content without his frequent hot bath, and every village has its "public baths."

Travellers in a Japanese inn need not expect a quiet night's rest, for such is seldom to be obtained. In the first place, lying on the floor is not very comfortable, especially if the futons (quilts) are hard and lumpy; then through the paper screens that divide the rooms, every sound is audible. Just as you have succeeded in dropping off to sleep, the outside wooden shutters are closed with a cannonading and banging that alarms you, and suggests to the uninitiated the invasion of the house by a band of robbers. At last quiet reigns and you fall into a troubled sleep, out of which you are roused at the first streak of dawn by a second edition of this shutter-banging—this time caused by the opening up of the inn. In these circumstances you have little credit for being an early riser!

After a hurried breakfast, we started in jinrikishas with the good wishes of our hosts sounding in our ears, and the waiting maids bowing low and begging us to "come back soon." In a village through which we passed, our way was blocked by a house that was leisurely moving down the main street, amid a crowd of villagers. It was being removed from one site to another on rollers attached to ropes drawn by men. The screens and shutters were taken out, but otherwise the house was intact. It made one believe the wonderful accounts of house-moving in Chicago.

Our way lay between paddy-fields or through small fishing villages, and there was little to interest one. The wind blew cold from the sea, which was hid in a chilly mist. We left our jinrikishas at a grey, treeless village called Ané-ga-saki, and were soon invaded at the tea-house by a crowd of curious natives, who tore holes in the paper shutters in order to obtain a view of the foreigners inside: the host was kept busy mending the holes with paste and paper. It grew oppressive, and felt a little eerie to have so many black eyes peering through the holes, and one valiant knight seized a stick and rushed at their owners. Quick as thought they scampered off, several of the less nimble falling by the way. An old lady who had been particularly bold was the first to rush away. In the general stampede she lost her footing and was rolled over and over in the mud. I need not say she came back no more!

We partook of the customary tea and sweetmeats, brought us on a dainty tray by a daintier waiting maid, and after a short rest started on our walk over the hills. For some time we skirted paddy-fields that lay in the valleys, and then gradually ascended between the freshly ploughed fields that terraced the hillslope. It was rather early for many flowers, but we were cheered to find violets peeping out from amongst the withered leaves and young blades of grass. We passed men, women, and pack-horses laden with great sheaves of bamboo grass, and presenting the comical sight of a moving hay-rick. As we gained the first ridge, a bright piece of colour appeared

along the path, thrown into bold relief by the dark pine trees. This, on nearer approach, we found to be a small bridal party. In front walked the bride, in garments of grey, white, and red, her hair most elaborately arranged, and ornamented with large pins, and her face ghastly with the amount of powder she had on. An elderly woman, probably the mother, followed closely the fair one, who modestly kept her eyes on the ground, and did not raise them even to look at us. Two gaily dressed little girls evidently full of importance with their office of bridesmaid, came next; and bringing up the rear was a man who bore at the end of a pole across his shoulders a square basket covered with a green silk cloth; in this probably was the trousseau of the bride. The little procession made a pretty picture on the lonely hillside, and we watched it till a bend in the road hid it from sight. The curiosity of the bride did eventually overcome her feeling of importance, and she turned round to look at us, but quickly turned away again when she found us looking at her.

It was most refreshing to have gained the ridge to feel the cool breeze and to scent the resinous pine trees. Suddenly we left the wood and came out on a bleak moor, like a Scotch moor, only more black and desolate. A dark pool of water lay to our left, looking weird and melancholy, and all around stretched the grey, shadeless waste. We were glad that the sun was clouded over, as under its rays a walk across the moor would have been very fatiguing. In about an hour we began to descend, and soon found ourselves amongst trees and vegetation again. At a wayside rest-house we stopped for a few minutes, and were brought the usual tea and bright coloured sweetmeats. The rain began to fall, and we pressed onwards through the leafy lanes, where we met many people in gay attire and high spirits on their way to find amusement, as it was a national holiday—a rather frequent event, as the Japanese are as fond of holidays as our Colonials. We reached Mari, a rambling village buried in trees, and as the rain was coming down heavily we decided to seek an inn and

spend the night here. We were kindly welcomed at a tea-house, where, although the people did not as a rule have guests overnight, they agreed to take us in. We had to endure our wet clothing for some hours till our coolies arrived with our baggage, which also we found very wet. There were only small charcoal braziers at which to dry the articles, and it was late before we had concluded our preparations for the night. There was a constant excitement in the village street over the return of the holiday makers, some riding pillion on gaily caparisoned horses, others in more sorry plight plodding through the mud, their fine feathers flattened by the rain, but their good humour undamped.

Next morning, as the rain still fell heavily, we composed ourselves to our books, very thankful to be in such good quarters—albeit the wind whistled coldly through every crevice—of which there is a plentiful store in Japanese houses—and we had to wrap ourselves in futons to keep warm. About ten o'clock the rain cleared off, and we made hurried arrangements for departure. Two packhorses were brought for the ladies, who scrambled with the aid of a stool on to their exalted seats. A man led each horse, and the rider had no more control over his steed than a bale of goods. The roads were very muddy owing to the recent rain, and down among the paddy-fields the path was a regular swamp. The horses wore straw shoes to keep them from slipping. Several times we caught sight of Fuji-san, rising a peerless white cone above the soft green hills that shut in the valley from the sea. There was little sight or sound of life except where a brown cottage rose from a clump of bamboos, or a few men worked in the fields.

We made quite a triumphal entry into Ichiba, the commercial part of Kururi, and were followed by nearly all the population, who rushed out of the houses as we wended our way down the long street. We felt very much like the advertising part of a travelling circus—a procession that used to delight our young fancy. I led the way on a spirited black horse with gaily decked saddle, and clusters of bells on mane

and saddle-cloth, which rang as he moved. From the top of my hat to the ground must have been a height of ten feet. I seemed nearly as high as the houses. The other horse, gay in scarlet cloth, blue fringe, and jangling bells, strode majestically behind; then our cavaliers in picturesque, but travel-stained dress, our servant and coolies, with baggage suspended to poles across their shoulders, brought up the rear. Little wonder that the children screamed with delight, and the older folks stared open-mouthed at such a novel cavalcade passing through their quiet town. After two promenades up and down the long street, we found our inn—a tidy little place enclosed by a strong fence, and reached by a narrow alley. We were besieged by the natives, and had to resort to stick-brandishing to keep them at bay.

Lunch over, we sallied forth to “do” Kururi, and found it a very pretty place. On a hill, overlooking the spot where the Castle once stood, is an old temple. You pass underneath the *torii* (gateway that marks all sacred spots in Japan), and up a long flight of steps bordered by fine old pines and cryptomerias that lend a certain “dim religious light” to the temple, which stands at the end of the paved path. We found the buildings in sad dilapidation and quite dismantled; it is used as the village school. A fine new temple is in course of erection near this. A path which led through the scrub brought us to a height where we got a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Behind us was a narrow gorge shut in by softly rounded hills whose slopes were covered with feathery bamboos and deciduous trees twisting into tender green life; before us lay a broad valley dotted with houses, checkered with paddy-fields, divided by a winding river, and enclosed by undulating hills that gently dove-tailed, and formed beautiful effects of light and shade in the calm, liquid afternoon sunlight. We came upon a little Shintô temple, built of plain unvarnished wood, the roof sloping in graceful lines, and covered with shingles. In front of the door hung two long cords attached to a bell which the worshippers ring to summon the gods they wish to invoke.

There was none of the gorgeous decoration that one sees in Buddhist temples. The Japanese choose lovely sites for their temples—ideal places to go and worship at, that is if one looks on religion as something wholly mysterious and out of the ordinary routine of daily life, a ritualistic worship, not a life-giving force. We agreed that from an æsthetic point of view the temples on the lonely hill-slopes were perfect, but for the welfare of the community we preferred the places of worship down amongst the people.

A shady road overhanging the river, and winding round the foot of the hill we had descended, brought us back to our inn, where we were compelled to stay all night, as the recent rain had rendered the river impassable. Early next morning we were *en route* for Kano-san. We crossed the river in a flat ferry boat, which was piloted across by means of a rope suspended from bank to bank; this prevented the swift current from sweeping the boat away with it. The opposite bank reached, we wound our way merrily on foot through woods where the leaves were bursting into fresh life in the warm spring sunshine, and the dew-drops glistened on the tender fern fronds and the delicate spider webs; over bare stretches of country, the play-ground of horses; uphill and downhill and round the base of hills, with frequent glimpses of distant blue mountains.

We sat down to rest in a shady nook beside a farmhouse, where the cocks and hens were clucking about in the manner common to their species in all lands, and an ox lazily ruminated while waiting for his daily burden. The prattle of the stream accompanied the merry voice of a woman who sang over her morning task. An old man with shaven head accosted us, and desired to know our ages, our relationships to each other, where we came from, and whither we were going. Our answers were evidently satisfactory, for he bowed farewell and went smiling on his way. Suddenly a harsh drumming was heard behind us, and on turning round we saw that the originator of this noise was a man dressed in blue, with a Red-Indian-looking head-dress

of cocks' feathers and red cloth. He was followed by two very small boys in similar head-dresses and loose trousers of fantastically patterned cloths. They were acrobats, and for a few sen (pence) gave us a performance. The older boy told the little one to say, "Sank you, goor bye," and as they disappeared round a bend in the road the man cried with a grand military salute, "Goor bye, alo ri, sank you" (good bye, all right, thank you.) They wished to please the foreigners by addressing them in English. Afterwards when we happened to meet them in Tòkiô they smiled to us as acquaintances, and the little fellows turned a somersault and made a "wheel" free of charge to cement the friendship!

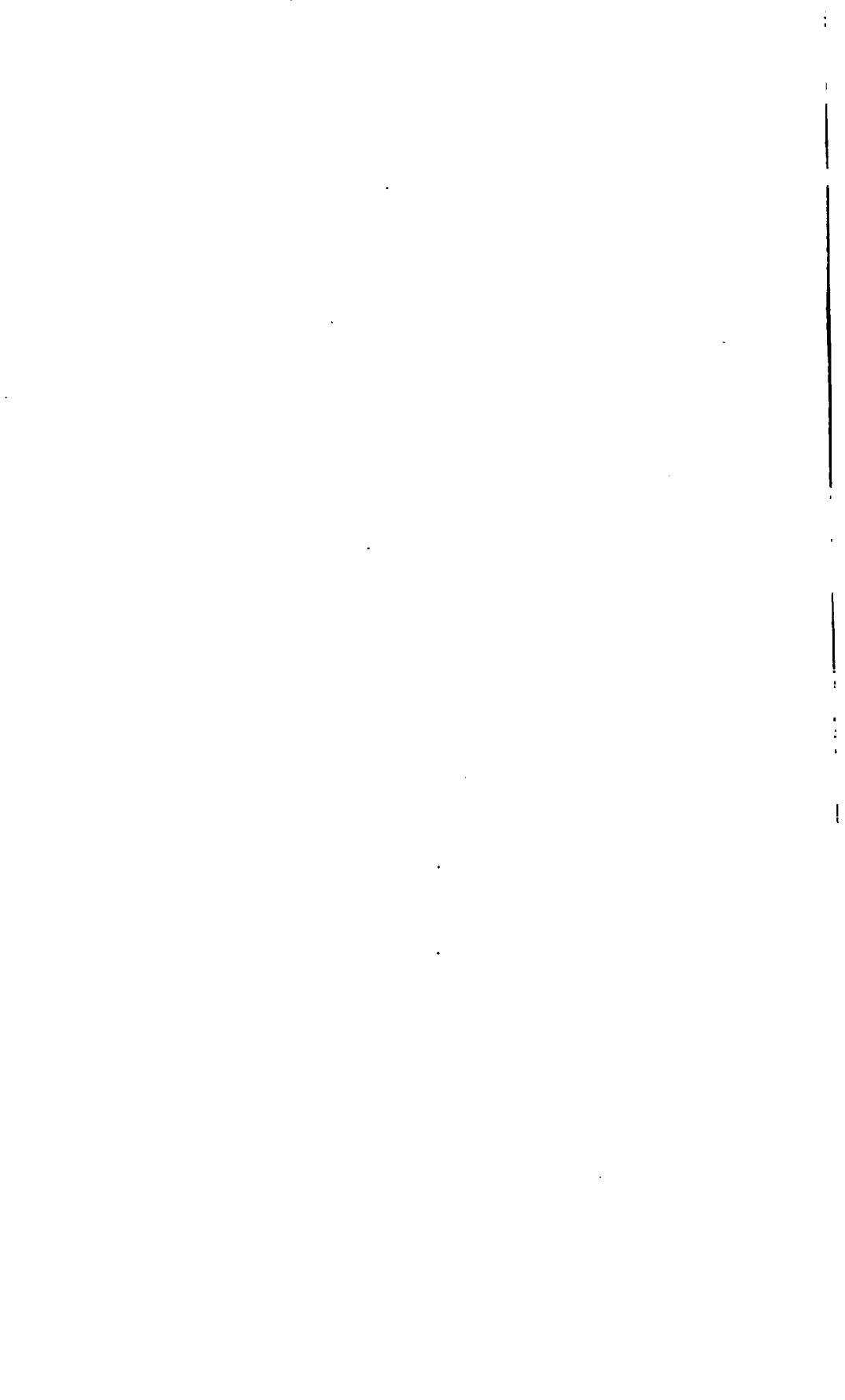
We went on our way without further adventure to Ichijuku, a picturesque village at the foot of a pass. From one point, framed in by hills, we saw Fuji-san looking most ethereal, more like a dream of a mountain than the reality. The base was lost in mist and only the white cone was visible, half-veiled by a grey haze that lent to it an unearthly beauty. In the valley the only sign of life was a small thatched cottage, sheltered by a shelving pine, and a plum tree covered with blossoms; an old woman at the door with a tub of rice in her hand, and a little child playing on the threshold with a puppy dog.

We hired pack-horses at Ichijuku to take us up the steep pass to Kano-san, the road, or, more correctly, bed of a mountain torrent, was very steep and irregular, often scarcely affording a firm footing for the sturdy horses. It required all one's nerve and strength to keep in the saddles with the horses' bodies at a great angle. Our guides told us to lean over on the horses' necks and grasp their manes tightly; we obeyed, but I cannot say we found it an improvement. We rode the pack-saddle in native style—that is, with our feet dangling on either side of the horse's neck.

The first table-land was reached in safety, and we were glad of the rest after our lurching and straining on the pass. The view that greeted us was very beautiful: as far as the eye could reach stretched valley and hill, hill,









lake and valley, and distant mountain peak. The path zig-zagged up the hillslope, and at each turn a fresh view was obtained. Our guides were very amusing and communicative; they evidently considered themselves honoured in having foreign ladies ride their horses instead of two bags of rice or a load of firewood! Finally the height was reached, and we began to descend into the village of Lower Kano-san, which lies nestled amongst grand old cryptomerias and pines, and luxuriant groves of bamboo. A short ascent up a flight of broad wooden steps, bordered by trees, brought us to the upper village of Kano-san, our destination. Our inn was very pretty and inviting, with a miniature landscape garden, and from the verandah a magnificent prospect of valley, hill, and plain, the Bay of Yedo dotted with sails, and on the far horizon the boundless mountains bearing "their folded shadows into the golden air."

In the lengthening beams of the afternoon sun, we sallied forth to inspect the beauties of this lovely spot. The air was deliciously fresh at this height of 1200 feet. We first visited the temple, a fine two-storied building coloured red and rich in painted floral carvings. It stood peacefully in the green shade of the cryptomerias and bamboos through which the wind whispered and sighed, and the long mellow rays of the setting sun glinted warmly. The stillness was suddenly broken by the deep sonorous tone of the bell sounding for prayer. No words can describe the rich, full sound of the temple bells in Japan; it is indeed "the music highest bordering upon heaven." In the outer court of the temple, as is frequently the case, were stalls kept by old women, at which one could buy little souvenirs to carry away, or cakes and candy to refresh weary nature while there.

A short walk through the village brought us to the brow of a hill where a fine prospect is spread out before us. As far as the eye can reach lie low rugged ridges, covered with scrub, intersecting and meeting so as to form a multitude of little valleys, where this afternoon the shadows lay deep. From the number of valleys the view has

received the name of the ninety-nine valleys. Behind us, on the highest point of the mountain, is a little Shintô temple buried in the trees and reached by a narrow flight of 218 stone steps. Two of us ascended them; but we were not repaid for our labour, as the foliage was too dense to admit of a view beyond, and the temple was out of repair. We intended to reach Tôkiô on the morrow, so we went early to rest in preparation for our long walk.

In the early morning, we started merrily on our walk.

—"Thou canst not tell

How bright a morn it was. Never such sun  
Look'd on the nether earth as now, above  
Heaven's everlasting hills, with perfect orb,  
Rose joyous."

We had despatched the servant and coolies at a still earlier hour to ensure their reaching Kisaradzu in time for the boat to cross the bay. With them we sent all our baggage, our wraps, and a few articles of dress with which to make ourselves presentable on our arrival in Tôkiô—notably boots and stockings for those who were wearing Japanese foot gear.

The path led down between sharp cuttings along narrow ledges, with the precipice running sheer down on either side, and through dried water courses. Away down below lay the valleys, from which the sun was chasing the night shadows, and illuminating with his rays the rocks and hills and wandering streams, and bringing added life and joy to the flowers and trees.

One of our party who had been here before, and in whose good judgment we all had faith, volunteered to act as guide. We soon began to suspect that we were ever turning slowly and surely in the wrong direction, but as we asked everyone we met if this were the way to Sakurai (our first halting-place), and they answered, "Yes," we quieted our doubts, and plodded on. At last we ceased to descend, yet we seemed as far away from the sea as ever. This was not very cheering after having walked for several hours, but there was no alternative; we must go on till we reached it. On the plain we were constantly losing our way; crossing streams according to one man's direction, recrossing at another's sug-

gestion, and finally getting into a helpless state of uncertainty. Very often there was neither bridge nor stepping stones, and we had to wade through the water. We had begun to grow tired of this fruitless labour, when a more than usually intelligent native came along, and we asked him where we were. "Oh," was the reassuring reply, "you are nearly thirteen miles from Kisaradzu; you have come to the wrong Sakurai!" Our only way now was to press on fully five miles further to Tenjin-yama, a fishing village, and there get a boat to cross the bay to Yokosuka, and if possible catch the last steamer from thence to Yokohama.

When our strength was well nigh exhausted we reached Tenjin-yama, and immediately began to make enquiries about the boats. The innkeeper informed us that no boat sailed for Yokosuka that day, and that if we wished to cross we must go in a small open boat. This was not a bright prospect with a rough sea and a cold wind, and no wraps; however, as we must be in Tōkiō to-morrow, we determined to run the risk. After a Japanese meal of soup, with eggs, mushrooms, and seaweed floating in it; broiled fish and soy; stewed cuttlefish for those who fancied it; bean curd; unlimited rice, tea, and sweetmeats—all of which seemed more tasteless than usual—we got on board our craft, and put to sea. The village straggled along a sandy beach beneath low cliffs, crowned with rough scrub. A small fleet of fishing-boats, and a few junks, lay in the sheltered creek that ran a short way into the land. The beach was covered with nets drying in the sun, old fragments of boats, sails in need of repair, oars, masts, helms, and the rubbish that adorns fishing villages in all lands. Many of the bronzed, sturdy fisher-folk came in to see us start, and some of the "old salts" shook their heads over our expedition, and advised us to wait till morning.

Our boat was flat-bottomed, and made of unpainted wood which the salt water and sun had bleached almost white. At the stern was a tiny "poop," where the skipper sat and managed the sail and helm; the bow was closed in, and underneath was used for storage.

Our party, which formed the cargo, lay down in the open hold between these points. The long, square sail was made of several narrow stripes of cloth laced together with cord, through which the wind whistled wildly as we got out of the shelter of the land. We huddled under matting to try and keep ourselves warm in the bitter wind, but the pitching was so disagreeable that we had to face the cold and sit up. We were all literally aching with cold and misery, and should not have cared had the whole thing gone down, which it seemed much inclined to do. We looked anything but joyous; here clinging to the anchor for support crouched in abject misery a female form; there lay a man who tried to keep up the drooping spirits of the party with snatches of song, which were ever and anon cut short by a wave dashing over him, or by the boat rising up and plunging into a dark trough with a great thud that shook and strained every timber. The little square-rigged boat rode the waves bravely, and ere long our misery was over. The boat was "backed" in to the rock, the helm laid out flat, and we one by one crept out on it, seized the end of a rope, and swung ourselves on shore. It was truly a primitive way of landing passengers. We hurried to the wharf, and found that the boat had sailed for Yokohama twenty minutes before, so we must stay here all night with our baggage many miles off across the bay!

We found our hotel a large Japanese building close to the sea, indeed one could step from the verandah into a boat. The internal arrangements were semi-foreign, and therefore comfortless, but we heartily enjoyed our beef-steak, as we had tasted nothing substantial since daybreak. Presently we sallied forth to make a few necessary purchases in the semi-foreign shops, kept by Japanese, where everything, from pins and counterfeit lavender-water to neckties and ready-made clothing, can be bought. We failed, however, to find a pair of women's shoes or stockings, and I had to content myself with men's socks and boots! In these, on the morrow, I made my entry into Tōkiō.

At Yokosuka there are an arsenal, naval barracks, and docks, where steamers come for repairs, and this brings a number of foreign seamen to the place. It is also frequented by pleasure-parties from Yokohama, who come to visit the grave of Will Adams, an Englishman of some fame here. He was the chief pilot of a fleet of Dutch boats that came to Japan in

1600. The Shôgun (Tycoon) granted him an audience, and he remained in his service till his death in 1620. He was made lord of a village, and married a Japanese wife, who is buried beside him.

Next morning the first boat carried us to Yokohama, where we took train to Tôkiô. And thus ended our pleasant trip. M. D.

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## UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

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### CHAPTER I.

The sun's vivid rays, which had blazed down so fiercely all day from the cloudless Australian sky, were slowly beginning to sink beneath a canopy of purple and crimson in the western horizon. Even in the "after-glow," however, it was still oppressively warm. No cool breeze had sprung up to freshen the air, which was close and suffocating. Even out of town it was hot and dusty, and not a few busy toilers, wending their way wearily home on foot through a suburb of Melbourne, glanced enviously at a cottage standing back some distance from the road. There was little in reality to distinguish the modest abode from the commonplace suburban residences amongst which it stood, save its creeper-shaded verandah, and freshly watered garden, bright with summer flowers. These adjuncts, however, made it appear a cool and tempting retreat to pedestrians on the heated thoroughfares.

The interior of the little sitting-room, whose windows, shaded with white curtains, looked through the embowering creepers into the street, was furnished with the utmost plainness and simplicity. Evidences of taste and refinement were visible, however, on every side, while there was much to admire in the efforts which had been made to disguise the poverty of the surroundings with artistic grace. The commonness of the vases ornamenting the brackets and mantel was veiled

by drooping sprays of foliage and creepers. The shabby condition of the well-worn furniture was concealed by Holland covers, exquisitely embroidered with naturally imitated field flowers; while a few good pictures on the walls, and a well filled bookcase in one corner, atoned for the deficiencies of carpet and curtains.

It was easy to decide, at a first glance, that the relationship existing between the two "masculine" occupants of the room must be that of father and son. Both possessed the same slight, tall figure, regular, clearly-cut features, and high bred air; the same massive brow, from which the elder man's thin white hair was worn away, and on which the younger's waved in crisp dark locks. With features and figure, however, all resemblance ceased between the two. A closer regard showed how the weak lines of the father's mouth settled in the son's into firmly resolute curves, and discovered that the former's soft blue eyes were darkened and deepened in the latter, by a look of half-sad, half-proud reserve. The steadfast and earnest expression of one face as plainly told of a loyal resolute nature, as the other betrayed the weakness of a character swayed by every passing mood and impulse.

Little trace of the jovial *bonhomie*, which, in spite of grave faults of character, had rendered Reginald Melville a general favourite from his boy-

hood, was visible in his manner, as he stood by the table, with drooped head and trembling hands. It would have been painful to see a young face wear the look of keen humiliation which rested on his, and it was doubly pitiful to witness it on the features of one whose whitening hair should have been his passport to honour and respect.

Keith Melville was the first to speak, his voice sounding strained and hoarse, from the effort he was making to subdue some inward storm of feeling.

"Over and over again I have paid your debts, although by doing so I was obliged to deprive myself and others of every comfort. This time you must suffer alone. Not even to save our name from disgrace will I aid you again. My resolve was taken this morning, when, with the bitterest shame, I listened to the kindly words in which Mr. Skene told me that, though for *my* sake your defalcations should pass unpunished, it was absolutely necessary that you should lose your post in the office. As soon as I can make the necessary arrangements, I shall resign my situation. We will then leave town for the bush, where I will strive to win the honourable independence I can never gain here."

At the close of this speech, during whose progress he had made no attempt to defend or exculpate himself, Mr. Melville extended his hands in a half unconscious mute appeal, as he murmured some incoherent phrases. Only one word fell intelligibly upon Keith's ear, which, like oil upon the smouldering fire of his wrath, roused to higher intensity his excited feelings.

"I have forgiven violated promises, broken vows, and actions which have humbled my manhood. This cruel shame, I can *never* forgive;" and sinking on a chair, the young man buried his face in his hands, while great tears trickled between his closed fingers.

Wrapped in his troubled reflections, Keith failed to notice that his father had quitted the room, after a sorrowful, hesitating glance at his bowed figure, or to perceive the twilight shadows which had darkened the little apartment. He was aroused from his musings at last, however, by a gentle touch on his bent head, the clasp of soft,

warm fingers round his own, and a sweet voice which murmured, "Keith—brother—what is wrong? I can bear any ill tidings, rather than remain in ignorance of what is troubling you." "Only the old story, Pansie darling," replied Keith wearily, drawing the slight figure of the sister he loved so dearly closer to his side; "only the old troubles we have shared together so often. They are harder to bear this time, only because there is disgrace, as well as loss of money."

None other could so well understand the bitter humiliation which was weighing the proud sensitive nature down to the very dust, as the sister whose character was as steadfast and upright as Keith's own. She possessed the same firm principles, the same high sense of faith and honour, which her brother might have inherited from one of the old Scotch convenanters, from whom he derived his name.

As Keith had said, the troubles and anxieties which, through no fault of his own, had shadowed his early manhood, were no new things to Pansie Melville. She had been accustomed to debts and difficulties, ever since she had been old enough to understand the nature of the burden which had crushed all light and beauty out of her mother's life, long before she died. Mrs. Melville had never been a strong woman, either mentally or physically, and she had passed away from a lot sown with more thorns than any but God and her own heart had ever known of, four years ago, when Pansie was fifteen, Keith twenty-two, and little Jack a mere baby. The trials, which Pansie's extreme youth had enabled her only to comprehend dimly, she had understood more fully since her mother's death. Often during the years that elapsed since then, had she realised with an aching heart the depths of the faith and loyalty, of which the well-worn circlet, the only ornament of the wasted fingers for many years, was the symbol.

Unlike Keith, Pansie's tender nature had never rebelled against the creed of strict obedience and respect to Mr. Melville, in which they had been reared. So fully, however, did she understand and sympathise with the bitterness of the stronger, sterner nature

of the brother she worshipped, that tears dimmed the velvety darkness of the large eyes, as richly purple as one of her name-sake flowers, while she strove with patient tenderness to disperse the dark cloud resting upon his spirit.

"But, Keith, dearest," Pansie murmured at last, after her tender touch had lingered soothingly upon his aching head, "you are not in earnest about leaving town? Remember your own studies, and your ambition of putting Jack to a good school. What education could he get in the bush?"

"None at all, and therefore, perhaps, grow into a better if less polished specimen of manhood," replied Keith, bitterly. "As for me, it will be a small sacrifice to relinquish my studies, if I am free from the constant dread of some disgraceful claim for money, which has tortured me so long. And you, Pansie—will it be no relief to be far from the cares and anxieties which have so shadowed your young life?"

Absorbed in his eager anticipations, he had spoken hurriedly and excitably, oblivious for the moment of other claims and interests, which might prevent the girl by his side from sharing in his future plans. Nor did Pansie recall them to his mind. She was too perplexed with agitating reflections, to remember for the moment her own past or future. Gentle and sensitive, it was no easy matter for her to advise or guide others; and her voice was very tremulous as she murmured wistfully, "But father, Keith? You are not going to part in anger? You will forgive his error, will you not?"

"Never," replied Keith passionately, rising and pacing the floor with hasty uneven steps. "You do not understand, Pansie. It is his being our *father* that makes it so bitterly hard to forgive his errors. I have so longed to be able to yield honour and reverence, when I have only been able to exercise forbearance and patience. Besides—besides—this last disgrace has blighted the dearest hope of my life."

Surprised beyond measure at Keith's last words, Pansie's glance expressed such mute sympathy and affection, that his carefully guarded secret escaped from him at last. It was of a love for

the beautiful young daughter of the senior partner of the firm for which he worked, Mr. Skene; a love long and ardently cherished, but hidden and repressed because of the cares and responsibilities he had undertaken in youth. The blow which had just fallen upon him had been doubly hard to bear, because it had fallen just as rose-hued visions were beginning to image a future, in which, those dear to him provided for, and his profession gained, he might honourably claim a promise from the girl he had loved since boyhood.

Kind as Mr. Skene had ever been to his young clerk, aiding his advancement in the office, and putting no obstacle in the way of his friendship with his only daughter, Keith understood the stern rectitude of his character too well, to believe for a moment that Mr. Melville's errors, though condoned, would be easily forgiven or forgotten. The son of a disgraced and ruined man could never dare even to lift his eyes to the prize, which the struggling but rising young barrister might have won.

A little cheered in spite of himself by Pansie's comforting words, Keith was about to quit the room, when a trembling little hand laid softly on his arm detained him, while the loving tones he knew so well whispered falteringly, "You are so strong and good, dear Keith, your little sister, who is weak and faulty, does not dare to urge upon you the truths you know so well. Before you go, however, will you not repeat with me the prayer you taught my baby lips to lisp?"

At another time it would have been difficult indeed for Keith to resist the pleading words of his gentle counsellor; but now he shook her hand lightly from his arm, and left her without a word. Just as he believed his anger to be, it rankled too deeply in his heart against an earthly father to permit him to ask forgiveness of a Heavenly One, in the wondrous phrases whose grand simplicity fits them for the lips of innocent childhood, or those of world-worn age.

Left alone, for the first time Pansie's thoughts reverted to a subject in which home troubles had neither place nor part.

Wrapped in home duties and interests, love had come, like a great surprise, into Pansie Melville's life. The new experience, while it opened the gates of a paradise, bright with rare and radiant visions, introduced at the same time a disturbing element into her already harassed existence.

Douglas Stewart had been obliged to plead his cause very often before he won the answer he desired from the girl whose sweet face, with its delicate rounded features, soft dark eyes, and rich bloom, was not more attractive than her pure unselfish nature, and loyal true heart. Love, however, for a handsome young lover, once planted in Pansie's heart, soon entwined itself about the very innermost fibres of her nature.

It was owing to no lack of nobility in the character of her *fiancé* that Pansie sadly resolved, as she mused over Keith's tidings, that henceforth their lives should be apart. Accustomed to prosperity from his birth, it had never been possible for the young man to comprehend the petty, harassing anxieties which were Pansie's daily portion. He was conscious in a vague way of the poverty Pansie strove so bravely to hide, but would have listened in unbelieving astonishment to anyone who had told him that—while his love was the brightest thing in the girl's life, and gave her strength to bear its many trials with cheerful unconcern—his visits to the comfortless household were to her, nevertheless, frequent causes of dread and humiliation.

Gentle and loving, Pansie was also proud and sensitive to a fault; and as she called to mind the cold pompous worldliness of her lover's parents, who had shown so little kindness to the motherless girl, her determination to free Douglas Stewart from his vow deepened and strengthened. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were people who had amassed their large fortune by sheer hard work in early life. Shrewd and worldly, measuring everything by its mercantile value, they had never looked with favour on the engagement of their only son to the daughter of a ruined spendthrift, as they contemptuously styled Mr. Melville. Better, the sorrowful girl mused hopelessly, for

her lover to bear the pain of a heart-ache now, than link his fate to the daughter of a disgraced and hopeless gambler.

Very fair did Pansie look, as, an hour later, she awaited her lover's coming in the little parlour. Her recent agitation had given a liquid sweetness to the dark eyes, and a tremulous quiver to the small mouth, although it had robbed a little of the rosy bloom from the soft cheeks; her girlish beauty seeming only more apparent in the simple holland gown, deprived by constant wear of every vestige of elegance it might ever have possessed.

It had been comparatively easy to plan brave little speeches of renunciation when Pansie was alone, but it was very difficult to utter any of them when her lover actually stood beside her. He looked such a picture of handsome manhood, with his regular-featured, sunburnt face, and his tall, lithe figure; and such a smile of loving welcome softened the laughing brown eyes, and curved the lips beneath the dark drooping moustache, that it was hard to resist the temptation of clinging to the broad breast, and pouring out all trouble there.

As Pansie suppressed all mention of the trouble which had just befallen them, it was some time before Douglas Stewart could comprehend the meaning of her words. When at last he understood her intention of sharing Keith's future fortunes in the bush, although the smile had faded, and his tones lost their hearty, boyish ring, he treated the matter lightly enough. He was willing to wait any number of years, he assured Pansie coolly; and totally ignored her low-toned assertion that ere long he would find some one who would make him far happier than she could ever do.

It was only when the young man's half playful, half incredulous speeches failed to lessen Pansie's gravity of demeanour, or shake her resolution of parting with him, that he began to realise there might be cause for alarm. He had hitherto been half-amused at Pansie's efforts to convince him of her determination; but when he began to tremble for the continuance of the

happiness which had so glorified his life, his manner changed. He came and knelt by the side of the girl he loved so tenderly, and taking her hands in his, spoke in tones as earnest as her own.

"See here, darling! I know I am not half worthy of you; but I believe you have given me your pure young heart, while to me you are the love of my life—the only woman I have ever cared for. I am not good at eloquence; I can only tell you in plain words how dear you are. Nor will I say that if you persist in your resolve I will take my own life; no man worthy of the name ever yet threw away God's greatest gift because he was denied some cherished blessing. All that is

brightest and best in existence will fade from me, though, if you leave me, Pansie, and I shall become a very different man to the one you loved. But you will not, darling?" changing his tone to one of the tenderest entreaty, "look at me, and say you were but testing the depths of my devotion!" Pansie's mute gesture was answer sufficient, as she turned away from the wistful pleading of the brown eyes; and rising to his feet, without another word, Douglas Stewart turned to the door, leaving Pansie to the "virtue" which "is its own reward." The reward, in her case, was loneliness and tears.

T. L. GRACE DUMAS.  
(*To be continued*).

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"WHERE I LOVE, I LOVE FOR EVER."

She was a blithesome maid who sang,  
Close by the cottage window sitting;  
Sweet and clear were the notes that rang  
Out on the air where the birds were flitting;  
Merrily, merrily sang the birds,  
But none could exactly guess their words,  
While the maid so clever,  
And blushing never,  
Sang, "Where I love, I love for ever!"

He was a youth just passing by  
While the maid was singing, oh, so sweetly!  
Who to the garden gate drew nigh  
And listened there, entranced completely;  
For the sound of a voice so sweet and clear  
Was rapturous music to his ear,  
And he said, "Ah, never  
Would I wish to sever  
From one who loves, and loves for ever!"

The maiden smiled on her lover's suit,  
When at her feet he made confession;  
Her eyes were bright, but her voice was mute,  
When she gave her heart into his possession.  
But now together their lives are set,  
They sing in unison this duet:  
"We'll dis sever  
Never—never!  
For where we love, we love for ever!"

—N. Y. Sun

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GORDON.

Life at sea, it has often been said, affords the best opportunities for reading the characters of men, and of becoming intimately acquainted with more of their inner life. This is not at all times manifest in our ordinary and less frequent intercourse with those whom we profess to know so well as neighbours, or whom we are accustomed to meet daily in our business associations. It is possible, after many years of such acquaintanceship, to be ignorant of the separate, hidden kind of existence which men live: a life that is not seen on the surface—not expressed in the daily routine of professional or business doings. Oftentimes men, who present a stern, cold exterior to the world, show that they possess large and sympathetic hearts, when the occasion comes for touching them. "Cut a little deeper," said the French soldier to the surgeon who was endeavouring to extract the bullet, "and you will find the Emperor." Life at sea does afford the opportunity of cutting a little deeper into human nature, sometimes with unsatisfactory results, at other times with the discovery of treasures of rare and priceless value.

The following incident, in my first interview with General Gordon, seems to illustrate the kind, generous, sympathetic nature of the man. Speaking of Australia and Australians, he said: "Do you know a Mr. Robinson, of Melbourne, a sick gentleman, who has preceded us in the s.s. *Ravenna*?" I replied that I knew him quite well, as one of the firm of \*Brooks, Robinson and Co.; that we had left Melbourne together; but, owing to his delicate state of health, he, with his wife, transhipped at Galle, into the *Ravenna*, while we continued our voyage to Bombay. He continued, "I am glad to find you know him. I was very much concerned about him. I fear he will never reach England. I don't know when I felt so sorry for anyone. I took every opportunity of speaking to him, and tried to comfort him, as well as his

poor little wife, who was the most devoted woman I ever saw."

Mr. Robinson survived the voyage only a very few days. It is possible the widow does not know to this day who the kind and sympathetic friend was; the voyage from Aden to Galle being only a few days' steaming, and her whole time and attention being occupied with her sick husband. She may now learn his name for the first time. This spontaneous act of Christian love and sympathy towards an entire stranger impressed me deeply, and served to reveal a true and generous nature.

General Gordon's life on board the *Kaiser-i-hind* presented a great contrast to the usual method of passing away the time.

Disciplined by the rules of the Military service, he attached due importance to healthy bodily exercise, and invariably did his amount of walking the deck, chiefly in the evening before and after dinner, and at a quick smart pace. He never sat out the meals, but betook sparingly of the simplest food, and arose and left the table as soon as he had finished.

He rose early in the morning, but only appeared on deck about a quarter of an hour before breakfast. Two hours previous were generally devoted by him to religious exercises, the Bible, and the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas A Kempis, being his early morning companions.

He used reverently to refer to God as his Commander-in-Chief, from whom he obtained directions for each day's duty; as the Commissariat from which his supplies were every morning drawn. He frequently said, "I never go without my supplies. Spiritual food is as indispensable to my healthy condition as natural food for the body."

His conversations were never carried on in a listless, half abstracted manner, but always earnestly and seriously. The subjects of his conversation were chosen generally by himself, and had

\* Merchants, Elizabeth-street, Melbourne.



reference to matters which he had made special study of. He very seldom referred to his military exploits, unless to illustrate some subject of conversation. For instance, on one occasion, when speaking of the Chinese as a people of undoubted courage, who made splendid soldiers when they had confidence in their officers, he said, referring to the Tai-ping war, "I had very little to complain of; the Chinese fought splendidly under me, considering that oftentimes they were a mere rabble, armed with knives, spears, or anything they could get. Only on one occasion had I necessity to frighten the General who was entrusted with a rather hazardous undertaking in an assault upon a certain citadel. His heart did not seem to be in the cause for which he was fighting, and his men were showing the same spirit of cowardice. I sent word to the General that I would cut off his head at eight the following morning. He came to me for an explanation. I took his arm through my own and led him along the line of fire, the bullets falling thickly about us. It cured him of his fear; he afterwards fought desperately, and achieved his object by routing the rebels."

General Gordon's friendship was something more than is usually understood by the term. He was greatly attached to some of the Chinese generals, and called them his particular friends.\* It is recorded of him "that when he heard of General Ching's death he shed tears, and when a portrait of Ching was brought to him he would not look at it." Not only did he become strongly attached to those who were favoured with his friendship, but he had a strange power of winning one's affection for himself. No sooner did we anchor at Malta than our steamer was surrounded by boats, filled with

officers of the garrison, who had come to show their love and esteem for their friend Gordon, and to bear him off, if possible, to spend a few days with them. The same thing was repeated, but with more success, at Gibraltar, where he met fellow-officers who had been with him in the trenches before Sebastopol, and to whom he was greatly attached.

Then we were destined to part; and what was joy and delight to old comrades was sorrow to us. After a parting gift, and many expressed wishes to see each other's faces again, and renew our friendships somewhere at some future time, we said good-bye. But it was our last adieu, for our meeting again on earth can never be.

J. W.

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[The writer of the above article has supplied us with the following notes as to General Gordon's personal appearance, etc., which we have no doubt will be appreciated by our readers.]

General Gordon's face was somewhat round; the forehead wide and prominent; hair short, curly, and grey; his height about 5 ft. 7 in.; carriage erect and dignified; dress very plain (loose grey sack or blue serge); wore no jewellery of any kind; his eye, soft, liquid, bluish-grey, giving a sweet slightly melancholy expression to his face. There was nothing to indicate the lion-hearted courage, the unyielding, uncompromising soul, that rested, apparently, so peacefully within. His voice was so soft and sweet that it required one to listen closely in order to hear him fully. He seemed perfectly unconscious of ever having done anything worthy of the notice or attention of anybody. Nothing was more objectionable to him than for persons to refer to his remarkable career.

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\* The Story of Chinese Gordon, page 183-185.

### INGRATITUDE.

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;  
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

— *Young.*

## BY SEA AND LAKE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SALLY AND WILL.

"Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,  
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;  
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
In never-ending vistas of delight."

Tottie's sharp eyes had quickly detected Will's affection for Sally. There was very little escaped her, and *this* was plain enough. There was not the slightest doubt Will was head over ears in love, as she confidently remarked to Florry, in the privacy of their own room. "Anyone with half an eye could see it."

"Geraldine doesn't think so then," said Florry.

"Did Geraldine ever think any man was in love with any one but herself? I believe in the days of Courtney and Grindrodd, she thought the school-master was really in love with herself, and married old Courtney because it was out of the question waiting for *her*. The way she used to prink and flirt before him! And does to this hour, when she gets the chance. Vain minx! I can't see what Sally gets to admire in her! She's pretty enough, but she's no more brains than a tea-kettle, and her jealousy beats everything. Don't tell me," said Tottie, turning from her glass to rummage in a very untidy drawer for a pair of gloves. "Don't tell me Will Clifford doesn't see through all the airs and graces she puts on for his benefit when she comes over here. I caught him laughing quietly behind his book, the other day in the schoolroom, and I shall take the trouble to let her know that he was laughing at her, too. She ought to be shamed out of that disgusting habit of rolling her eyes about. She made me blush whenever I looked at her this morning."

"What's the matter with Will, I wonder? He was so stupid all lunch time. Didn't you notice it?" said Florry.

"Yes, he's worrying over Sally, I suppose. Why doesn't he go straight at it, and propose like a man? There's nothing in the world so vexatious as lovers before they're properly engaged. They fight shy of each other one day, and the next they can't see enough of one another. You never can depend upon them to do anything rational, like sensible people. And here's this village gossip crops up in the middle of it all, and there's no saying what effect it'll have upon Sally. Most likely if Will asked her she'd say 'No,' through some foolish notion getting into her head. It would be just like her to disappoint us all. To tell you the truth, I don't quite understand her. She doesn't give Will the *slightest* encouragement. Not that I want her to go throwing herself at his head; but there are little ways of doing things—oh! you know what I mean. But she's quite indifferent. I'd like to shake her sometimes! And yet I'm sure she's very fond of Will, and knows as well as we do that he wants to marry her."

"Well," said Florry, buttoning her boots slowly, "I don't think she knows. Indeed, I feel certain she doesn't, from what she said to me one day."

"And what did she say to *you*, may I ask?" said Tottie, sitting down opposite Florry to stretch a pair of new gloves; the last pair, which had been on twice, were hopelessly lost.

"I think it was the day after we came home. We were talking about the boys, and wondering what they would do now, and Sally said she thought it likely Will would go abroad again after Lena's wedding. She was sure he had fallen in love with some foreign girl."

"Oh gracious!" said Tottie, commencing to laugh. "Sally beats every one I ever knew for getting extraordinary ideas into her head. Where did she get hold of this one, I wonder?"

"I don't know, but she says the girl is beautiful."

"And does she suppose a man would be such an ass as to fly across the water to another girl's wedding when he wanted to stay and get married himself? Upon my word I believe Sally's a little bit cracked, or Ted's been hoaxing her! I shouldn't be astonished if the pair ended their lives in a lunatic asylum. It's perfectly ridiculous the way they go on. I don't believe Ted ever thought of the likelihood of Sally marrying until it was suggested to him by this gossip. And to hear him talk, one would think she was contemplating some crime. I think myself she'll be very lucky in escaping the penalty of housekeeping for a man with *his* temper."

"Well, I don't believe she does know that Will wants to marry her," said Florry.

"Fiddlesticks! If she doesn't she ought to, that's all! The thing's as plain as a pike-staff. Come along! Are you ready! Perhaps they'll make up their minds to-day. We'll give them the opportunity, at any rate. We'll manage somehow to leave them together."

Will's spirits were in a painful state of depression after that talk with Geraldine. Fortunately for himself, as well as others, this state of dejection lasted but a short time—an hour or two at most; he was not entirely convinced, beyond the first moment, of Sally's love for Arthur Reid, for he remembered looks, words, and tones of hers, that he could interpret with quite another meaning. In the first flush of surprise his thought had been, "What did it signify that he was young and rich and strong? What did it matter that he was part owner of an estate in Cornwall? What was all the world to him, if Sally were indifferent to himself and his love for her?"

But once more brought into contact with her, he found himself hanging upon her looks and words with more ardency than ever. Such is the nature of man! Obstacles imaginary or real add but new zest to the art of love-making, when the power to tread them down calls into action the play of his indomitable will. His hopes are buoyed

up anew. His mental vision becomes clear. That which was impossible is all at once possible, and from depths of darkest despair his mind, with that incomprehensible combination, at once fickleness and constancy, that is in man, soars to the zenith of hope.

And Will Clifford was possessed of no individuality in respect of feelings—his hopes and fears were similar to those of many another man of his age in face of like circumstances; his emotions fluctuated as readily from one extreme to the other; walking on air to-day, it was quite probable to-morrow would find him cursing the hour that gave him existence. So that it was justly compatible with his disposition, that, by the time the walking party arrived at the pier, his hopes should have risen so far above zero as to fill him with the cheering conviction that Sally's affections were not held captive by the absent Arthur. He looked at Sally while he put the seaweed into Geraldine's basket; her head was thrown slightly backward as she leaned against the column of the pier, her eyes resting upon the far-off flecks of light. Never anywhere had he seen eyes so beautiful as those dark almond-shaped ones of hers, rimmed round with long fine lashes; the sea-breeze had brought the colour to her cheeks, adding a new charm to the usually pale face. He wished she would look at him. She was not even thinking of him, he was sure—for her dreamy eyes kept their fixed position, though he approached nearer to her when he had closed and returned the basket to its owner.

Geraldine saw how steadfastly he regarded Sally, and could not help taking in at a glance the full meaning, for loving admiration shone in his every feature; and, with the object of recalling his strayed attention, she moved forward a step, speaking to him. This movement caused Sally to turn her head, and as she did so she encountered Will's ardent gaze; taken quite unawares, a momentary smile lit up her face, and a new, bright, unmistakable light sparkled in her eyes. The story was all told before she could save herself. She had let Will know that she loved him. She seemed suddenly to

recollect, and calling her dog, she put her hand hastily through Geraldine's arm and walked beside her.

That Will was no flirt, unless he had acquired that art abroad, Sally knew ; but, notwithstanding, she was at first afraid she had misinterpreted the passionate warmth of the blue eyes she loved, and that perhaps after all it was friendship alone that prompted that glance. Her face had clouded for a brief instant as she joined Geraldine, but happier thoughts speedily drove away the unpleasant memories of the morning, and she lived but to remember that Will loved her. All her old trust returned ; he was so necessary to her ; she felt all at once *how* necessary, and also how hard it would be to part again. Now, perhaps, they need never part any more. Life would be as it had been, when the wedding was over, and Dr. Smith was gone, and the rest of them were left to take up their quiet daily routine together.

Sally's eager, impulsive nature required a calmer one to turn to, to lean upon, and Will was so strong, so true, so unwavering, so unlike any other man she had ever known ; unlike Ted even, who, with herself, performed many of the actions of life through the impelling aid of a quick mental force, and without due reflection or regard to after consequences. Will's, therefore, was just the nature to call forth all the intense love and admiration she was capable of. All of perfection she desired to see in him she saw. She loved—and when a girl of Sally's temperament falls in love, the die is cast, and she will either sink or swim ; love such as hers lasts forever ; whether it takes possession of the heart early in the teens or late in life, there is no possibility of overcoming or forgetting. Time may pass, but the one love remains, seeming to have burnt itself into the soul in taking possession ; and defying all the arts that ever were invented to dislodge it.

If Will loved her, what to Sally mattered Geraldine's teasing propensities, or the whole gossip of the village ? Her thoughts centred themselves upon that one look beneath the pier, that assured her she was beloved ; she remembered no more the shadows that had surrounded her there, and which

she had thought seemed like an omen ; she only remembered the light at the very end, and the tenderly beseeching expression of Will's eyes.

He, on his part, was more than ever convinced of Geraldine's mistake about that fellow Reid. Sally could never have cared for him, except in a friendly way, he was sure. Most likely in despair the poor beggar had gone off and married that other girl—not having received any encouragement from Sally. Will was sorry for him if it had been so ; it was natural he should fall in love with this sweet dark-eyed maiden—but if she preferred some one else, why, it couldn't be helped—a man had no right to cry too loud because another fellow was in luck. You see, Will was the one in luck's way just now, and he forgot all about the unfortunate Reid in an earnest endeavour to make Sally raise her eyes to his again ; but she was not to be caught in the same way a second time ; she replied to all his remarks brightly enough, but without looking up. Several times, though, he noticed a slight trembling of the lips and eyelids, that told him she was conscious of his anxious scrutiny of her face.

They walked slowly along for about half a mile, and then Geraldine by some little manœuvring on Tottie's part was compelled to join the party in front.

"Sally," said Will, pausing and looking tenderly down at her when they were left alone, "are you going to dance with me to-morrow night ?"

"I don't know," she said, watching the white-breasted gulls flying overhead, and switching a stick she carried in her hand against her dress.

"Won't you keep two dances for me ?" He stood in front of her with his hands in his pockets, leaning towards her, and trying to make her look at him.

She avoided his eyes, looking past him at the rushing waters that thundered on the beach. "I'm afraid I shall not have two to spare," she said.

"You don't mean that, I know. You are trying to make fun of me as usual. You are not engaged for any dance yet, I am sure."

"You don't know anything at all about it," she said hesitatingly, and bending downward she began to write her name in the sand. He watched her stroke out the letters one by one with her stick, waiting till she should speak again. When she had formed the last letter of the surname, and added a dot by way of completion, she raised herself, lifting her head, and glanced mischievously from under her long lashes at the big handsome fellow standing there with such a serious expression upon his countenance. "I am engaged for the exact number of three dances," she said.

"When? To whom?" he said, eagerly. "Ah yes. Of course, to Ted."

"No, Ted has not asked for any yet," she replied, examining his face carefully, with an amused smile playing about her lips.

"Who is the favoured individual, then? But, perhaps, I have no right to put such a question," he said dolefully.

"No, you have no right to ask. Nor shall I tell you," she added briskly. "But the fact remains, Mr. Clifford. I am engaged for three dances."

"Sally!" he exclaimed reproachfully, as if she had been doing him a personal injury by engaging herself for three dances.

"Well?"

"I wish you wouldn't speak like that. You never care how you hurt a fellow's feelings—"

"Dear, dear," said Sally, with a short sigh and a laugh. "Why do you have any feelings if they are so easily hurt? Come, Fritz," she said, stepping past Will and tossing the stick into the water; "there—fetch it!"

The dog eyed her for a minute with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and his right fore-paw bent off the ground. "Go, sir—go, stupid," she said, making a motion in the air with her hand, and with a yelp Fritz stepped into the water, and then with a great plunge went swimming out in search of the stick. Sally kept her back to Will, and he stood a few feet away, watching the lithe figure bend to take the stick from the dog and throw it back into the water—he watched, as

she turned to make the upward movement with her arm, the glimmer of her white teeth between the half parted lips, the sparkle of the dark eyes, and the rippling dark hair that formed itself into soft little fluffy rings above her shell-like ears.

"I am afraid," he said, stepping up to her when Fritz had returned triumphant a second time to his mistress' feet—"I am very *much* afraid, Sally, that you are a bit of a coquette at heart."

"A what?" said the girl, opening her eyes wide, and speaking in a quick, agitated manner.

"A coquette," said Will, repeating the word slowly and uncertainly—he knew before it was well out of his mouth how it had hurt her.

"Oh, Will, how *could* you? How dare you say so? You who have known me all my life nearly—how could you think such a thing?" Tears choked her further utterance, and she turned her head away. Will stood irresolute, cursing the folly that had made him give breath to such an insinuation. "Sally! Dear Sally!" he said after a while, "Forgive me, I did not really mean it. Come, you know I did not. Won't you forgive me? Won't you, dear?" He had come quite near her now, and laid his hand upon her shoulder, and was looking into her downcast face.

"You should not say such cruel things. Besides it is not true. I never flirted with anyone. Never! It is only cold heartless women who flirt. And I am not heartless."

"I know, my little girl. My little sweetheart. You are as tender-hearted as it is possible for anyone to be. I wish I could unsay my words, Sally. Don't make me miserable, dear. Tell me you forgive me, do."

There was no reply. Sally bent her head lower still and rubbed her foot into the sand. Fritz was sitting a little way off with his tongue out, breathing hard after his late exertions.

"Sally," said Will, bending towards her and speaking almost in a whisper, "I love you."

Even then the girl did not lift her head. It was only when Will caught her hand and held it firmly in his own

that she looked up. She raised her chin slightly, as their eyes met, with an entreating movement. He stooped and kissed her lips with a long lingering kiss. It was a moment of supremest happiness to each—a moment that showed them their hearts were bound in one for ever and ever—a moment of passionate yearning on her part, of deliberate decision on his. There was no word spoken, only a vow sealed, and the sacredness of the vow kept them silent. Will drew Sally's hand through his arm, and they walked on.

"Well," he said, looking fondly down at her when they began to ascend the Cliff, "how many dances are you going to give me, Sally?"

"None," she said, smiling. "You don't deserve any. You called me a flirt, you know."

"Yes; but you forgave me. Come! suppose you let me have three waltzes. That's fair enough, isn't it, when you are going to give some one else three?"

"No. I shall give you one, and no more," she said, laughing up at him.

"I mean to have three, all the same, young lady. Say that you will give them to me, Sally," he persisted.

She shook her head.

"Well, look here," he said, placing his right hand upon her shoulder, "I don't intend to let you move a step further until you have said Yes."

"Why are you so anxious about it?"

"Never mind, say yes. Do, Sally!" he entreated.

She hesitated—her face became serious. Then she answered "Yes," with a happy sigh. Suddenly, quick as lightning, she drew her hand from Will's arm. She never could tell exactly what prompted the action. He stared in amazement.

"What is it, dear?" he said, anxiously.

"I don't know. I am afraid. Will," she said, stepping up close to him again, and speaking in a low voice, "let us keep our secret for a while. Do, will you? Let us keep it until Lena is married."

"Why, darling? what has Lena—"

"It's not Lena—it's nothing to do with Lena. Only promise me to keep it till then. Do, Will, dear, *please!*" she said, leaning her head against his

arm, and looking up into his face with tearful eyes. "Promise."

"Yes. I promise since you wish it, Sally. But you must give me some reason for doing so," he said, gravely.

"Not now. Another time, Will dear."

"Here you are at last," said Tottie's merry voice a few minutes later, from the top of the cliff. "I thought you were going to stay down there for ever. Come along and have a game of tennis. We've just time to get up one before the dressing-bell rings."

"I'm afraid you'll have to play without me," said Sally, "I'm tired."

"Tired! Good gracious! One would think you had been racing along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, instead of crawling like a tortoise. Come along at once, and don't be so ridiculous."

"No, Tottie; I really am tired. Where are Geraldine and Florry? They can make up your game."

"Florry's hot, and Geraldine's gone off home in a fit of the blues. And Ted—goodness knows where he is. He's been as sulky as a bear all day. It seems to me there's no good asking anybody to do anything in this weather."

Tottie had been scrutinising both faces closely while she talked to Sally, but beyond a slight flush on each of the latter's cheeks there was nothing unusual to be seen; and she went away in despair to find Florry, and complain to her that those two idiots had disappointed her again. They had actually come home *without* making up their minds, after all the trouble she had been at to entertain Geraldine and keep Ted out of the way, so that they might have the field to themselves. It was too provoking of them, and Tottie vowed she would never interfere on behalf of lovers in future. Dr. Smith dined at the Hall that same evening. Consequently Sally was miserable. And in being miserable herself she made Will so too. She would scarcely look at or speak to him. She knew how much keener-sighted Dr. Smith was than anyone in that house, and she was in fear and trembling lest he should discover their secret. She felt certain, in the event of such a discovery, that he would do something to part them. What

it would be she could not tell, but something he would do. Had he not declared that day in the schoolroom—the day he and Lena had fixed the date of their wedding—that since she would not have *him*, she should marry no other man? And it was plain no good could come of divulging their secret at present. Dr. Smith drew her into conversation with him always when he came to the Hall; frequently when he dined there he took his seat beside her. He did so to-night. He liked to watch her as she talked, he liked her to look at him even when she looked in scorn. She never looked with anything but coldness upon him, and he had come at last to believe that it was impossible ever to make her love him; but nevertheless he had not departed from his sternly-formed resolution; he loved Sally—true, there was no nobility in his affection, yet he loved her in his own way, and the thought that she should belong to any other man was agony to him. He would even now, at this short distance from the date of his wedding, have thrown Lena over had there been the slightest hope of gaining Sally; but seeing how hopeless everything in that direction was he told himself there was no good making Lena unhappy. The net that Sally had at one time fancied herself caught in was nothing to that which was forming itself around her day by day. Dr. Smith had watched with interest the march of events at the Hall since Will's return, and seen how he ever sought to be in Sally's company, and seen also—alas for her! alas for them all!—how she turned to him with a new bright light glowing in her eyes. And whilst she was thinking of the time when the doctor would be gone, and she be left in peace, *he* was forming a plan for throwing Geraldine and Will more together.

"You are very quiet, to-night," Dr. Smith said, addressing Sally in an undertone some time after they had sat down to dinner. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing," said Sally, shortly.

"But there must be," he persisted.

"You are not usually so sedate even with me. What is it? Have you and Miss Heriot quarrelled? I met her walking in the avenue with Ted as I

came up. I thought you were inseparable, and that you could not part without first having walked five or six times up and down the avenue. And now your brother sees her home. Do you think that is a good plan?" he added, lowering his voice and speaking in an insinuating tone. "Are you acting wisely in leaving them so much together? Is it not rather dangerous?"

"Dangerous! Why?"

"Well, for your brother. Miss Heriot is safe enough, I fancy. Her affections are elsewhere engaged," the doctor said, glancing with a meaning smile across at Will.

"If you wish to imply that there is anything beyond mere friendship between Geraldine and Ted, I can assure you at once that you are mistaken, Dr. Smith," said Sally, coldly.

"I am afraid, my dear Sally," said the doctor, jocularly, "that you are blind to a good deal that goes on around you. Ted's manner towards Miss Heriot this evening was nothing short of loverlike. He was holding her hand, and looking in her face in the tenderest fashion."

"Ted!" said Sally, opening her eyes and staring at him.

"Yes—Ted! And so intently 'was he gazing into the young lady's face that I was beside them before I was observed."

"Where *is* Ted?" said Sally, noting his absence for the first time. "Auntie," she added, half rising, "may I see where Teddie is?"

"There is no need," said Dr. Smith, laying his hand on her arm. "Your brother requested me to say to Mrs. Reid that he would dine at the 'Cedars,' to-night."

"Why! is Timothy home?"

"No. But Ted took a fancy to dine there."

"How strange! He never dines at the 'Cedars' unless Tim is at home," said Sally.

"Don't worry yourself on his account," said the doctor, soothingly. "He'll get on right enough without Tim. He will have Mrs. and Miss Heriot for company. If sitting beside the prettiest girl in the country to dine doesn't make a man happy, I wonder what will?"

Sally turned from him to join in the general conversation with a sort of aching pain at her heart. If Dr. Smith knew all this about Ted and Geraldine, would he not soon know about Will and herself?"

Poor Sally! If Mrs. Peters could read Will's thoughts in the dancing happiness of his blue eyes, and guess what had taken place during the walk on the sands that day, surely Dr. Smith could do so, too! Perhaps not, though—let us hope not, for the sake of the lovers—for Mrs. Peters had the advantage of the doctor in this, that she had seen Sally within five minutes of her parting with Will in the garden. Mrs. Reid had been taking her into her confidence with regard to Sally, who, she averred, was most certainly neither in good health nor spirits. She had not looked like her old self for weeks and weeks, excepting upon the day of Ted's return and the subsequent one, and Mrs. Reid concluded the wisest thing she could do was to take her to some farmer's place for a few weeks, inland, away from the sea. They could easily leave when the wedding was over, and, with Mrs. Peters in charge, everything would go well at the Hall. "I cannot understand the girl," she said; "she used to be as bright and happy as the day was long—singing and laughing upon the slightest provocation. She never sings now without being asked; and when the others are at their tennis she wanders away by herself with her dog. I don't know what to make of her. I watch her continually."

"I've fallen into that habit myself," said Mrs. Peters, putting down her knitting and letting her hands rest in her lap. "Sally's none so bright as she used to be. But law bless you! where's the use in worryin' over the girl? It's often just at Sally's age that girls takes to those dreamy-like kinds of ways. It don't do to appear to notice it though, Mrs. Reid, it don't. Girls, especially of Sally's temperment, is mostly shy of showin' their feelins'. And maybe there's not so much the matter after all. Girls and young fellows *will* get sweetheartin' and that. We was young ourselves once, Mrs. Reid."

And then who should pass the window, and come into the house singing,

but Sally! Singing, as if she had never had a care in life, she went up the staircase. When she had got half-way she seemed to bethink herself, and came running down again, throwing open the door of the study. "Well, Auntie, how are *you* getting on?" she enquired cheerfully, sitting down on the sofa beside Mrs. Reid, and pushing back her hat off her forehead. "We've had such a jolly time. We walked ever so far past the old pier. And Will and I threw sticks into the sea, and Fritz jumped in after them and brought them out, and yelped and barked. You've no idea what a noise he made. Mrs. Peters, *you* should go with us one of these days. Auntie never walks far. But what do you say to letting us take you both in the boat. You can watch us fishing, you know. When will you come?"

"*Me*, my dear?" said Mrs. Peters. "I'll walk as much as you like, Sally; but nothing 'll ever tempt me to enter one o' them little cockle-shells o' things."

"It's quite safe, Mrs. Peters, I assure you. We go out in rather rough weather sometimes, and we've never had an upset yet. I dislike a smooth sea, and so does Will. But," she added with a little laugh, "Tottie and you should go together. She hates boating if there's the slightest suggestion of a ripple on the water. She turns sea-sick at once."

"It ain't the sea-sickness I'm afraid of, Sally," said Mrs. Peters, smiling as she noticed the ill-concealed happiness of the girl, and the faint colour that went rushing across her cheeks as she named Will's name. "It ain't the sea-sickness, and don't you mistake me, my dear. I can't bear to watch a boat in rough weather, even—let alone be in it. It seems to me that it's always going to upset every minute, it does. And where would I be then? You see, my dear, I ain't quite as light's a feather, and it's a deal easier to sink than to swim for anyone that's as stout as me. Besides, thank you all the same, Sally, as I ain't a fancy for being food for fishes, I'll stop at home. When I *do* die, I'd like to be carried out of the house and buried decently; I would, my dear."



"Well," said Sally, "I shan't insist upon your going, Mrs. Peters, in case you *should* be drowned, and I should have it on my conscience ever after that I persuaded you to meet your death by going in a boat against your better inclinations. But perhaps you will change your mind by-and-by, when you find that we *never* meet with accidents. Why! I can manage the boat perfectly all alone; and I can't see where there's any danger if Will or Ted goes with us."

"Well, well, my dear, everybody has their fancies, and mine ain't for boating; I do assure you. But I'll tell what I would enjoy, Sally, above all things; and that's a ride in the pony carriage."

"Oh what a shame! Why did you never mention it before? You could have gone times without number. Poor Mrs. Peters!" said Sally, jumping up in a burst of excitement, to fling her arms around the old lady's neck. "Never mind! I'll take you out myself to-morrow. Shall it be in the morning or the afternoon?"

"Well, my dear, I'm not particular; but I think I should prefer the mornin', before it gets hot, you know."

"I'll order it for ten o'clock then—may I, Auntie?"

"Surely, my dear," said Mrs. Reid, looking up with a kindly smile on her gentle face, glad to see Sally a little brighter.

"All right, I'll do that. And then I must go and dress," Sally said, moving towards the door with a beating heart, as she heard Will's footstep in the hall. "We'll have it all to ourselves, Mrs. Peters." She went away, and Mrs. Peters heard her speaking to Will, and she was almost sure he added the word "dear" in replying to Sally, "which," as she said long afterwards, in talking it over, "he never would have done, being a gentleman, unless he had had a right to."

Mrs. Peters, therefore, in hearing what was not intended for her ears, held the key to the brightness visible in Will's eyes, whereas the doctor held no such key; so the probability is he did not know—did not even guess how far the love affairs of Sally and Will had progressed in the right direction.

And he might have remained in ignorance for many days, but for a slight accident which happened, and which, thanks to Lena, Dr. Smith heard about. But, at present, he knew not what to think; he seemed to see no change in Will, excepting that his eyes followed Sally about more persistently than usual, and Sally's manner to himself was even colder than ordinary. He had come to the Hall, half-expecting to hear that the talk in the village was correct—that Will had proposed and been accepted, and, through some strange contradictory feeling, he was almost sorry not to hear it confirmed. Not that he really wished the engagement to take place, for he was prepared to do all in his power against it; but the game, he thought, would have been worthier the candle had it presented some stronger opposition. The act of preventing two ardent lovers from becoming engaged was nothing; pooh! it was but as a pebble thrown into the stream, to sink and leave no trace of its existence, beyond a few ripples that just break the surface and fade out altogether with the first touches of Time. He wanted his power to be felt long after he had exercised it. How long? Alas! through a life-time. A weary heart was to wait, and sicken, and yearn a whole, long lifetime, because of a man's pitilessness. Oh, weary heart! Is there no one to warn you? No one to see the dark cloud that is falling like a veil around you, to shut out all the brightness—the summer brightness, so justly belonging to you? I see your face now, with the dark, liquid, beseeching eyes turned to me—pale, *so* pale and tearless in its intensity of sorrow. And the doctor sees it, *too*—sees it as it *will be*. As he sits there in the dining-room over his wine with Will Clifford he sees it—it haunts him. And it will fade and grow pale for that man sitting opposite him; a cold chill creeps over him, the madness of envy gnaws at his heart, until he can bear it no longer, and with an impulse, almost as sudden as any of the girl's whose life he means to wreck, he rises, dashing aside his glass so that it shivers and falls to pieces before him. With a half smile, and a movement of his brows, he turned to

the window, offering Will his cigar-case, and together they go out into the garden to smoke. Sally saw them go, and she leaned out of the window by the side of the piano in the drawing-room, and watched them uneasily, wishing Will would come in, and not stay there talking with the doctor. She couldn't think what on earth they had to say to one another. And what did they want to smoke after dinner for? They didn't always do it—why should they to-night? The echo of their voices reached her where she stood—she could not distinguish any words. It was about a quarter to eight; the sun was setting far off across the sea, the air was sad and still. The solemn stillness seemed to linger even in the room where Tottie was making merry music with her slim fingers on the white keys, and Florry, in her white dress, swinging round and round in a slow waltz, all by herself, across the polished floor, practising her steps in preparation for the following evening, occasionally adding the dulcet tones of her voice to the rhythmic flowing of the music. It all seemed so strange and ghostly to Sally; she did not know, poor child, that she was over-tired with the unusual events of the day—and she put all manner of queer constructions upon everyone's actions. She saw Lena, when the men had thrown away their cigars, go into the garden, cross the lawn, and put her arm through Dr. Smith's, and then, in a little while, they turned towards the avenue. Will glanced back at the house, but Dr. Smith spoke to him, and he walked beside them, and Sally saw them disappearing beneath the trees with the low-shining light upon their backs.

It was a long, long while before they returned, and Sally did not know they had come until she heard footsteps in the hall, and they all trooped into the drawing-room—Lena, Will, and the

doctor; she could distinguish their footsteps, though Tottie was playing. "We want lights," she heard Lena say, and then some one rang a bell. Dusk had grown almost to darkness. Sally did not move, but she knew quite well that Will was standing at her side of the piano. Tottie was speaking to Dr. Smith. "John," she said, and Sally listened quite angry—she hated to hear the bright merry voice call that detestable man by his Christian name. "Are you coming up to-morrow evening? We are going to dance. Do come; you must. You waltz better than anyone I know."

"Except Mr. Heriot, Tottie," said Florry out of the darkness. Lena finding the bell unanswered had gone away to see about lights. "Don't you know," continued Florry, unaware of the blushes she was causing, "you said *that* the first night we met him. That he beat even Dr. Smith at waltzing."

"Did I!" said Tottie; "Oh well, perhaps. You can judge for yourself to-morrow night," she added, running her fingers lightly over the keys. "Will you come, John?"

Sally listened eagerly, hoping against hope that the doctor had some engagement. She knew he would come if he could; and oh! she did not want him! she hated him so. Why did he come always to spoil her pleasure?

He paused some seconds before replying, and waiting in the dark for his answer seemed to give undue weight to it in Sally's ears, when it did come.

"Yes," he said.

Sally laid her head down upon her arms to prevent herself sobbing aloud. It was well she hid her face, for Sarah brought in the lights just then. Thanks to a friendly curtain, her attitude remained unnoticed, saving by Will.

R. A.

(To be continued).

#### TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying,  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.

—Swift.



"SALLY LEANED OUT OF THE WINDOW"  
PAGE 282.



## ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The life of this lately deceased popular writer, affords hope to all strugglers. None engaged in the struggle for fame could have looked less likely to win than did Anthony Trollope when he reached his poor heritage of man's estate. Little likely then to succeed in any walk of life, a literary success seemed in his case out of the question, and as much so as oratory appeared closed as a career for the young Demosthenes. That both of them overcame all difficulties the world well knows, and it is encouraging to all that such examples have been so well recorded. So faithful and interesting an autobiography as that left by Trollope has not often been given to us. It has removed many misconceptions as to Trollope, and particularly so of the sources whence he derived the plots of his famous novels of clerical life—thought to be so lifelike in portrayals of character.

Anthony Trollope was born in London, in 1815, one of six children, four of whom died of consumption—the eldest of the family, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, a well-known writer on Italian subjects, and the lately-deceased Anthony, being the survivors. Of his talented mother, our author tells us that the first of her 114 published volumes, was not written until she had turned fifty years of age. That first work, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," appeared in 1831, and was an immediate success. Necessity prompted the writing and publication of this and the other books which Mrs. Trollope penned in succession for the ensuing twenty-five years. Her last published book appeared in 1856, when she was no less than seventy-six years of age. She survived, however, until 1863, to see her son Anthony, so late in his life, an inheritor of her talent, and far on the way to surpass her as a prolific producer of novels.

Trollope's father was a barrister, having chambers in Lincoln's Inn, from which however his bad temper frightened the attorneys. The infirmity of temper was not his only failing, for

his son tells us that his father failed also at farming; and, in his efforts to produce a bulky ecclesiastical Encyclopedia. At this "Account of the nuns and monks, and their manners and customs," he was as little successful as at farming, but worked at it to the end of his strangely abortive life. His family, meantime, suffered great privations, and our Trollope tells us that, so difficult was it to raise the required payments of rent that they learned to regard the Lord Northwick of the time, who was the landlord from whom the farm at Harrow was taken, as "a cormorant who was eating them up." The well-meaning, but bad tempered, father appears to have been as little a man of business as was the father of Charles Dickens, and to have similarly dragged the family down to a genteel poverty that young Trollope could never afterwards think of without shuddering. Of the account of this poverty, experienced up to nineteen years of age, when he obtained a clerkship at the General Post Office, Trollope fills the first hundred pages of the first volume of his autobiography. The recollections of it were, no doubt, as vivid as painful.

Grinding poverty, as he calls it, kept him in disgrace at the Harrow School, to which he had to trudge backwards and forwards from the farm, in all weathers, twice a day. The long trudge through dirty lanes, made him a poor object at the school, to which the wretched nature of his mean clothing greatly added. He was derided by the boys, beaten by the masters, and neglected by the tutors. He tells that he believes that no boy was ever worse beaten, receiving, as he often did, five thrashings in a day. He was not allowed to join the sports of the other boys from his contemptible appearance. The worst part of it all appears to be that he learnt nothing beyond a little Latin and the Greek rudiments. The one joyful remembrance, amid the howling misery, which he describes his school-life to have been at Harrow, was that, goaded to desperation, he fought

one of his tormentors to such good effect that the bully had to keep away from school for several days. The farm taken from Lord Northwick had, at length, to be given up for a smaller one—of most wretched character—in which life, or rather existence, appears to have been dragged out in a most miserable manner; Trollope's happiest time there being when he could get into the kitchen and the society of a little servant girl, the daughter of the farm bailiff.

Mrs. Trollope, his mother, had, meantime, fled to America with her eldest son, on some madcap mission to open a bazaar, or toyshop, with some trumpery got together for that purpose, and which Trollope opines was, probably, never paid for. The poor woman built a wooden shop for her purpose at Cincinnati, and there stayed from 1827 to 1831. It was on her return from this foolish venture that she produced the book which showed wherein her true strength lay. For this she received £400, and immediately got the family back to that better farm, which poverty had forced them to leave, and which Trollope tells us he has portrayed in his "Orley Farm," the pictorial sketch of which, serving as a frontispiece, was produced by no less an artist than Millais. Things did not, however, go altogether well, as too great a load of debt pressed upon the family, who had, at last, to fly to the Continent—the father being first packed off. The son tells us that he returned from driving him to the coast, to find the bailiffs in possession of the farm. He was advised not to bring the horse and cart within their power, and so drove into the village with it, and there sold it for £17. He did not get the money, as the buyer claimed to keep the amount as part of what was due to him as a creditor. He returned as much comforted as did Moses, in the Vicar of Wakefield.

The family somehow got, all of them, to Bruges, where Mrs. Trollope continued writing for the London booksellers as their only source of support. The father still continued pottering at his Encyclopedia, three numbers of which were published, but brought no profit.

Anthony now went as tutor to a school, though it does not appear that he could very well teach anything, and then we are next told that the family disease, consumption, seized upon a brother and sister, and that the father also broke down in health. A pitiable picture is thus drawn of poor Mrs. Trollope working early and late with her pen, and during the day and night helping also as nurse, the ink bottle and the medicine bottles being alike always at hand. This energetic woman was fortunately of a bright and buoyant nature, and in that respect her back was well fitted to a burden that would otherwise have broken down most women. Omission of mention in the proper place has been made of Trollope's account of his short time at Winchester school, in which his elder brother was then a tutor. He has to tell us how unmercifully he was used by this brother, who, in character of tutor seemed to forget all other feelings. He had imbibed strange Spartan notions, and held that if a boy was beaten for stealing an apple, no other boys would henceforth do so, which was, says Trollope, a misconception that he afterwards acknowledged. Meantime, however, Trollope got thrashed unmercifully for these unbrotherly errors of judgment.

While at Bruges Anthony was offered a commission in the Austrian Army, which he could not take through utter ignorance of any language but English. His mother, interceded, however, with Sir Francis Freeling, then Postmaster-General, and Trollope got a clerkship in the London General Post Office, at £90 a year. He was then nineteen years old, and went away from Bruges, and the sickness and trouble there, to a life which he then thought would be heavenly in comparison. His troubles, however, began at once. He was called upon to pass a preliminary examination, and it was found that he could neither write readably nor spell properly. He quaintly enough blames the "bad old quill pen" for his failure in these matters. He was bid to call again next day and be examined again, and especially in arithmetic. That night his tutor brother coached him up to writing a decent specimen, but the

arithmetic still promised to be a stumbling block, as Trollope had never arithmetically done anything even in simple addition, and knew nothing of the multiplication table. Next day, however, to his surprise, no questions whatever were asked him, but he was bid to take a seat at the desk, where he continued for seven years. He takes the opportunity here to refer to the competitive examinations now necessary for such a billet as he got, and tells us that such means do not always produce better civil servants than he ultimately proved himself.

He was not, however, happy in this junior clerkship. He kept irregular hours and indifferent company—among other clerks better provided with money than himself. He was always in disgrace and difficulties, and especially so with money-lenders. One who had paid a £12 tailor's bill for him, and had lent him £4 in addition, had to renew the acceptances so often that he obtained, we are told, fully £200 out of Trollope, nearly all of which was, of course, for interest and fines. Trollope tells us an amusing incident with Colonel Maberley, who succeeded Sir Francis Freeling, as head of the postal department. Our author had to take a money letter and its enclosed notes in open condition to the chief clerk's room, and there to leave them in that official's absence. Passing out he met the Colonel going in, who saw the notes there, as Trollope also did on again visiting the then empty room. The notes were missing when the chief clerk returned, and on Trollope being summoned to the room, he was faced by the Colonel, who declared, with a soldierly oath and a bang of his fist upon the table, that either himself or Trollope must have taken them. Nettled at this remark, Trollope replied with a similar oath that the Colonel himself in that case must have taken the notes, but in imitating the bang of the fist upon the table he upset the standish and spluttered the ink over the Colonel's face and shirt-front. Blinded with the fluid, Colonel Maberley struck out savagely, hitting, however, only the chief clerk. Ere his vengeance reached Trollope, his own private secretary came in with the missing notes, which

he had removed for safety from where he had found them. Trollope was, consequently, allowed to resume his stool quite blamelessly in the matter.

Another time he had to endure even a worse scene than that with the Colonel. A young woman had, he tells us, taken an unwarrantable fancy to have him for a husband, to which he did not agree, and for which, if we are to believe him, he had given no sufficient cause. Her letters to him therefore went unanswered, and such conduct brought up her mother—handbag and umbrella in hand—to the office where Trollope sat surrounded by a dozen other clerks. To his horror the infuriated woman called out, "Mr. Anthony Trollope, are you going to marry my daughter?" Trollope says that this was one of "the worst moments of his life." He does not say how he appeased the lady, but tells us that he did not marry her daughter, and that there was "no good cause why he should have done so." Another of his troubles was that he had to show the Queen of Saxony over the building one evening, and that her aide-de-camp put half-a-crown into his hand for his trouble on Her Majesty's departure—thus treating him as a menial.

After seven years in the Post Office as junior clerk, rising only to £140 salary, Trollope got promoted to an assistant surveyor's clerkship in Ireland, where he received £100 a year, with travelling expenses and other pay, that made up £400 altogether. He now had to do much horseback riding, and acquired that great love for it which distinguished him for the rest of his life. He had been deprived of all opportunity of joining in sports at school, and now gave all his unexpended love of them to hunting with a fervour quite wonderful in one who had not learned to ride until twenty-seven years old. It is few who make zealous huntsmen learning horse-riding so late, but with Trollope hunting became and continued the master passion of his life—the hunting field being his hobby up to sixty years of age.

Just previous to this transfer to Ireland, Trollope, with John Merivale and another friend had joined or formed a

club, which they called "The Tramp Society." Their spare time was spent exploring around London so far as time would allow—all travelling being done on foot, and necessarily very little expenditure incurred. On Disraeli's maxim that "adventures are to the adventurous," Trollope tells of some of the strange things that the three of them happened upon in some of these journeys. One of these was in getting a free ride into town in an empty carriage, on the plea that one of them was a lunatic who had been just captured by the other two, who were stated to be madhouse officials. Perhaps his London life, all considered, gave him cause for saying, as he does, that he looked back upon it as "26 years of suffering, disgrace, and inward remorse."

All troubles of life, however, left him with the change of scene. He fortunately managed to raise £200 from the family lawyer, on the strength of his improved prospects, and in less than three years was provident enough to be able to repay it. By the end of that three years he had also found a wife in a Miss Rose Heseltine, whom he had met in Ireland, but who was the daughter of a bank manager, at Rotherham, in Yorkshire. He had up to this made his head-quarters at Banagher, a town on the Shannon, but on his marriage removed to Clonmel. He tells us why he did so. His Irish friends at Banagher had been very hospitable to him, and resented, by cool behaviour, his marriage to an English lady. His long experience in Ireland, which continued now for another ten years, entitles Trollope's opinion of the Irish to respect, and he gives that opinion thus—after stating his reasons for the great liking he had for them—"They are perverse, irrational, and no great lovers of the truth." We may wonder how much of this biliousness of expression was due to the non-success of Trollope's Irish novels.

In Clonmel, Trollope had two sons born to him, and so reasonably cast about for means of increasing his income. He was now thirty-two years of age, and began to put to practical purpose the day dreams which he had often indulged. He tells of his fond-

ness for castle-building, and for weaving stories of which of course, he was always the hero. The result was always the same; that some day he would imitate his mother's famous doings and write novels. He was backward in beginning however, and slow at work when he did begin. The first chapter of his first novel, "The McDermotts of Ballycloran," was begun in September, 1843, but not finished for two years after. It took then two years more to find a publisher for it, and it was thus 1847 ere Mr. Newby, the bookseller, brought out this first instalment of Trollope's large produce.

This first novel brought him nothing, nor did the second one, called "The Kelly's and the O'Kelly's," published at the end of 1848. He says that he enjoyed the writing, and was not disappointed at getting no profit. The *Times* reviewed his second novel, and Trollope quotes the amusingly short and satirical review, every word of which was, he says, fixed in his memory, but, he adds humorously, "Even *that* did not help to sell the book!" His next venture, "*La Vendée*," an historical romance, written at the suggestion of his next publisher, brought no better luck, though he raised £20 from Colborn, on expectation of profits, which were not realized. The famine in Ireland, in '47, led him to write a series of letters, for the *Examiner* newspaper, which its editor, Foster, praised, but did not pay for. He then (1850), tried his hand at a play, "The Noble Jilt," which Bartley, the manager for whose approval he submitted it, declined to produce. Then came an Irish handbook, written for another publisher, Murray, who annoyed Trollope by keeping the manuscript for nine months and then returning it. These failures led up to 1852, at which time we find him removed from Ireland and on an official postal perambulation of the West End of England, where he was busily reforming abuses which had been complained of in connection with the provincial letter delivery. In this duty he tells us that he seldom rode less than forty miles a day. He had now been made a surveyor in place of surveyor's assistant, and his pay had



consequently doubled. He was receiving now £800 a year, including travelling expenses, but as yet had for all his literary work received no pay whatever. Fortune was at last, however, about to turn in his favour, the which his perseverance well deserved.

This may be said to conclude the first and most interesting period of Trollope's life, and that of which least was known to the world. He was now to develop new powers and to achieve success where himself and critics would have least supposed success to be possible. He had drawn his characters hitherto from life, and depicted only what he saw when penning those novels of Irish life and character which had so failed to please the public. In his forthcoming venture—those novels of clerical life which made his name so popular—he drew wholly on his imagination, knowing personally nothing of bishops, archdeacons and clergymen, or their ways of life. He evolved them, he says, as the German did the elephant, from inner consciousness, and the world took them as veritable pictures of true life. He tells us that he thought that a bishop and a bishop's life should be as he pictured Bishop Proudie and his ways. The world seems to have thought similarly, and to have regarded the work of imagination only as a recount of personal observation and experience.

Trollope's career as a novelist was henceforward without a drawback. Whatever he wrote found ready purchasers among the publishers, whom he appeared to favour in the true business manner of selling to the highest bidder. It does not seem that he had the care which Dickens showed in securing the copyrights of his writings. His custom was to sell the completed book and all title to it then and thereafter for the highest price offered. He tells us, in extenuation of such carelessness of the future, and of whatever fortune or fame might have in store for him, that he had taken the measure of his own powers. Comparing his work with that of others, he had formed the idea that his writings would not outlive the present century—should any of them even see that, to him, protracted period of existence. The seventy odd thousand

pounds, which he records as being the monetary produce of his pen, was all, therefore, that he expected would be forthcoming for it. The price obtained for each work is given in a schedule to his biography.

A business-like man was Trollope in his way, and very unliterary in character in that respect. He worked systematically, and, at certain hours of the early morning—summer and winter—when most of his readers would be sleeping. He does not appear to have waited for any afflatus or inspiration, but to have sat down to portray the fancies of his brain, as ploddingly and methodically as a tradesman would do book-keeping. He destroys, in this way, the romance of literary life, and the supposed necessity that those writing imaginative works should be allowed their own time and fitful ways for doing it. Nothing of Bohemianism, as the phrase is generally understood, appeared to distinguish Trollope, who was exact and exacting in all things, and as much so with regard to himself as others. To rise at five in the morning, summer and winter, and plod on thence for four hours writing, would be considered slavery by many, and hard labour as a part of prison discipline. We may fancy a monk of the Benedictine Order doing the like work year after year, as a penance, but such labour was voluntarily undertaken by Trollope. That he wrote for business purposes only, he makes no disguise. In sporting language he went only for the stakes, and his books were in common parlance but "pot-boilers."

His fame brought him more than once into the editorial chair. He does not appear to have been a success therein in any of his attempts at editorship, and so retired to the old work of so many hours of daily drudgery. The early morning writing—summer and winter—so persistently kept up is not to us more surprising than Trollope's ability to write when in railway trains. He did this, he tells us, on all occasions when travelling, and that was often enough in his official character as Inspector of Country Post-offices. Our efforts to do a little pencilling in railway trains have been

fearful failures, and what we did so scrawl proved nearly undecipherable. We hope that Mrs. Trollope, who had the copying of these railway scribbings of her husband, found the labour less difficult. Everything of course is to be learnt by practice, and that of writing continuously in railway trains may be of the number. How long it takes to acquire such an accomplishment is, however, not told us by Trollope. To him it may have come by practice, but to others, as to us, it looks very like a special gift.

Trollope could write seemingly anywhere and everywhere and at all hours. Nothing seems more unlikely, than that five o'clock on a cold winter's morning would tempt a man to leave a warm bed, light his lamp, and get his shivering fingers to grasp a pen to—write fiction. Yet this was what Trollope did winter after winter, and of choice only, undriven by any such dire necessity as would be supposed necessary to such labour. He wrote similarly persistently when at sea, on his two voyages to Australia. Nor sleep, nor cold, nor sea-sickness, stayed his ever-busy pen. Medical men would perhaps explain that all such is matter of habit, and that habit is second nature—that writing his own compositions was, to Trollope, a source of nervous excitement, and, consequently, a pleasure—that he acquired thereby a thirst for it, as others do for nervous excitements, produced by drinking and the smoking of strong tobaccos and opium.

It is not pleasant to find that such hardly-earned money was not always productively employed. Trollope did not learn by the experience of his own life how essential it is that our powers and abilities should be developed by necessity. Poverty alone stimulated Trollope, as he tells us, to the first exertions he made. His first two or three books brought him, as we have said, nothing, but he struggled on when and where other men would have given up the labour. He was forgetful of all this when spending such hard-earned money on the advancement of his two sons. He fell into our common blunder, wise as he might be supposed to be, of supposing that a man can be kept upon his legs when he has been set upon

them only by the help of others. If we get upon our feet unassisted we can walk and stand, but set up by others and so supported we mostly fall when such help is withdrawn. Trollope tells us of his unsuccessful attempts to so set upon their legs his two sons, and of the costliness of the efforts—and their failure. The elder one was to be, and was made, a barrister, and then a partnership with a publisher was purchased for him—all, as we are told, to no purpose—the son returning home again to await setting up in some other way. For the younger son a sheep station in Queensland was purchased, and so doing necessitated two voyages to Australia by Trollope. The first was to help keep up and the second to wind up the failing venture, by which Trollope tells us he “lost many of his hard-earned thousands.” Had Trollope’s sons been left, like himself, to discover their own powers, and been forced by necessity to do so, such sorrow to their father might not have been experienced.

Anthony Trollope was perhaps as severe a critic upon himself, as he was a severe worker of himself. What he produced with so much plodding, exacting labour, he may have mistaken in value. His poor prospect for the future of his writings may have also been caused by his having parted at once, when disposing of them, outright to the highest bidder, with all further financial interest therein. We do not generally wish to hear of others profiting by our labours, when we have ceased to have interest in such profit. Trollope trusted evidently nothing to fortune, which often plays strange freaks with our poor calculations. We are not so sure as he seemed to be that none of his writings will outlive the present century. One or more we think have fair chance of so doing, and of that number, notably his “*Dr. Thorne*.” Of the many works of his pen, Defoe probably thought but little of the favour the world would show to his *Robinson Crusoe*; and Goldsmith little dreamed of the fortune he was disposing of, when selling his “*Vicar of Wakefield*,” for that poor price of five pounds, which was all that his agent in the sale, Dr. Johnson, could obtain for the immortal work.

Trollope has added much to the world's amusement in writings so clear in style that they are among the most readable of books. The interest in his narrative is never offended by any improbabilities of plot, and the reader closes the volume when read with the satisfaction of time well spent on its perusal. In creation of characters, which is the work of genius, he has not been the equal of men of genius like Dickens, but as efforts of talent his novels are quite on a level with those of Bulwer. Trollope speculates as to

whether any of his characters are sufficiently original and individualized to come out of their covers and be known to the world, apart from their surroundings in his books. None of Bulwer's creations have had that good fortune, and of those of Thackeray the general run of the world knows but little beyond his Becky Sharpe. In our idea, however, there is much about the Dr. and Mrs. Proudie of Trollope that will likely be as well known to future generations as will be the Dr. and Mrs. Primrose of Goldsmith. J. H.

### THE LEGEND OF KING SIGURD, THE CRUSADER.

The history of the Crusades has been justly termed the romance of the Middle Ages.

Extending over a period of two centuries, the deadly warfare waged betwixt the Knights of the Cross and their Paynim foes has ever proved an attractive theme for the pen of the historian, poet, and novelist. And it is through the medium of their works, that the daring exploits of such heroes as the pious Godfrey de Bouillon, the chivalrous Tancred, and the lion-hearted Richard of England, have become so familiar to us all.

It is not, however, with any of the above mentioned worthies that we propose to deal in the present paper, but with one of lesser fame, whose doughty deeds have been chronicled by an historian\* of northern renown; and who lives in his pages by the name and designation of Sigurd the Crusader, King of Norway.

Norway had responded heartily to the war-cry of Peter the Hermit. At his bidding her fair-haired warriors eagerly assumed the cross, and, joining themselves to the army of Robert Duke of Normandy, took their share with their Norman kinsfolk in the hard fighting which characterised the first crusade.

Such of these war-worn Northmen as lived to return to their fatherland

after the conquest of Antioch and Jerusalem had many interesting incidents to relate of the holy war. Their descriptions of the city of David and its environs, together with stirring tales of grim hand-to-hand battles with the Turk, fired the hearts of the youthful chivalry of Norway. So that a desire presently arose among the more devout and warlike of the Northmen to set on foot an expedition which should have for its primary object the visitation of the Sepulchre of Our Lord, and generally war to the knife with the infidel wherever encountered.

Now the throne of Norway was at this date, 1105 A.D., filled by the three sons of Magnus the Second (Barefoot), Eystein, Sigurd, and Olaf, aged respectively, eighteen, fifteen, and five. The two elder lads were young men of promise; therefore it is not surprising that the projectors of the crusade should have regarded one or other of these royal youths as a fit and proper person to command the expedition.

Their choice fell upon Sigurd, and no time was lost in laying the whole matter before him.

That prince embraced the scheme with enthusiasm. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young fellow, with earnest dark brown eyes; and, without being exactly handsome, possessed a goodly mien and noble bearing. He

\*Snorro Sturleson, the Icelandic, author of the *Heimskringla*.

was, moreover, pious, brave and sagacious; well fitted, therefore, despite his youth, for the position he was called upon to occupy.

Animated by the activity of Sigurd, who was unremitting in his efforts to expedite the crusade, all Norway soon rang with preparations. The smith at his forge laboured night and day, fashioning harness and weapons for the men-at-arms; while in the dockyard the shipwright was busily employed in fitting out the stately galleys which were destined to carry the young King and his followers to the Holy Land.

At length all was ready, and in the autumn of 1106 A.D., the royal crusader embarked with his troops in a fleet of sixty fair ships, and setting sail with a favourable wind, steered for England. There he wintered, being honourably lodged and entertained by Henry the First, who bade his princely guest God-speed, when, in the ensuing spring, he took his leave, faring southward with all his vessels.

Sailing along the French coast the northern fleet reached a port in Galicia, where Sigurd determined to pass his second winter, the weather having suddenly become stormy and uncertain.

The lord of the country at first treated the strangers courteously. But later, having been paid in advance for contracting to provision the Northmen during their sojourn in his dominions, he basely refused to send in the necessary supplies after Christmas. And, when Sigurd remonstrated with him on his breach of faith, he had the hardihood to despatch one of his thralls to the royal youth with a scornful message, recommending the "beardless King to gather limpets off the rocks to feed himself and his sea-cocks."

The face of the young King of Norway grew red as blood on hearing those insulting words; but he answered calmly—"Go, tell your master, though there is no hair on my chin, there is weight in my arm, and that he shall presently find." Words which were shortly made good. For, marching with a body of picked men, to the castle of his insulter, Sigurd took it by storm—the Galician noble hardly saving his life by a precipitate flight—plundered

it; and returned to his ships with a great booty.

Early in spring he again put to sea, encountering off the Spanish coast a strong fleet of Moorish pirates. The Moors fiercely attacked the Christians, shouting their war-cry, *Allah illah Allah*, while engaged in hurling great stones and showers of darts and javelins into the vessels of their sworn foe. But so vigorously did Sigurd retaliate that the pirates incontinently took to flight, leaving eight of their best galleys in the hands of the victorious Northmen.

Not content, however, with the advantage he had gained over the infidel, the King of Norway landed on the coast of Portugal, took by storm a mighty fortress belonging to the Moors; and, after having secured the treasures it contained, razed it to the ground, and again put to sea.

At Lisbon, where he landed, he afterwards fought two pitched battles with the followers of the False Prophet, and in both engagements the pale crescent waned before the furious onslaught of the soldiers of the Cross led by their intrepid prince.

Flushed with success the Northmen steered their course through the Straits of Gibraltar, defeating with great slaughter a number of Moors who came out in their ships of war to give them battle.

Having put into the island of Formentera, the crusaders again fell in with the Moors, this time in a cave which they had fortified by building a high wall across the entrance, and above which frowned what they deemed to be an inaccessible precipice.

Their fancied security encouraged the islanders to insult the Christians in the grossest manner. Nor did they hesitate to blaspheme the name of the Holy Founder of their Faith.

The Northmen would have had their King leave the Moors in possession of the island, since it seemed impossible to dislodge them from the cave. But Sigurd, his eyes flashing fire, exclaimed, "Shame on you, my men. Which among you is so meanspirited as to brook the smallest reflection on his honour? How much more, then, ought you to regard the honour of the Gentle Jesus, by resenting the foul

blasphemies uttered in despite of His Holy Name? Courage, my men; the infidel is delivered into our hand."

He then unfolded his plan of attack. Dividing his followers into two parties, he instructed the first to scale the precipice so far as practicable, and create a diversion by shooting missiles into the cave, while he, at the head of the second, stormed the wall.

Victory crowned the arms of the Christians. The Moors were put to the sword, and their conquerors again setting sail visited several of the Balearic group, where they had many bloody battles with the enemy, always resulting in the overthrow of the islanders.

By-and-by we find Sigurd and his men at Sicily nobly entertained by Duke Roger, the governor of the island. This nobleman invited the King of Norway to a great feast, at which he insisted on serving him with his own hands.

Sigurd gracefully accepted the courteous attentions of his host. But on the seventh day of the feast, he rose, and taking Duke Roger by the hand, led him to the high seat, at the same time saluting him by the name of King—a title which that hospitable noble ever afterwards retained.

The following summer the royal crusader took leave of the King of Sicily, and fared to Acre with his fleet. He was the first to touch the strand, where, falling on his knees, he returned thanks to Heaven for all the mercies vouchsafed to him since leaving his fatherland. He then set forth at the head of his men on his journey to the Holy City, burning to pay his devotions at the sepulchre of Our Lord.

Now when Baldwin the First, King of Jerusalem, heard that the young King of Norway was approaching, he commanded that rich garments should be spread along the road leading to the city; and the nearer the city the costlier the garments. "For," said he, "a gallant King from the North is come to visit us, and many are the knightly deeds told of him, therefore we shall receive him well, and in doing so we shall know his magnificence and power. If he ride straight on to the city taking little notice of those splendid preparations, I shall conclude he has enough

of those things at home. But on the other hand if he rides off the road I shall not think so highly of his dignity at home."

But when Sigurd reached the place where by Baldwin's orders the highway was so richly carpeted he rode straight on, and commanded his men to do likewise. "The King of Jerusalem," he said, "is desirous of dazzling us by his magnificence; it therefore becomes us to show him that, as pilgrims, we think only of pressing forward to the Holy Sepulchre."

The princely pilgrim and his followers were met outside the city gates by Baldwin and a noble retinue of Knights. The two Kings alighted from their horses and embraced each other. Then the King of Jerusalem conducted his guests to his palace, where a splendid suite of apartments had been prepared for his use.

Sigurd abode for a long time in Jerusalem. "In company with the Patriarch, with whom he delighted to converse, he visited the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the place of the Crucifixion, the Holy Sepulchre, and all those other spots in and about the City of David sacred to the memory of the Meek Galilean." He also bathed in the Jordan, as was the custom of pilgrims in those days; and, ere he took his farewell of the Holy City, received from the Patriarch—most precious of relics—a splinter of wood, which both giver and receiver believed to be a fragment of the Cross on which Our Lord was crucified.

Before quitting Palestine, however, the Northern King marched with Baldwin against a Saracenic stronghold in Syria, which fell before their arms. But when it came to dividing the spoil, Sigurd presented his share to the King of Jerusalem. Then, having received the blessing of his friend the Patriarch, he returned to Acre, and embarking his troops, sailed to Cyprus, thence to Constantinople.

There his fame had preceded him, for the Emperor Alexius ordered the city port to be opened to admit the galleys of the Northmen, the citizens being desired to hang out cloth of gold and rich garments from the windows and roofs of their houses in honour of

the Kingly crusader. He also despatched a band of singers and musicians to meet him at the landing place, and in great state Sigurd rode into Constantinople, his horse shod with golden shoes.

Arrived at the hall prepared for his reception, he was greeted by messengers from the Emperor, who, on behalf of their master, presented him with purses of gold and silver. These he handed to his men, bidding them divide the money among them; a proceeding which greatly astonished the Greeks, who at once informed Alexius of the prodigality of the King of Norway.

"This king must be rich and powerful," remarked the Emperor, and despatched other messengers with a casket of gold which they put into the hands of the princely youth, with the words, "This gift is sent thee from the Emperor."

"My men," said Sigurd, "this is a great and handsome present, divide it among you."

On hearing how his guest had disposed of his second benefaction, Alexius exclaimed, "This king must either exceed all other kings in power and wealth, or he has not so much understanding as a king ought to have." Then, turning to one of his nobles, he desired him to present the King of Norway with the costliest raiment procurable, together with chains and bracelets of gold, and two massive rings of the same precious metal.

On receiving this mark of the Imperial favour, Sigurd put the rings on his fingers, and, standing up, made an eloquent oration in Greek, in which he thanked the Emperor for his rich gifts as well as for the honourable reception he had accorded him. He, however, distributed the ornaments and garments among his men.

The young King of Norway was in no hurry to leave Constantinople. The hero of the day, he was fêted and feasted by the luxurious courtiers of the effeminate Alexius, who vied with each other in doing him honour. Nor was the Emperor backward in ministering to the amusement of his guest. He organised games in his honour, at which all manner of music and singing

delighted the ears of the northern king.

Being wishful of returning the Emperor's hospitality, Sigurd invited Alexius, his Empress, and their courtiers to a banquet. But when the time came for preparing the feast, no wood was to be obtained in the city. Sigurd, was, however, equal to the emergency. He desired his servants to buy walnuts, which, in those days, were very costly, and use them as fuel.

This was done greatly to the astonishment of the Empress, by whose contrivance the king had been deprived of firewood—she being curious to know how he would act in so awkward a predicament. In her amazement she is said to have exclaimed, "Truly this is a princely youth, who spares no expense where his honour is concerned."

Soon after the "walnut feast," Sigurd having determined to travel overland to Norway, presented Alexius with all his galleys; and, bidding farewell to that friendly monarch, his princes and courtiers, started on his northward journey.

Passing through Hungary, Swabia, and Bavaria, in all of which provinces he was received with distinguished honours, the kingly crusader at length reached Denmark. Thence he took ship to Norway, where he was joyfully welcomed by his brothers and subjects.

It is related of him that shortly after his return from the Holy Land he was conversing with one of his earls, the subject of their conversation being his battles with the Moors. But he spoke so modestly of his own brave deeds, and so warmly of those of his men, that the earl was moved to say, that for gentleness, valour and courtesy, there was not in all Christendom the peer of his royal master, Sigurd, King of Norway.

The nobles who were present loudly applauded this speech, which was so displeasing to the King that, raising his hand for silence, he spoke the following verses :—

"White was my shield  
When I took the field,  
And red when I came home;  
The brave takes all  
That may befall—  
Fate deals out what's to come.  
My men I taught  
In the onslaught

The blow to give and fend ;  
The weal or woe  
Of every blow  
Is just what God may send."

Having thus rebuked the adulation of the courtiers, he turned on his heel and left them.

On the death of his brothers—who were both cut off in the flower of their youth—Sigurd became sole King of Norway. His marriage was a romantic one. Again and again reports had reached his court of the matchless beauty of a certain Russian Princess, who lived near the shores of the Baltic. The minstrels sang of her golden hair and deep blue eyes, of her virtue and grace, until the King of Norway could neither eat nor sleep for thinking of the royal maiden.

At length he decided to journey to her father's court and declare his

passion, a scheme which he put into immediate execution. The impassioned pleading of her princely lover quite won the heart of the Russian Princess. They were married, and soon after the nuptials Sigurd brought home his golden-haired queen to Norway amid great rejoicings.

Sad to relate, the Norwegian monarch in his latter days became subject to fits of insanity. During his intervals of reason, however, he continued to exercise his kingly functions in such a manner as to win for him the love and respect of his people. But the painful malady under which he lingered shortened his life; and Sigurd, the doughty crusader, the mirror of chivalry, the beloved of his queen and subjects, died at the comparatively early age of forty, mourned and regretted by all Norway.  
J. F.

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

### NO. IX.—SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

In the year 1871, after travelling for some months on the Warrego river and its back country up to the southern boundary of Queensland, then through the back country between the Warrego and the Paroo rivers, and the back country for a hundred miles west of the Paroo—all particulars of which I propose to refer to hereafter—I started on my way back to Victoria. I thought to reach the Darling at Nellyambo, sixty miles above Wilcannia. On reaching Weewater, with its water-spring and inactive mud-spring—a great mound like a Roman tumulus—I found that the Darling waters were out over the plains nearly as far as Weewater, or twenty miles from the river. I had thus to make my way to Wilcannia. On reaching that township, the flood waters of the Darling were found seven miles out over the plains on the coach road to Deniliquin. Under such circumstances the coach could not cross the plains. A novel mode was adopted to convey passengers

over the waters. Two horses were attached to a boat by a piece of fencing wire. The passengers were placed in the boat, and if they could have remained in it, the passage over need not have been objected to; but, besides several deep channels and very strong currents, there are some shallows, and the passengers had not merely to get out of the boat, but had to wade in the water and push the boat along. This was not a pleasant job, for if the passengers kept on their clothes and boots they had to let them dry in the coach afterwards, and if they waded with bare feet they got more thorns in the flesh than could be readily got rid of again.

Thus I resolved to go down the Darling and Murray, and through South Australia to Adelaide, and thence take a steamboat to Melbourne. A river-boat, called the "Telegraph," was about to start with a load of wool, and I arranged to go by her. On reaching the boat I was somewhat surprised to find that

from stem to stern the deck was occupied with wool bales, built up four tiers high. It required only a slight knowledge of natural science to perceive that a flat-bottomed boat, so loaded, could not be relied upon to keep the same side up if she should come into violent collision with any object. The entrance to the saloon was down a shaft left through the four tiers of wool bales. There was no ladder, but a rope to hold on by had been considerably provided. I was the only passenger; and, after consultation, it was decided that I should dine with the captain, all others on board waiting to dine afterwards. I might have felt flattered by being treated with so much distinction. When the captain and I went below to dine, however, I found the saloon crammed with bales of wool, except the space occupied by a small table and one chair. Whatever light reached the saloon came down the narrow shaft. The captain was a very quiet, good-natured fellow, and neither of us cared much for ceremony. He very politely desired me to take the chair, which I reached by forcing myself past the corner of the table. The captain instantly disappeared beneath the table and crawled on his hands and knees to the opposite end. There was no space to get round the table, and he always made his entrance and exit in the same fashion. It showed a humble disposition, for he might have scrambled over the table, without breaking or upsetting anything.

In steaming up the river, the boats can proceed by night, but, in going down, the night is spent moored to some gum-tree. Every night at sunset the "Telegraph" was brought alongside of some bank where there was dry ground, and all hands went ashore to procure firewood. Two or three large bonfires were first made, illuminating the steamer and the whole neighbourhood. Some then cut the dead wood into billets, and others carried them on board. It was an interesting sight to witness the bonfires lighting up the whole forest, the water, and the opposite bank, with the boat and its load of wool. At the first dawn of light we renewed the voyage. On some occasions we had trouble in making a

start. The necessity of taking in firewood every evening, caused the boat to be moored to the bank where there was dry ground. Such spots are to be met with only where the stream is rushing against an exposed high bend, and thus we sometimes found the boat so forced by the current against the bank, that she could not be moved away without much bother and loss of time.

Like all rivers with a slight fall, the Darling is very crooked, and often doubles back upon itself. In a high flood, and with a strong stream rushing against the exposed bend, it is not an easy matter to steer a boat round the projecting point. Our boat I considered as over-loaded. The centre of gravity was, I estimated, probably only a few inches below the level of the surface of the water, and therefore we were liable to capsize. In going round sharp points, we had every day some adventure. The style of navigation was to keep close to the point, and put the helm hard up whenever the bow got abreast of it. The result was often comical. The motion of the boat was checked by the rudder, and her stern swung round till it was caught by the strong current, and in a minute we were crushing into the overhanging gum-tree tops on the opposite side, with the bows up stream. This style of navigation may be approved of by the experienced navigators of the Darling, but I failed to perceive its scientific character. I mentioned to our commander, that in my opinion the proper mode was to keep the boat in the centre of the river in going round a bend, but to take advantage of the width of the river both above and below the bend to describe the largest possible segment of a circle. This could be done, I said, by using the helm carefully instead of violently, which checked the motion of the boat, and caused the stern to swing round till it was caught by the current sweeping round the outer bend. The Captain listened, but said nothing, either in defence of his own style of navigation or against my opinion. Sometimes when we ran amongst the gum-tree tops we had a shower of branches come down upon us. We were all day aloft on the top of the wool bales,



exposed to the sparks of the engine, and our clothes as well as the wool bales were riddled. One of the bales caught fire, but was quickly noticed, and the fire was extinguished. We took a whole week to sail from Wilcannia to Wentworth. Calling at that port, we went ashore. The misfortune of Wentworth is the flatness of the site, and its liability to be inundated should the Murray and the Darling ever be in high flood at the same time. As we sailed out of the Darling into the Murray, the latter presented a grand appearance. Fairly into the Murray we sailed on by night as well as by day. Our only stoppages were at heaps of firewood, stacked on the river's banks. On one occasion we arrived about midnight, sooner than we expected, at a wood heap, where we had of necessity to take in a supply of firewood. Just as we drew up to the bank the engineer discovered that the water in the boiler was too low. The engine being unprovided with an injector, by which the boiler could be supplied with water, when the engine was not working, we had to face the risk of a grand explosion on again starting the engine. The greatest expedition was used in taking in the firewood. The longer we remained, there was of course the greater danger of an explosion. If the water in boilers is allowed to get too low, uncovered iron plates, exposed to the fire, may become red hot. When the engine is started, water surges over the red hot iron, and is decomposed, forming oxygen and hydrogen gases. These gases escaping, and becoming ignited without and then within the boiler, are more likely to be the cause of explosions than the sudden generation of steam and consequent increase of pressure therefrom. The moment we were ready to start, there was an evident hesitation and fear amongst the men and the officers, and after we started there were congratulations at our escape. Had the boat and ourselves been blown up, the result would doubtless have been declared accidental, or in the language of the absurd and elastic bills of lading permitted to be used in the navigation of the Murray and Darling, it might have been declared an "act of God." If the god of the Murray and

Darling navigation is like that which the children of Israel owned for a brief season in the wilderness, namely, a golden calf, the declaration would be perfectly correct. The high pressure engines used in river navigation, should not be permitted to dispense with any means whatever, of throwing water into the boilers at any time it is required.

The voyage from Wentworth down the Murray is very interesting, especially on reaching the lofty limestone cliffs. The limestone belongs to the mesozoic strata, and abounds with fossils peculiar to that system. This geological formation was reached in a well, sunk about a year ago, on Sir Samuel Wilson's Urisina station, in the Albert district of New South Wales, west of the Paroo river, in latitude thirty degrees South. The well was sunk to the depth of 430 feet, when the limestone rock and a supply of water were reached, the water rising to within 100 feet of the surface. It is to be regretted that boring instead of sinking was not adopted, for then the limestone rock might have been pierced, and a supply of water secured, on the artesian principle.

The Murray cliffs are from 200 to 300 feet high. The river has undoubtedly cut its channel through the limestone rock; and there is reason to believe that in the remote past, and prior to the formation of the channel, the Murray and Darling plains were to some extent submerged by the river, and formed the bed of an extensive inland lake. When accurate levels are taken, I have no doubt that the cliffs will be found higher than the level of the Murray and Murrumbidgee plains. These limestone cliffs are very interesting. The noble river for two or three miles flows along the base of a vertical wall of rock; it then turns to the right or left through flat ground, richly grassed and openly covered with gum-trees, till the waters strike against another cliff on the opposite side, flows along it for some miles, then leaves it to cross the flat to another cliff. The flat region between the cliffs is probably about a mile wide. Was the river channel, at one period, wide as the space between the cliffs, or is the width between the cliffs to be ascribed to the action of the

from stem to stern the deck was occupied with wool bales, built up four tiers high. It required only a slight knowledge of natural science to perceive that a flat-bottomed boat, so loaded, could not be relied upon to keep the same side up if she should come into violent collision with any object. The entrance to the saloon was down a shaft left through the four tiers of wool bales. There was no ladder, but a rope to hold on by had been considerably provided. I was the only passenger; and, after consultation, it was decided that I should dine with the captain, all others on board waiting to dine afterwards. I might have felt flattered by being treated with so much distinction. When the captain and I went below to dine, however, I found the saloon crammed with bales of wool, except the space occupied by a small table and one chair. Whatever light reached the saloon came down the narrow shaft. The captain was a very quiet, good-natured fellow, and neither of us cared much for ceremony. He very politely desired me to take the chair, which I reached by forcing myself past the corner of the table. The captain instantly disappeared beneath the table and crawled on his hands and knees to the opposite end. There was no space to get round the table, and he always made his entrance and exit in the same fashion. It showed a humble disposition, for he might have scrambled over the table, without breaking or upsetting anything.

In steaming up the river, the boats can proceed by night, but, in going down, the night is spent moored to some gum-tree. Every night at sunset the "Telegraph" was brought alongside of some bank where there was dry ground, and all hands went ashore to procure firewood. Two or three large bonfires were first made, illuminating the steamer and the whole neighbourhood. Some then cut the dead wood into billets, and others carried them on board. It was an interesting sight to witness the bonfires lighting up the whole forest, the water, and the opposite bank, with the boat and its load of wool. At the first dawn of light we renewed the voyage. On some occasions we had trouble in making a

start. The necessity of taking in firewood every evening, caused the boat to be moored to the bank where there was dry ground. Such spots are to be met with only where the stream is rushing against an exposed high bend, and thus we sometimes found the boat so forced by the current against the bank, that she could not be moved away without much bother and loss of time.

Like all rivers with a slight fall, the Darling is very crooked, and often doubles back upon itself. In a high flood, and with a strong stream rushing against the exposed bend, it is not an easy matter to steer a boat round the projecting point. Our boat I considered as over-loaded. The centre of gravity was, I estimated, probably only a few inches below the level of the surface of the water, and therefore we were liable to capsize. In going round sharp points, we had every day some adventure. The style of navigation was to keep close to the point, and put the helm hard up whenever the bow got abreast of it. The result was often comical. The motion of the boat was checked by the rudder, and her stern swung round till it was caught by the strong current, and in a minute we were crushing into the overhanging gum-tree tops on the opposite side, with the bows up stream. This style of navigation may be approved of by the experienced navigators of the Darling, but I failed to perceive its scientific character. I mentioned to our commander, that in my opinion the proper mode was to keep the boat in the centre of the river in going round a bend, but to take advantage of the width of the river both above and below the bend to describe the largest possible segment of a circle. This could be done, I said, by using the helm carefully instead of violently, which checked the motion of the boat, and caused the stern to swing round till it was caught by the current sweeping round the outer bend. The Captain listened, but said nothing, either in defence of his own style of navigation or against my opinion. Sometimes when we ran amongst the gum-tree tops we had a shower of branches come down upon us. We were all day aloft on the top of the wool bales,

exposed to the sparks of the engine, and our clothes as well as the wool bales were riddled. One of the bales caught fire, but was quickly noticed, and the fire was extinguished. We took a whole week to sail from Wilcannia to Wentworth. Calling at that port, we went ashore. The misfortune of Wentworth is the flatness of the site, and its liability to be inundated should the Murray and the Darling ever be in high flood at the same time. As we sailed out of the Darling into the Murray, the latter presented a grand appearance. Fairly into the Murray we sailed on by night as well as by day. Our only stoppages were at heaps of firewood, stacked on the river's banks. On one occasion we arrived about midnight, sooner than we expected, at a wood heap, where we had of necessity to take in a supply of firewood. Just as we drew up to the bank the engineer discovered that the water in the boiler was too low. The engine being unprovided with an injector, by which the boiler could be supplied with water, when the engine was not working, we had to face the risk of a grand explosion on again starting the engine. The greatest expedition was used in taking in the firewood. The longer we remained, there was of course the greater danger of an explosion. If the water in boilers is allowed to get too low, uncovered iron plates, exposed to the fire, may become red hot. When the engine is started, water surges over the red hot iron, and is decomposed, forming oxygen and hydrogen gases. These gases escaping, and becoming ignited without and then within the boiler, are more likely to be the cause of explosions than the sudden generation of steam and consequent increase of pressure therefrom. The moment we were ready to start, there was an evident hesitation and fear amongst the men and the officers, and after we started there were congratulations at our escape. Had the boat and ourselves been blown up, the result would doubtless have been declared accidental, or in the language of the absurd and elastic bills of lading permitted to be used in the navigation of the Murray and Darling, it might have been declared an "act of God." If the god of the Murray and

Darling navigation is like that which the children of Israel owned for a brief season in the wilderness, namely, a golden calf, the declaration would be perfectly correct. The high pressure engines used in river navigation, should not be permitted to dispense with any means whatever, of throwing water into the boilers at any time it is required.

The voyage from Wentworth down the Murray is very interesting, especially on reaching the lofty limestone cliffs. The limestone belongs to the mesozoic strata, and abounds with fossils peculiar to that system. This geological formation was reached in a well, sunk about a year ago, on Sir Samuel Wilson's Urisina station, in the Albert district of New South Wales, west of the Paroo river, in latitude thirty degrees South. The well was sunk to the depth of 430 feet, when the limestone rock and a supply of water were reached, the water rising to within 100 feet of the surface. It is to be regretted that boring instead of sinking was not adopted, for then the limestone rock might have been pierced, and a supply of water secured, on the artesian principle.

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current against them throughout the long past ages? We see everywhere throughout Australia evidence that it has not been always so dry and waterless as it unfortunately is now, and taking into account the vast area which the Murray and its affluents drain, it ought to be now one of the largest rivers in the world. At one period the mountains and hills were undoubtedly higher, the rivers greater, and their currents swifter. When the mountains and hills became worn down the rainfall would be less, the river currents would become slower and be reduced in volume, and a silting up process would prevail in rivers and valleys. We see in the case of our goldfields an illustration of such changes. Old river and creek channels, long silted up, form now the deep leads of the mines.

Our whole voyage from Wilcannia was enlivened with exciting adventure and risk. As the fly in one of the odes of Anacreon, which fell into a flesh-pot, congratulating itself on the good feast and pleasant bath it had enjoyed, expressed contempt of death, these river navigators are so overjoyed by the big loads and heavy freights they obtain as to take little thought for the safety of their boats or themselves. Above Blanchetown we were sailing along a reach a quarter of a mile wide, a sloping bank on one side, and on the opposite a beautiful vertical cliff, overhung with trees and shrubs. We had just sat down to dinner, when the boat struck something with tremendous force. The captain, as usual, but with greater speed, dived under the table and climbed up the shaft in the wool bales, and I followed. We found that the boat had struck against a huge trunk of a gum-tree, lying at the edge of the water. The engine was stopped, and, for a short time, nothing was done to resume the voyage; meanwhile the boat was drifting with her bows up stream, and, in this position, she got near to the base of the cliff. An attempt was made to turn her to starboard, but the stronger current flowing along the cliff caught her stern and swung her round again. We had to back away from the cliff, and let the strong current catch her starboard bow, when she swung round and went on her way.

There was no satisfactory excuse offered for the boat getting into such a position, which was entirely out of her course by, at least, two hundred yards, and the subject was not dwelt upon. The explanation, probably, was that when the captain went to dinner, the man at the wheel did the same thing.

We soon arrived at Blanchetown, where, as previously arranged, I landed for the purpose of taking the coach to Kapunda. Blanchetown occupies a beautiful site, elevated five or six hundred feet above the level of the Murray, and, from it, a long slope facing the morning sun leads down to the water's edge. There are not many inhabitants in the town; but, judging from the substantial public buildings, it seems to be regarded as likely to become of some importance. From its elevated position a good view is obtained of the river below, and as it extends southward towards Lake Alexandrina. The manners of the people in Blanchetown are somewhat different from those of the townships on the Darling. To use the language of Job in his description of the war-horse—peace is not broken by the “thundering of the captains (of rowdism) and the shouting.”

Next morning I started by coach for Kapunda. For several miles the track is through an open forest, with some clumps of mallee scrub. The latter, however, is out of its latitude; the soil is too good for it, and the scattered clumps were being cleared off and the soil cultivated. When clear of the timber, the drive was over a beautiful and remarkably level or rather undulating country, all the way to Kapunda. I had often wondered why agriculture made such early progress in South Australia; but on seeing and examining the soil the cause is explained. The soil is chiefly composed of disintegrated limestone rock, with a mixture of soil formed from stratified rocks. It is a light soil, easily worked, but unsuited to exhaustive farming. Deep ploughing, especially by steam power, would prolong its fertility for a time, and would be of great advantage in securing the retention of moisture to a later period in summer. With the exception of the Barrabool Hills, near Geelong, Victoria

possesses no soil like that of South Australia; and if it were possible to enrich rather than impoverish the soil of South Australia, that colony could easily be always first in agriculture.

Cattle in the grass paddocks, as seen from the top of the coach, appeared in the distance as a peculiar breed, with four horns. Wire fences are much used by the small farmers, and cattle in the grass paddocks are kept out of the adjoining wheat-fields by forked sticks fixed on their heads. These are like a Y, and are called "spelts." With such on their heads, cattle cannot even reach through between the wires. Amongst a fine field of wheat by the roadside, we saw four neatly-dressed females with white sun-bonnets, apparently engaged in weeding, and supposed to be a German mother with her three daughters. It is unusual to see, in Australia, females engaged in such work; and probably they did more harm than good. All the country about Kapunda I should describe as beautiful, open, almost treeless, grassy downs. Unfortunately there was little opportunity or time to see much of the town or neighbourhood, as the train for Adelaide started shortly after the arrival of the coach. It seemed a large and thriving town, with fine public and private buildings, and an excellent railway station.

Between Kapunda and Adelaide, the country passed over before nightfall possessed the same beautiful appearance, reminding one of the aptness of a sailor's remark after travelling a long way inland from Adelaide, "Your country reminds me much of England, but your fields are larger and your houses further from each other." It was pastoral fields, however, of from thirty-two to sixty-four thousand acres, and station homesteads twenty to forty miles from each other, that the sailor alluded to.

On arrival at Adelaide, I found that a steamer had just sailed for Melbourne. Thus during several days, I had an opportunity of seeing many of the lions of that city and neighbourhood. I had for five months been travelling through forest and scrub, over wide tracts of New South Wales up to the Queensland boundary; and I presented

something of that appearance which makes snobs of the grand type and quality turn up their noses, or which induces a pure merino squatter to turn his back upon a cross-bred. In Adelaide, however, I had the kindest attention and hospitality extended to me, by many to whom I was a stranger. The first officer of the corporation put himself to considerable trouble, showing me much kind attention; drove me out to see the fine reservoir, from which the city obtains its supply of water; took me to see a manufactory where sheep-skins were most beautifully dressed, and dyed in brilliant colours; and showed me over some of the public buildings. A member of the Upper House, and others, invited me to their private residences, and Sir George Verdon, who was at the time in Adelaide, did me a special favour. A bush-worn traveller might visit some Australian towns and cities without receiving any kindness, but amongst South Australian people it seems quite natural to be kind and considerate.

In the very early days of Port Phillip I had heard an opinion expressed that South Australians were superior to some other Australians, and during my stay in Adelaide I kept my eyes open, with the object of proving whether any grounds for this opinion existed. Since the period referred to I have had considerable intercourse with South Australians settled in New South Wales, and the result of my observations is that there is a marked difference in the bearing, but especially in the language used by South Australians. This is noticeable amongst gentlemen, but more so amongst working men. If, say, some man with more money than brains, or the author of (say) "Blasphemy without Religion," were to offer a prize for impure, rough language—swearing and so forth—the working men in the remote pastoral districts of New South Wales would undoubtedly gain it, but they would be closely pressed by Victorians; whilst South Australians, I have no hesitation in saying, would be, in racing language, nowhere.

The antediluvians are supposed to have sworn and blasphemed in Gaelic. If the modern roughs would follow their example, or invent a swearing

cipher, manners in the remote Australian bush, in the public rooms of hotels, and in even political circles, would be less disgusting, and less corrupt and degrading. Noah himself, who lived in the most degraded age of the world, never could have heard such language as Australian blackguards constantly use; the origin of which may be easily traced backwards to the curse of peopling a new and beautiful region of the earth with convicts and their progeny.

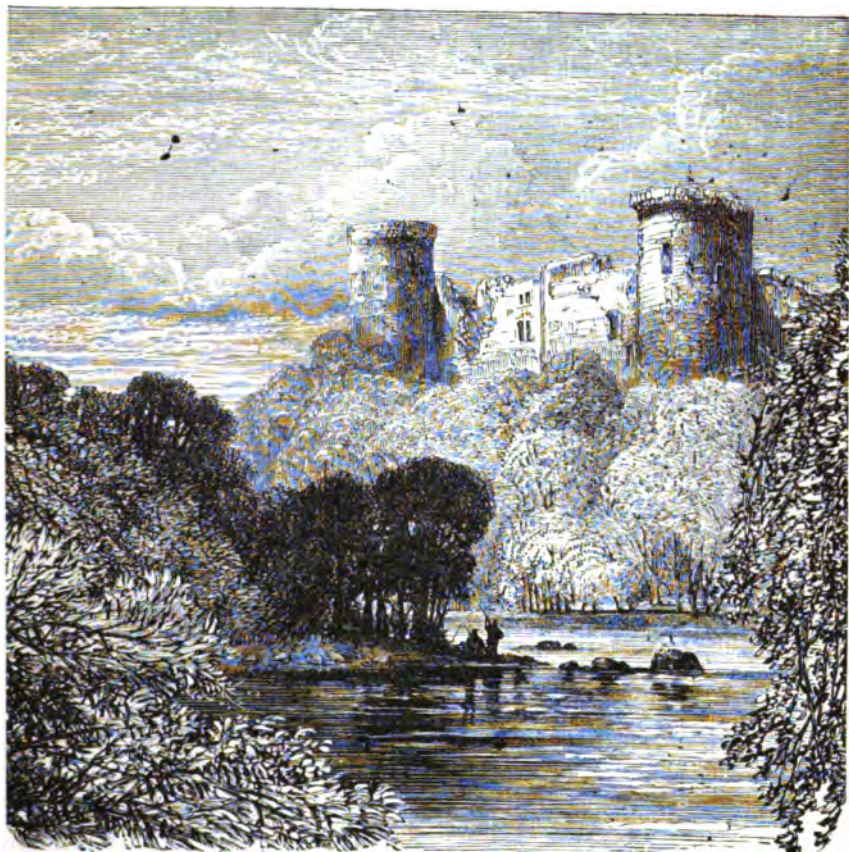
South Australia must always deserve high renown for the public spirit manifested in undertaking such a task as the construction of a telegraph line across the Australian continent, to be followed by an overland railway. It is to be regretted, however, that the latter great work has not been undertaken conjointly by all the colonies. Had there been united action, the task would have been earlier completed; a route might have been selected through good country all the way, and every colony would have been better served whilst the initial burden would not have rested upon one colony. The time is fast approaching—it may be said to have already arrived—when a railway from Port Darwin to all the colonies must be constructed. From that port a trunk line should extend to a point about long. 145, lat. 28. A branch line would thence extend east to Brisbane, another northeasterly to Rockhampton. The trunk line then should be continued to Bourke. From Bourke, the line now in construction would form the branch to Sydney. From the same junction there would be another branch southwest, by Wilcannia and Silverton, to Adelaide, whilst a branch would extend south by Cobar, Hilston, Hay, and Deniliquin, to Melbourne. Such a line, when constructed, would bring all Australia nearer to India and England, and nothing would give a greater impetus to settlement and prosperity throughout the vast unoccupied areas in the north and north-west regions of the continent. Mildly expressed it is a very sad misfortune that all the colonies are spending their energies and funds, *not* with the object of serving the

general interests of a united Australia.

I was much pleased with what I saw in passing through South Australia, and if I had possessed more time to look about me in Adelaide, or been better prepared to enjoy the hospitality of many kind people there, I feel that I should have come away with only a greater liking for the city and its beautiful surroundings, and admiration of the quiet and well-conducted inhabitants.

I cannot conclude this notice of South Australia without referring to the justice and wisdom which has been displayed in that colony in the mode of settling people on the land, in contradistinction to the mode which has for long prevailed in some other colonies. In South Australia, when land is required for agricultural settlement, certain areas are withdrawn from pastoral occupation, and declared open for settlement. Thus a number of families are settled in proximity to each other, schools and churches are established, and the blessings of civilisation are enjoyed by all. In Victoria and New South Wales all sorts of people have been permitted to settle wherever they liked; and thus there are selectors scattered over the whole territory of both colonies; some in wild regions where they may with more safety steal horses and cattle, others where they cultivate the ground, but are out of the reach of a market for their produce. Hundreds of such families can get no education for their children, and have no churches within reach, and are lapsing into a condition very little better than the aboriginal heathen savages. I have often in my wanderings come upon isolated dwellings, the children belonging to which were as wild as rabbits, and ran from their homes to hide in the forest on my appearing in the distance. There is every reason to believe that without education, religion, and kindly social intercourse, the whole race of man would in one or two generations become degraded howling savages. South Australia has guarded against such a result; the other two colonies have done their best to produce it.

W. L. M.



BOTHWELL CASTLE.

## THE ESCAPE OF BOTHWELL.

On a bright afternoon in early spring I was leaving Shetland, where I had spent the greater part of a year, including, of course, the previous winter. The steamer, which then plied between Leith and Lerwick only during the summer months, was expected to arrive on her first trip for the season on Sunday morning. The North Isles packet, a small half-decked sloop, had been ready to sail for Lerwick on the Tuesday, and had lain at anchor waiting for a wind, opposite our house, for three days. I and several others, bound for Lerwick, had held ourselves

ready to go on board at a moment's notice, but the weather had continued provokingly calm. Not a breath stirred the frosty air, or ruffled the surface of Yell Sound, whose tidal current ran alternately north and south, like a sheet of glass in everything but its swift motion. On the afternoon of Friday a slight breeze came from the northward, and we hurried on board, expecting to be in Lerwick for supper. But before we had cleared the Sound the light wind died away, and our little vessel drifted like a log on the current, which bore us to the south-



ward, and prevented our return. All night long we were the sport of the tide, which carried us hither and thither as it pleased to take us; now nearly ashore on Whalsey, then out among the Skerries, and anon obliged to anchor to keep us off Lunna Holm till the tide turned. The packet had no steerage way on her, for a more complete calm could not be conceived. We had on board the four men belonging to the sloop, one of whom acted as skipper, and as passengers two gentlemen, three ladies, a little girl three years old, and myself. Expecting to arrive so soon at Lerwick, the men had hurried on board without any victuals, and had even forgot to bring their coffee. Fortunately, two of the ladies had brought some biscuits, and their uncle a bottle of spirits, while the father of the third lady had his great-coat pockets replenished with oat-cakes and cheese. So after all we were not so badly off for the time, only we did not know when or where we might be able to get ashore. You cannot land anywhere and everywhere on the Shetland coasts; and in our helpless condition, we could not choose our landing-place.

When night had come fairly on us, we disposed ourselves as best we might. In the sort of fore-castle under the half-deck, were four bunks, three of which were placed at the disposal of the ladies and the child. The youngest of the crew, a lad of seventeen, not nearly so robust as the others, had been made to turn in for his first sleep in the fourth. Of course, every one "turned in all standing." I lay down in the hold or undecked part of the sloop, in which there was scarcely any cargo, on the round stones wedged in for ballast, with my head on a meal bag for a pillow. After two hours' sleep, I awoke with my ribs rather uneasy; and on going forward found young Jamie Williamson meeting me to offer a spell in his bunk, which I was nowise unwilling to accept. On the port side of the sloop I observed an apparently interminable streak of foam, straight as an arrow, floating on the swift current, and asked Jamie what this might be. "The scaum fro' the Voddors," was the answer.

Fortunately we had passed clear of these same Voddors. They are two sunken rocks like two steeples, standing close to each other in deep water, rising high enough to be dangerous at low tide. Some years before my visit, when smuggling was even more common, and much more extensive, a Dutch lugger, laden with gin and tobacco, and other contraband goods, was chased by the revenue-cutter then stationed at Lerwick. The Dutchman was better acquainted with the navigation than his English pursuer. He steered for the North Isles, whither he was bound at any rate. The cutter was the faster sailer, and was about to come up with him, keeping of course, a little to windward. It was low tide. The Dutchman steered right under the lee of the Voddors. The Englishman went slap on to the rocks, damaged his bows, and sent his topmast overboard; while Mynheer put about ship, shot on the other tack into the nearest "voe," ran his cargo, and went off in triumph. A similar trick, as we shall see by-and-by, had long before assisted the "Escape of Bothwell;" and the knowledge of this had in all probability furnished a saving hint to the cunning Dutchman.

To return to my own story. In the grey of the early morning, I looked out to see if there was any prospect of a change of weather. All was as calm as ever. I heard two of the men—two brothers, Johnnie and Magnus Ingster—joking and quietly laughing over their bad luck, which, half in jest, half in earnest, I believe, they were laying to my account. Entering into the spirit of the thing, I threw off coat and vest, tied a red silk handkerchief round my waist, and with a red woollen night-cap on my head, stepped out and hailed them. "Another hand come aboard," said I, "Jonah's gone!" I ran aft and laid my hand on the tiller. "Stand by foresail and jib!" "Ay, sir!" they answered, laughing. I jammed down the helm, laid hold of the main-sheet, swung the boom over my head, and sung out "Helm's a-lee!" They shifted the jib and foresail—and, unfortunately, as if to confirm the superstition—which I meant to counteract by becoming, for the time, a sailor—almost on the



instant a breeze sprang up. It freshened every minute, and soon sent us careering into Lerwick.

Everyone was soon astir, and rejoicing at the change. It was plain sailing there, and I clad myself and kept the helm till we were about to enter the North Mouth—the northern entrance to Bressay Sound, which forms the harbour of Lerwick. I was about to resign my post, when the skipper said with a smile, “Now tak’ care an’ no run down the Unicorn.” “Here, Hercules,” I replied, “you’ll better take the helm yourself now—you know the Unicorn, and I don’t. Let me see where he is when we pass him.”

“What has all this to do,” some one may be thinking, with the “Escape of Bothwell?” Well, the Unicorn, whose acquaintance I then made, had most decidedly to do with it. Indeed, thereby hangs the entire tale.

JAMES HEPBURN, Earl of Bothwell, afterwards Duke of Orkney and husband of Mary Queen of Scots, belonged to a family of great distinction, which for some generations had acted a remarkable part in the history of Scotland. Several of its members aspired to the hands of queens. His father, it is supposed, divorced his mother, Agnes Sinclair, with the view of forming such an alliance; and has left under his own hand a declaration that Mary of Guise, widow of James V. and mother of Queen Mary, had “promest faithfullie, be hir hand writ, at twa sindre tymis, to tak the said Erle in mariage.” But long before this, the great-great-grandfather and the great-grandfather of “the said Erle,” when only Lords of Hales, had entertained similar aspirations and met with similar disappointments: the former having sought to marry Jane Beaufort, the widow of James I., and the latter having courted Mary of Gueldres, the widow of James II. James Hepburn gained what his progenitors missed, but the prosecution and fulfilment of his design consummated his ruin. He has left behind him a reputation about the blackest recorded in the annals of his own or any other country, and has involved in its odium that of his royal wife: at the same time closing and bury-

ing in disgrace the history of his family.

“’Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.”

Perhaps it is now impossible to ascertain the perfect truth as to the history of the period. The life and character of Mary Queen of Scots, especially in regard to her connection with Bothwell, may be said, after all that has been done, to be still *sub judice*. We find such contradictions, even in matters-of-fact, in the statements of men of probity and repute, that we are almost reduced to despair of certainty; the more so that we find such men under influences totally unsuspected by themselves. Of these we find examples in such men as Buchanan and Knox—both at one in the main—both on the same side in politics and religion. Yet the former, born and bred in the Lennox, under the feudal superiority of Darnley’s father, rather favours that worthless creature, and cannot say enough evil of Bothwell; while the latter, born and bred in the country dominated by the Hepburns, treats Bothwell with almost exceptional gentleness. Modern historians have not removed the difficulties, and have laboured under influences and prejudices of their own; and sometimes the most dogmatic and pretentious among them so astound us by their ignorance in obvious matters where we can trace them, that we cannot trust them in greater, where we have no means of putting them to the proof.\*

When Queen Mary surrendered to the Lords of the Congregation at Carberry Hill, Bothwell withdrew to his castle of Dunbar. Every day made matters worse for him, till, ten days afterwards, he was outlawed by proclamation at the Cross of Edinburgh,

\*For instance, Mr. Froude has a great deal to say about an “Abbot of St. Cross,” a personage that Scotland never heard of. Mr. F. had been drawing from French sources, and found him there; not suspecting that in that language *Sainte Croix* meant *Holyrood*. In like fashion, elsewhere in his history, he has transmogrified the Irish chieftain, *Somhairle Buaidhe*, or Yellow-haired Samuel, into *Surly-boy*! Is this Mr. F.’s joke? Such a “translation” reminds us of Bottom the Weaver. A writer who makes so much out of little things should take care to be accurate about them.

and a reward of a thousand crowns was offered for his apprehension. Next day he left the castle, and sailed to the north with two ships. He first visited his granduncle, Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Moray, at Spynie Castle, in the neighbourhood of Elgin. Thence he sailed for the northern islands, constituting the Dukedom of Orkney, to which he had been elevated previous to his marriage with the Queen. Doubtless he expected to find in this principality of his, which he might consider too remote and even too alien to share in the feelings of the Scots, the refuge and assistance which he required. In Orkney proper he was disappointed. His bailiff, Gilbert Balfour, who is asserted to have been implicated in the murder of Darnley, now, like many others, thought it best to turn with the tide; and held the Duke's own castle of Kirkwall against him, so that he was obliged to leave in two days. He sailed for Shetland, and was more fortunate there. The bailiff was Olaf Sinclair, a relative of his mother. The feudal due of an ox and a sheep from every parish was given him, and enabled him to subsist his men and victual his ships. Here he secured two additional vessels, hired under contract from their owners. His intentions had not developed themselves; but he was suspected, and actually charged with piracy; though probably such piracy as the Spaniards charged on Drake and other adventurers. However, this was not the reason why he was pursued. It was resolved to bring him back to Edinburgh alive or dead. Four vessels, provided with cannon, having on board four hundred arquebusiers, commanded by Kirkcaldy of Grange, and Murray

of Tullibardine, were dispatched from Dundee in pursuit. When they entered Bressay Sound, they found Bothwell's ships lying at anchor. Part of their crews were ashore, and Bothwell was living in the house of Olaf Sinclair. Those on board cut their cables, and made for the North Mouth. Kirkcaldy, in his ship the *Unicorn*, gave chase, and rapidly approached the hindmost of Bothwell's fleet. Its steersman, acquainted with the ground, just scraped over a sunken rock; and Kirkcaldy ran the *Unicorn* on it with such fury, that she went to pieces at once. Those on board were with great difficulty saved by the other ships, and the pursuit was at an end. Bothwell's vessels escaped; and the rock still bears the name of the *Unicorn*.

Meanwhile he had made his way to the Island of Unst, where his ships had been appointed to rendezvous. He determined to leave Shetland, but his pursuers came up with him, and a fight took place, which, after several hours, was terminated by a gale, that drove him with two of his ships out to sea. Kirkcaldy and his companions were obliged to return, and to report that he had escaped.

Arrived on the coast of Norway, he was overhauled by a Danish ship of war, and, having no "papers," was carried with his vessels into Bergen. There he was recognised by some Scottish merchants, and the result was that he was detained as a sort of state prisoner. He was consigned to the Castle of Malmoe; and afterwards immured in the state prison of Drags-holm; where he died, ten years after his first imprisonment.

L.

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### SLEEP.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!  
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
 Where Fortune smiles! the wretched he forsakes;  
 Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

— Young

## MARY MARSTON,\*

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## UNGENEROUS BENEVOLENCE.

\* As the time went on, and Letty saw nothing more of Tom, she began to revive a little, and feel as if she were growing safe again. The tide of temptation was ebbing away; there would be no more deceit; never again would she place herself in circumstances whence might arise any necessity for concealment. She began, much too soon, alas! to feel as if she were new-born: nothing worthy of being called a new birth can take place anywhere but in the will, and poor Letty's will was not yet old enough to give birth to anything; it scarcely indeed existed. The past was rapidly receding, that was all, and had begun to look dead, and as if it wanted only to be buried out of her sight. For what is done is done, in small faults as well as in murders; and as nothing can recall it, or make it not be, where can be the good in thinking about it?—a reasoning worse than dangerous, before one has left off being capable of the same thing over again. Still, in the mere absence of renewed offence, it is well that some shadow of peace should return: else how should men remember the face of innocence? or how should they live long enough to learn to repent? But for such breaks, would not some grow worse at full gallop?

That the idea of Tom's friendship was very pleasant to her, who can blame her? He had never said he loved her; he had only said she was lovely: was she therefore bound to persuade herself he meant nothing at all? Was it not as much as could be required of her, that, in her modesty, she took him for no more than a true, kind friend, who would gladly be of service to her? Ah! if Tom had but

been that! If he was not, he did not know it, which is something to say both for and against him. It could not be other than pleasant to Letty to have one, in her eyes so superior, who would talk to her as an equal. It was not that ever she resented being taught; but she did get tired of lessons only, beautiful as they were. A kiss from Mrs. Wardour, or a little teasing from Cousin Godfrey, would have done far more than all his intellectual labour upon her, to lift her feet above such snares as she was now walking amidst. She needed some play—a thing far more important to life than a great deal of what is called business and acquirement. Many a matter over which grown people look important, long-faced and consequential, is folly compared with the merest child's frolic, in relation to the true affairs of existence.

All the time, Letty had not in the least neglected her house-duties; and again her readings with her Cousin Godfrey, since Tom's apparent recession, had begun to revive in interest. He grew kinder and kinder to her, more and more fatherly.

But the mother, once disquieted, had lost no time in taking measures. In every direction, secretly, through friends, she was inquiring after some situation suitable for Letty: she owed it to herself, she said, to find for the girl the right thing, before sending her from the house. In the true spirit of benevolent tyranny, she said not a word to Letty of her design. She had the chronic distemper of concealment, where Letty had but a feverish attack. Much false surmise

might have been corrected, and much evil avoided, had she put it in Letty's power to show how gladly she would leave Thornwick. In the meantime the old lady kept her lynx-eye upon the young people.

But Godfrey, having caught a certain expression in the said eye, came to the resolution that thenceforth their school-room should be the common sitting-room. This would aid him in carrying out his resolve of a cautious and staid demeanour towards his pupil. To preserve his freedom, he must keep himself thoroughly in hand. Experience had taught him that, were he once to give way and show his affection, there would from that moment be an end of teaching and learning. And yet so much was he drawn to the girl, that, at this very time, he gave her the manuscript of his own verses to which I have referred—a volume exquisitely written, and containing, certainly, the outcome of the best that was in him: he did not tell her that he had copied them all with such care and neatness, and had the book so lovelily bound, expressly and only for her eyes.

News of something that seemed likely to suit her ideas for Letty at length came to Mrs. Wardour's ears, whereupon she thought it time to prepare the girl for the impending change. One day, therefore, as she herself sat knitting one sock for Godfrey, and Letty darning another, she opened the matter.

"I am getting old, Letty," she said, "and you can't be here always. You are a thoughtless creature, but I suppose you have the sense to see that?"

"Yes, indeed, aunt," answered Letty.

"It is high time you should be thinking," Mrs. Wardour went on, "how you are to earn your bread. If you left it till I was gone, you would find it very awkward, for you would have to leave Thornwick at once, and I don't know who would take you while you were looking out. I must see you comfortably settled before I go."

"Yes, aunt."

"There are not many things you could do."

"No, aunt; very few. But I should make a better housemaid than most—I do believe that."

"I am glad to find you willing to work; but we shall be able, I trust, to do a little better for you than that. A situation as housemaid would reflect little credit on my pains for you—would hardly correspond to the education you have had."

Mrs. Wardour referred to the fact that Letty was for about a year a day-boarder at a ladies' school in Test-bridge, where no immortal soul, save that of a genius, which can provide its own sauce, could have taken the least interest in the chaff and chopped straw that composed the provender.

"It is true," her aunt went on, "you might have made a good deal more of it, if you had cared to do your best; but such as you are, I trust we will find you a very tolerable situation as governess."

At the word, Letty's heart ran half-way up her throat. A more dreadful proposal she could not have imagined. She felt, and was, utterly insufficient for—indeed incapable of such an office. She felt she knew nothing: how was she to teach anything? Her heart seemed to grow grey within her. By nature, from lack of variety of experience, yet more from daily repression of her natural joyousness, she was exceptionally apprehensive where anything was required of her. What she understood she encountered willingly and bravely; but the simplest thing that seemed to involve any element of obscurity, she dreaded like a dragon in his den.

"You don't seem to relish the proposal, Letty," said Mrs. Wardour. "I hope you had not taken it in your head that I meant to leave you independent. What I have done for you, I have done purely for your father's sake. I was under no obligation to take the least trouble about you. But I have more regard to your welfare than I fear you give me credit for."

"Oh, aunt; it's only that I'm not fit for being a governess. I shouldn't a bit mind being dairymaid or housemaid. I would go to such a place to-morrow if you liked."

"Letty, your tastes may be vulgar, but you owe it to your family to look at least like a lady."

"But I am not scholar enough for a governess, aunt."

"That is not my fault. I sent you to a good school. Now, I will find you a good situation, and you must contrive to keep it."

"Oh, aunt! let me stay here—just as I am. Call me your dairymaid, or your housemaid. It is all one—I do the work now."

"Do you mean to reflect on me that I have required menial offices of you? I have been to you in the place of a mother; and it is for me, not for you, to make choice of your path in life."

"Do you want me to go at once?" asked Letty, her heart sinking again, and her voice trembling with a pathos her aunt quite misunderstood.

"As soon as I have secured for you a desirable situation—not before," answered Mrs. Wardour, in a tone generously protective.

Her affection for the girl had never been deep; and the moment she fancied she and her son were drawing towards each other, she became to her the thawed adder: she wished the adder well, but was she bound to harbour it after it had begun to bite? There are those who never learn to see anything except in its relation to themselves, nor that relation except as fancied by themselves; and this being a withering habit of mind, they keep growing dryer, and older, and smaller, and deader, the longer they live—thinking less of other people, and more of themselves and their past experience, all the time as they go on withering.

But Mrs. Wardour was in some dread of what her son would say when he came to know what she had been doing; for when we are not at ease with ourselves, when conscience keeps moving, as if about to speak, then we dread the disapproval of the lowliest, and Godfrey was the only one before whom his mother felt any kind of awe. Towards him, therefore, she kept silence for the present. If she had spoken then,

things might have gone very differently; it might have brought Godfrey to the point of righteous resolve, or of passionate utterance. He could not well have opposed his mother's design without going farther, and declaring that, if Letty would, she should remain where she was, the mistress of the house. If not the feeling of what was due to her, the dread of the house without her might well have brought him to this.

Letty, for her part, believed her Cousin Godfrey regarded her with pity, and showed her kindness from a generous sense of duty; she was a poor dull creature for whom her cousin must do what he could: one word of genuine love from him—one word even of such love as was in him, would have caused her nature to shoot heavenward, and spread out earthward, with a rapidity that would have astonished him: she would thereby have come into her spiritual property at once, and heaven would have opened to her—a little way at least—probably to close again for a time. Now she felt crushed. The idea of undertaking that for which she knew herself so ill-fitted, was not merely odious, but frightful to her. She was ready enough to work, but it must be real, not sham work. She must see and consult Mary! This was quite another affair from Tom! She would take the first opportunity. In the meantime there was nothing to be done or said; and with a heavy heart she held her peace—only longed for her own room, that she might have a cry. To her comfort the clock struck ten, and all that now lay between her and that refuge was the usual round of the house with Mrs. Wardour, to see all safe for the night. That done, they parted, and Letty went slowly and sadly up the stair. It was a dark prospect before her. At best she had to leave the only home she remembered, and go among strangers.

*(To be continued.)*

#### DIFFICULTIES.

The wise and active conquer difficulties  
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make the impossibility they fear.

—Rowe.

## THE ESSAYIST.

## WORDS.

Curious ideas come to one at times. At any moment a thought we have not before entertained may take up its abode in some corner of the mind. Once there, soon its influence spreads through the mazy labyrinths of our meditative and reflective being, until at length it finds expression in words. And these words collectively may form a charming essay, a beautiful poem, a thrilling story, or a stirring speech.

Words are the tools by which the poet, the prose-writer, and the orator give visible shape to their beauteous fancies and their glowing thoughts. Yet few, perhaps, have been struck with the frequent suggestiveness of a single word. Those who have not will find it an interesting employment for a leisure hour, just to glance at one or two common every-day words; and some of the shortest ones will be found most effective and interesting.

For instance, what a world of meaning we discover in the little word *IF*! One *if* might have altered the whole circumstances of our lives; and as one thinks of it, visions of what might have been pass before our regretful eyes. We see a coveted dream of youth dispersed—a grand purpose faded—a bright light grown dark—and the exclamation "*If I had only known!*" escapes from our lips. "*If I had only tried such and such means!*" The words fall on our ears, and lo! a deep-seated sorrow is revealed. A bereaved mother answers our sympathising glance with its repetition—"Oh, *if I only had!*"

But *IF* does not always raise sad regrets. At the sound of the little word a precipitous descent appears in memory's sight, a man walking close to the brink; *if* he takes another step he will be lost! Not only is the bank steep as a wall, but a large lime-kiln is below; *if* he falls he will be burned to a cinder! He draws back, and is saved. Even in the gathering darkness a hand unseen has guided him. In after years, he has shuddered with horror at the thought, that *if* he had taken one more step he would

have met a cruel death; and he cries, "Thank God, I did not!" and draws a long breath of relief at the recollection that he escaped.

I hear one say "Away," and the word calls up many sights and sounds. The thoughts travel far at its suggestions. Visions of childhood's rosy hours, so long ago, when we gathered flowers in the wildwood, draw our consciousness backward; and we journey again through the labyrinths of youth's wondrous bowers, and obtain many glimpses of our life in other years. We may tread the sacred precincts of Holyrood, or climb Arthur's Seat, or we may traverse the corridors of London Tower, or walk the streets of Rome. We repeat "away," and our thoughts rise beyond the everlasting hills, and look into the blue expanse of the upper deep, till our souls long to pass above the firmament; away and away in search of—*what?* That which will, and which alone can, satisfy the cravings of our now unsatisfied immortality. Satisfaction brings peace and *rest*. Volumes might be written on this short word of four letters. It sounds like the echo of a hymn; but

"The strains are not to measure wrought  
By the cunning of the mind;  
They seem like hymns by angels brought  
From heaven, and left behind."

On the other hand, *rest* is suggestive of toil; if there were no toil, no rest would be needful. The word carries our thoughts to those who "go forth to their labour, from the morning till the evening." We think of all toilers on land and sea. Then come other thoughts of the ocean, in unceasing movement, perpetual *unrest*; and our hearts offer up a prayer for those "who go down to the sea in ships." Another thought lingers, and looks far down into the coral caves and forests underneath the sea, where the relics of many a loved one rest, waiting the sound of the trumpet. The mind returns from below the wave, to contemplate another phase of *rest*. The old man sleeps in his chair, resting after the toils of years. His life's

day has drawn to eventide, and he waits for the closing hour. Before to-morrow's sun his rest will be complete, for he will have entered into *the* "rest that remaineth."

*For ever, never*, are words suggested by that last thought. They whisper

unutterable things; and we are fain to draw the reins of our imagination, lest it adventure too far into the realms of the unseen.

E. H.

## THE OBSERVER.

### MANUFACTURING ANTIQUITIES.

A reporter, stopping before one of the large furniture stores, was admiring an ancient Dutch cabinet which formed a part of its attractive window dressing, when a friend approached and asked if he was studying up on "modern antiquities?" The gentleman is a prominent designer of fine furniture and a connoisseur in that line. He is also of a jovial disposition, and somewhat inclined to amuse himself and others at the expense of those of his profession whose artistic tastes are subservient to their love of the almighty dollar.

"That's a very fine specimen of Dutch cabinet work," said the designer, in reply to the reporter's expressions of admiration, "but whether it is genuine or not is another question. It may have graced the library of some wealthy burgher in the time of William of Orange, and it may have been turned out at one of the West Side furniture factories last week."

"But," objected the reporter, "look at these bronze panels, dingy and marked by age and long usage, the rich colour of the wood, and these cracks deviating from the joints."

"Yes, I see them; they may be the natural results of age and long usage, as you say; but more probably those evidences of the ravages of time were produced last week by a clever mechanic, who is on terms of intimacy with the old gentleman and his scythe."

"How is it possible for them to imitate such things so cleverly?"

"To show you that it is done, and that manufacturers of antiquities do a

thriving business—thanks to the credulity of people who affect a passion for old chairs and bedsteads, and who have the money to gratify it—I'll tell you a little experience of mine in New York city a year or two ago. The manufacture of antiquities is carried on much more largely there than here, and imitations of Queen Anne chairs, and cabinets with historical associations, are so perfect as to defy detection, except by persons who have visited private and public museums in the old country for the purpose of studying the originals, which, in the case of many famous pieces of furniture, can be found nowhere else. Well, one day, I think it was on Fourteenth street near Broadway, I was attracted by some quaint designs in chairs, displayed in the windows of an old-fashioned-looking furniture store, which, in spite of its secluded appearance, bore an unmistakably prosperous air. I was particularly attracted to some very fine specimens of English Gothic chamber pieces, which bore every evidence of having served the requirements of several generations some time during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries. Then there were types of the purest Renaissance, and quaint old Chippendale and Sheraton chairs, which were so venerable in appearance that they seemed almost to say, 'Look at us; we're none of your modern trash. We were on intimate terms with the Virgin Queen, and Sir Walter Raleigh often sat on us when he was learning to smoke.' But the most interesting specimen of all was a stamped leather chair of the time of Louis XIII., plentifully ornamented with brass nails,

whose heads were fully an inch in diameter."

"You say these specimens had every appearance of being from one to three or four hundred years old?"

"So they had. They might have been called perfect imitations."

"Then how did you discover them to be manufactured antiquities?"

"That's the point to my story. While I was admiring this collection of antiquities in front, my curiosity was excited by certain muffled sounds, which seemed to issue from somewhere in the rear of the premises, and which bore a very remarkable resemblance to the firing of a shot-gun. Following a narrow, dark alley back nearly half a block, I came to a yard where seasoned lumber was piled, and noticed through an open window of a sort of shop in the rear of the store, workmen engaged in fashioning by hand out of the rough material chairs and cabinets which seemed designed for duplicates of those I had seen in front."

"But what part can a shot-gun play in a cabinet shop?"

"That's what puzzled me, but I soon found out when one of the workmen turned a Queen Anne chair, manufactured that morning, bottom side up, loaded up an old shot-gun, and stepping off three or four yards, fired a charge of pigeon shot into the bottom and front of the seat."

"What on earth was that for?"

"Worm-holes."

"Worm-holes?"

"Yes; old pieces of furniture which have lain away for years in the lumber rooms of some old castle or mansion are usually more or less worm-eaten."

The reporter no longer marvelled at the fidelity with which the ordinary effects of age were represented when worm-holes could be so accurately counterfeited.

"Old armour is the richest field for the modern antiquarian," continued the designer. "In the armoury of the Grand Opera House, Paris, is the largest collection in the world. Admission is easily gained, and any one who desires can make drawings of anything in the line of weapons or armour which strikes his fancy. There is hardly a weapon of any kind, or a helmet, shield, casque, breast-plate, or suit of mail known since the Christian era which is not there represented. In Birmingham immense quantities of armour are manufactured from these models, and sold as genuine to credulous pork-packers or oil speculators, who, having made a fortune, must needs have, to establish the fact that they are of gentle birth, heir-looms in armour worn by their ancestors in memorable medieval conflicts. Germany, too, adds her quota to this kind of commerce, having the best of models near at hand."—*Chicago News.*

### SHE SMILED.

Within a private box she sat, a vision bright and fair—  
It seemed to me I never saw a beauty half so rare,  
Rich jewels glittered at her throat, and in her laughing eyes  
There glistened vagrant little gems from summer's cloudless skies.  
The comedy was on, and all the people round me laughed  
At quip or jest; but my glad soul a draught of nectar quaffed  
So deep and so ecstatic that I minded not the play—  
The vision in the private box drove grosser thoughts away.

Then, as I gazed, methought her eyes—twin orbs of light—met mine—  
They sent me beams of precious gleams, half human, half divine,  
And in my heart there softly rose a music sweet and low,  
That into happy lays of love changed all my songs of woe.  
Then suddenly a merry smile chased dimples o'er her face—  
She bowed, and, as she bent her head, I felt her matchless grace;  
Strange hopes arose within me—then I saw, Oh, misery!  
That she had recognised the man who sat in front of me!

—*Washington Paper.*



## THE HUMOURIST.

## A PRETTY ACCURATE DEFINITION.

The blacksmith of the small but historical town of Glamis (pron. *Glawms*) in the last generation, was the general referee of the townsfolk in matters of intellectual difficulty. "John," exclaimed one of them, rushing into the smithy one morning with a newspaper in his hand, "what's *metapheesics*?" John rested his hammer on the anvil, and looking keenly into his questioner's face, replied, "When a chield says a thing 'at ye dinna understand, an' ye've a gay rough guess he disna understand it *himself*, that's *metapheesics*."

## MUCH SAFER.

When Leti, the historian, was one day attending the *levee* of Charles the Second, the King said to him, "Leti, I hear that you are writing the History of the Court of England." "Sir, I have for some time been preparing materials for such a history." "Take care that your work gives no offence," said the Prince. Leti replied: "Sir, I will do what I can; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarcely be able to avoid giving offence." "Why, then," rejoined the King, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories."

## STAMMERING WIT.

Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly *cold* it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land*."

## SUBSTANTIAL MOONSHINE.

Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to a rumoured appointment to a new judge-ship, said the thing was all moonshine. Lyndhurst replied, "May be so, my Lord Harry; but I have a strong notion, that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

## ANOTHER NAME FOR IT.

Jean Paul Richter, the distinguished author, was halted once at the gate of a small town in Germany, and was asked to give an account of himself. "What is your name?" asked the gate-keeper. "Richter." "What trade do you follow?" "I am an author." "An author! What's that?" "That means I make books." "Oh yes, I understand. What new-fangled names they have for everything nowadays! Here, we call a man who makes books a *bookbinder*."

## QUITE CORRECT.

Lalande, the French astronomer, when the Revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the heavenly bodies; and when he found, at the end, that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow-ruffians, he gratefully remarked, "I may thank my stars for it."

## DIFFERING FROM HIS FATHER.

In an argument with an irascible and not very learned man, Sydney Smith was victor, whereupon the defeated said, "If I had a son who was an idiot, I'd make a parson of him." Mr. Smith calmly replied, "Your father was of a different opinion."

## AN UNDESIGNED CONCLUSION.

"There's one thing about me," said young Fastboy, "that is always on time." "I know," said his friend, "your clothes." And Fastboy said that wasn't just what he was going to say. But it was true, nevertheless.

## AT THE ACADEMY.

*Mrs. Tallowick* (wife of eminent dry-salter) — "What's that big picture, James?" *Husband* — "Flight into Egypt." (Lady looks wonderingly.) "Hincident in the war of the Soudan, my dear, no doubt."

## NOT A BAD DEFINITION.

Monsignor Capel speaks of newspaper reporters acting in the capacity of "interviewers" as "intellectual mosquitos."

## SAVING COUNSEL.

Old Schon Randolphus once did said dot when he looked himself on der philosopher's shtone he saw somethings dot was writed on letters of gold, dis langwages, "Pay me oud as you vhent along." Now, der man vot vill only keep der abofe maxims on his befor-head have conquered three-thirds of der miseries of dis life. He don'd would been slandered by his wash lady's bill, his boarding-house vomans would always look so smilin' like a pail full of chibs, and his dailer and bootcher would love him as dhey do dheir only forgotten son. Keeb dot maxims und valk on der open shreet out. Dhere would been no necessidy of building alleys nor back shreets—efery alley would been a public shreet, und at nite times you could shleeb as dranquildly as a shmall cat kidden, und you nefer got some nitehorses, too. But "pay you out as you vhent along."

## A HAPPY CHANGE.

"Are you as happy now as you were before you married?" asked Mrs. Yeast of young Mrs. Crimsonbeak. "Yes, indeed," replied the lady, "and a great deal happier." "That is strange," suggested the philanthropist's wife. "Not at all strange," came from the young married woman. "You see before I was married I used to spend half my time worrying about what dress I should wear when Daniel called." "But don't you try just as hard to look well when your husband returns home at night?" interrupted Mrs. Yeast. "Well, you see," went on the bride of two summers, "I don't worry any about it now, as I have only one dress to my name."

## FOLLOWING AN EXAMPLE.

A young lawyer was delivering his maiden speech. Like most young speakers, he was florid, rhetorical, scattering, and verbose. For four weary hours he talked at the court and jury, until everybody felt like lynching him. When he got through his opponent arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said, "M'lud, I will follow the example of my learned friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."

## UNNECESSARY INFORMATION.

Sir Fletcher Norton, whose want of courtesy was notorious, happened, while pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, to say, "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have *two little manors*." "We all know it, Sir Fletcher," interposed the Judge, with one of his blandest smiles.

## BEYOND HIS POWERS.

At some country-house when a dramatic piece founded on *Ivanhoe* was to be acted, Lord Alvanley was requested to play the part of *Isaac of York*. He declined, saying, "I never could do a Jew in all my life!"

## AN ANGRY RESOLUTION.

A man who was about to have his only daughter married, quarrelled with his intended son-in-law. In his passion he exclaimed, "No, sir! if I had a hundred only daughters you should not have one of them."

## CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

A Scotch Judge of the last century visited a dentist, and was duly placed in the patients' chair. Being requested by the operator to allow him to put his finger in his mouth, the Judge, with a distrustful look, exclaimed, "Na, you'll bite me!"

## VALUE OF AN OATH.

A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian." "Will you wager?" "No, I won't wager, but I am ready to swear to it."

## THE CONVERSE PROBLEM.

"Did you ever think what you would do, if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?" Village Pastor—"No, but I have sometimes wondered what the Duke would do, if he had mine."

## RATHER INCONSEQUENTIAL.

Charles Lamb writes, "I have seen in Islington churchyard an epitaph to an infant who died at four months, with this seasonable inscription appended, "Honourthy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

## MONTHLY NOTES.

## SCIENCE.

At present luminous paint is very limited in its use, and is employed almost entirely in connection with match-boxes and candlesticks. It only indicates where light can be got. Presently it will supersede several modes of illumination. First, maybe, it will be used in the rims of doors and lines of passages, so that we may find our way about a house by night without candle or gas. Then ceilings will be luminous and every room sufficiently lighted on the darkest night to be traversed without difficulty. Large interiors, such as those of churches, will thus be dimly lit. In time the outsides of all buildings in towns will be painted, in whole or in part, with luminous paint, so that when the sun sets, a coruscating city, having no shadows, will rise like an exhalation, and there will be no need in its streets of lamps, gas or electric light. Thus thoroughfares will be illuminated, with the exception of those underground, or in comparatively sunless climes and periods, for the paint we are thinking of must be exposed to some light by day in order that it may shine by night, and there might be a needless expenditure of energy in making it shine by exposure to the rays of artificial light. Railway carriages, however, could be made to glow softly within and without, and most especially road vehicles. These could be made visible on dark country roads, without carriage-lamps or moon, and gate-posts might be made to shine like mild pillars of fire. The use of luminous paint, moreover, will be invaluable in the case of ships, buoys and harbours. Collisions will be rendered as unlikely by night as by day, and channels will become distinctly visible. As we reflect, the uses to which this paint will be put multiply themselves incalculably, when once it can be produced at a moderate cost.—*Leisure Hour*.

In suspected potable water for persons who cannot command chemical analysis, the following tests are recommended as being generally available and reliable:—

*Colour*.—Fill a bottle made of colourless glass with the water; look through the water at some black object; the water should appear perfectly colourless and free from suspended matter. A muddy, or turbid appearance, indicates the presence of soluble organic matter, or of soluble matter in suspension. It should be "clear as crystal."

*Odour*.—Empty out some of the water, leaving the bottle half full; cork up the bottle and place it for a few hours in a warm place; shake up the water, remove the cork and critically smell the air contained in the bottle. If it has any smell, and especially if the odour is in the least repulsive, the water should be rejected for domestic use. By heating the water to boiling, an odour is evolved, sometimes that otherwise does not appear.

*Taste*.—Water fresh from the well is usually tasteless, even though it may contain a large amount of putrescible organic matter. Water for domestic use should be perfectly tasteless, and remain so even after it has been warmed, since warming often develops a taste in water which is tasteless when cold. If the water, at any time, has a repulsive or even disagreeable taste, it should be rejected.

*Heisch's Test for Sewage Contamination*.—Fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in the water a teaspoonful of the purest sugar-loaf, or granulated sugar will answer—cork the bottle and place it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four to forty-eight hours the water becomes cloudy or muddy, it is unfit for domestic use. If it remains perfectly clear, it is probably safe to use.

## ART.

## SYDNEY.

The sixth exhibition of the Art Society of New South Wales was opened in the Sydney Town Hall on the 28th ult., and has been a decided advance upon any of its predecessors. The exhibits numbered 304; and although we missed a few works of special excellence, such as gave unusual *éclat* to the last two exhibitions, the general average of both oil paintings and water-colour drawings was of a considerably higher art calibre. This may in some degree be accounted for by the fact that the trustees of the National Art Gallery of New South Wales intimated last year that they would purchase from the next exhibition of the Art Society an oil painting and a water-colour

drawing for the National collection, at handsome prices, in the event of any being sent in that they thought worthy of that honour. At the moment of our going to press, however, the decisions of the trustees, if any had been arrived at, had not transpired.

The President, Mr. Edward Combes, being in Europe on a lengthened visit, nothing from his skilful brush was upon the walls. and Mr. John C. Hoyte, the Vice-President, was less brilliantly represented than has often been the case. He exhibited, however, thirteen works, all more or less artistic, of which we may particularise the "Wangarei Heads, Auckland, N.Z., a splendid piece of mountain work and sea-scape. Mr. J. W. Sayer, the hon.

secretary, sent but six works, all of them however, very choice, especially "A Bye-path on the Kurrajong," which contain some of the most careful and delicate tree drawing in the exhibition, and the bright soft woodland colour of which was extremely charming. Still more chary was Mr. W. C. Piguénit, the hon. treasurer, who sent only four paintings. But then his "Australian Mangrove—Ebb Tide," deservedly occupied the place of honour on the line, as a work admirably equal in feeling, composition, colouring, and brush-work; while his "Valley of the Upper Murray," was a view of singular beauty, that reminded us greatly of Mr. Wake Cook in the method of handling.

Mr. Julian R. Ashton exhibited a variety of works, both in oils and water-colours, which showed him to be one of the most versatile artists in the colonies. "Young Australia," a hoydenish milkmaid crossing the meadow, was slightly marred by one or two barely discernible defects of drawing, but was none the less artistic in idea and treatment. His portrait of Mr. D. C. MacArthur was exceedingly fine, and his landscapes, both in oils and water-colours, had all their well-known picturesqueness, with a good deal of the French school about them. Still more French and very artistic was some of Mr. Daplyn's work. Mr. G. R. Ashton had several light figure sketches of exceeding power, but his *pièce de résistance* was a charge of Highlanders in the Soudan, in which his dash and vigour of drawing were fully manifested. Nothing that Mr. G. Ferrarini has yet done will surpass, even if it equal, his "Storm—Manly Beach," the deep blue breakers, lashed into foam, against a leaden grey of sky, and fog, and rain, being drawn with splendid spirit. Mr. John Ford Paterson had also some fine work, notably his large, bold, semi-tropical representation of "Fernshaw." Mr. J. Mather was as pleasant, sunny and truthful as usual, and Mr. P. Fletcher Watson exhibited no less than 16 works. These last were noteworthy as being almost exclusively outdoor work. Many of them were done most rapidly—in two or three hours—as lessons to a sketching class of which he is the head; and all of them showed—as did also more thoroughly the highly finished "Troop-ships passing the Gap, March 3rd, 1885"—that the artist has seized the spirit of Australian landscape as thoroughly as he had formerly done that of England.

The early date at which it has been necessary to complete the literary work for this issue, in consequence of the Easter holidays, precludes us from giving the exhibition a longer notice this month. Possibly we may return to the subject again.

Miss Bell, a lady artist well known to Melbourne, has been residing in Sydney for some time past, and is engaged in painting, on commission, the portrait of Sir James Martin, the Chief Justice. Miss Bell has contributed, on loan, to the National Art Gallery there several of her works, which evince a high degree of proficiency in her profession. One of them is called "Grandmother's Birdie," and represents an old lady, with a child upon her knee,

who is looking at a "picture Bible," and turning round to ask some question. The figure of the little grand-daughter is not entirely satisfactory, but that of the old lady is particularly happy. A fine half figure is that of "The Burgomaster," an imposing-looking man, with whitening beard, clad in a sable robe and velvet bonnet, and holding a parchment. The modelling and expression of the face are extremely fine. Two excellent studies, in much the same old Flemish style, are an aged peasant woman, with hands folded, in a devotional attitude, and a brigand-looking fellow, in a brown fur hat and scarlet wrapper. The set is completed by a much smaller work, somewhat after the manner of Ostade, representing a homely interior, that forms an excellent illustration of old-world peasant life. We understand that Miss Bell has lived a good deal in Munich—a fact that may readily account for the influence that her paintings show of the works of Gerard Douw and others of the same school, in which it will be remembered the old *Pinacothek* is particularly rich.

The Sydney Art Gallery has also been temporarily enriched by the sojourn, for a short time, of four fine pieces of statuary by Summers, which have been purchased by a wealthy patron of the fine arts. They are "Susannah" (no doubt surprised by the elders); "Deborah" (singing her song of triumph); "Cupid" (in a nautilus shell drawn by doves); and "One, two, three" (an almost naked boy teaching a dog to beg). The mingled modesty and scorn upon the face of the more than semi-nude, voluptuous Susannah, and the delicate and finely-chiselled form of Deborah, are in the highest style of plastic art—classic, in a sense, yet thoroughly unconventional, while the Cupid has all the dainty grace of the late French school, and the young dog-fancier is an excellent specimen of modern quasi-realism. We could wish to have seen these striking works added permanently to the National collection of New South Wales.

D. L.

#### MELBOURNE.

The *Vita* Studio shows some very successful "Art-Photos," in which the grouping is well-managed. At the same place Mr. Curtis exhibits some work which, though Australian in its subject, has yet much that carries the gazer back to England; the grey, slightly cloudy sky, and the softened look of the whole scene remind one more of the old country than the blue sky and great brightness usually noticeable in an Australian scene; it is more from the admirably-delineated gum-trees than anything else that one realizes where it is laid. It is a charming subject, most picturesquely treated, and the public will welcome the somewhat different style he has adopted in this, one of his most recent works. The other water-colour drawing is equally good, and shows a bush homestead, with a horse and some poultry feeding on the rough, sparsely-covered ground; the scene is full of quiet happiness and repose, and the treatment quite worthy of Mr. Curtis' known reputation. Some clever black and white work and some oil-paintings are sent in by the same artist.

Some interesting exhibits are now to be seen at Mr. Stephens' art gallery in Elizabeth-street; amongst them may be named a set of proofs before letters of Mrs. Butler's "Roll-call," "Balaclava," "Inkerman," "Quatre-Bras," and of "Rorke's Drift," by De Neuville. Some fine photogravures are also to be seen there.

The news that silver medals (the highest prize) have been awarded at the Queensland Exhibition to the works sent in by Mr. and Miss Reilly will be gladly received, as they are both very popular in the artistic circles of Melbourne. Some paintings have been forwarded by them for the forthcoming Academy Exhibition, those by Miss Reilly consisting of groups of Queensland flowers, which will doubtless prove very attractive.

Speaking of medals reminds one that *all* those exhibits at the Jubilee Exhibition which were awarded such distinctions, have not in every case received them. The pen and ink drawing of the cover of the English *Punch*, mentioned before in these columns, is an example of the difficulty in obtaining them. Though awarded a silver medal, it was not given at the ceremony for so doing, because, through some negligence of those in charge of the Fine Art Court, it had been omitted to be named in the catalogue, but the promise of both Mr. Knipe and the secretary was given to the owner that the award should be sent in a few days. That promise was made in the end of January, and the medal has not yet been received!

Mr. Himes, of Collins-street east, is now showing several very good water-colour drawings, amongst which are some of Coleman Bros., of Rome, to which a special interest attaches, as they are the first works those artists have as yet sent out to Melbourne. The other drawings are by Weedon, Max Ludby, and similar well-known names, and repay examination.

A small pamphlet upon "Decorative Art in Victoria" has been handed me for perusal. It is from the firm of Messrs. C. S. Patterson Bros., of Collins-street East, and contains some interesting information upon the rise and progress of art in that particular form. The pamphlet is well got up, with good type, and the pleasant colours chosen for the toned paper make the reading very agreeable to the eyes. The little essay will doubtless help to extend the already good reputation of the Messrs. Patterson as skilful art decorators.

Madame Mouchette's studio is always worth visiting, as steady work is evidently done in it. A good feature in this lady's system of teaching is her plan of taking her pupils out for a sketching expedition every Thursday, should the weather be suitable. Some clever work is to be seen upon the various easels, and a large work to represent tapestry is in progress, but as Madame Mouchette's annual exhibition will come off in about three months' time, it may be as well to leave any description of what is done until then. The being allowed to attempt the imitation in painting of tapestry must be gratifying to the students at this studio, as it is a proof of their having made

very decided improvement in the art they are following.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE VICTORIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The fifteenth annual exhibition of the Victorian Academy of Arts opened on the 28th of last month, and showed some 145 oil-paintings and water colour drawings. A detailed account of the exhibits will be given in next month's notes, as only a cursory mention can this time be made of some amongst them. The water-colour drawings evince, altogether, the best work: Mr. Thallon's view of the coast scenery at Flinders being admirable. The colouring is very fine and the treatment broad; this grand style of subject seems to suit this artist, for he compels all who look at it to feel that it is true to nature, whilst those who are *familiar* with the bold scenery will probably choose it as one of the favourites in the exhibition. 133 shows what excellent work Mr. Mather can produce, when he is so inclined and resolved to do his best. 86 and 138, by Miss Pickering, both evince a good eye for colour, and Mrs. Ford and Mr. J. Carter send fruit and flower studies that cannot fail to please. Mrs. George Parsons has numerous exhibits, two of which in particular are much more pleasing than some of her previous ones and will be more fully mentioned in our next notes.

In oils, Mr. R. Dowling's three works, of course, carry off the palm, and form the principal attraction, but as they have been before described in the columns of *Once a Month*, we will pass on to other exhibits.

Mr. Chester Earles (President of the Academy) sends a somewhat ungainly representation of St. John the Baptist, and a portrait, neither of which come up to works previously shown by this gentleman.

Mr. E. G. Lewis comes in for the usual hard lines at the hands of some of the critics, to which he must be fully accustomed by this time, as no matter *what* he shows, he invariably experiences the same treatment. *One* criticism, however, should rather be termed contemptuous abuse than anything else, and shows more ill-temper than dignity or well-expressed art-knowledge. Mr. Lewis' works will be again alluded to in our next issue, but they in *no wise* come up to his usual standard. No. 33 is good in drawing, composition and colour, and yet the old saying, "variety is charming," recurs to the mind of the visitor, and causes a wish that the artist would more frequently act upon it. Mr. F. B. Gibbes, as usual, forwards numerous exhibits which are, in most instances, very pleasing.

In closing this hasty survey of the Academy's Exhibition, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that, with the exception of some of the water-colours, it is the worst yet held by that society. It is always more agreeable to write pleasant than unfavourable notices, but the truth must be told, although it may be worded *courteously*, not *rudely*, and so as to hurt the feelings of those whose works are mentioned.

Many paintings are admitted for which obscurity, not publicity, would have been wiser: and artists, from whom the community has a

right to expect really good work, forward exhibits that are both disappointing to the visitor and injurious to their own reputation. Mr. E. G. Lewis' "Young Artist," for instance, that in the early stages promised so much of good, is scarcely recognisable as coming from that gentleman's studio, and his other exhibit is equally mortifying to those who know, and justly admire, his usual great artistic skill. Several well-known names are conspicuous by their absence, such as those of E. W. Cooke, H. J. Johnstone, H. Hainsslin, and A. J. Daplyn, whilst Mme. Mouchette's floral exhibits would be welcome additions.

Those interested in the Academy, and who have so bravely fought an up-hill battle for its welfare, would do more for its permanent success if they would seek the assistance and advice of such artists as Mr. R. Dowling, Senhor Loureiro, Mr. H. Hainsslin, and Mr. J. Patterson; the whole management wants re-forming, and names, such as those just mentioned, would give the public that confidence and interest in the Academy's Exhibitions which, we regret to say, the one now on view has gone a great way to lessen.

E. A. C.

## LITERATURE.

Literary gossips say that Mr. Morris, the author of "The Epic of Hades," is a descendant of the Boleyns, and is thus in some sort allied to Queen Elizabeth.

Messrs. Appleton and Co., of New York, have just published a novel entitled "The Money Makers." It is described as a remarkable picture of American Social and Political life, and is designed largely as an answer to the novel entitled the "Bread Winners," which recently excited much discussion. The name of the author is concealed.

As an illustration of the popularity and value of the well-known American monthly, *The Century*, it is stated that the first edition of the February number was 180,000 copies, and that a second edition of 20,000 copies was printed during the month.

"Types of Ethical Theory" is the title of a new volume by the well-known eminent and venerable Unitarian minister, and Principal of Manchester New College, Dr. James Martineau.

It is stated that Mrs. Aitkin, Carlyle's niece, dissatisfied with Mr. Froude's treatment of her uncle, has undertaken to write another life of the Sage of Chelsea.

The London *Literary World* notices that a collection of letters by the late Bishop Colenso, ranging from 1830 to the middle of his University career, has been found in the possession of a Staffordshire bookseller. They will be used in compiling the memoir now in preparation.

It is announced that it is proposed to publish the letters of the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, together with a brief memoir.

It is stated that Mr. Swinburne is collecting for re-publication his scattered essays. The work will be published shortly, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of London.

The New York correspondent of the *Transcript* says there has been during this season a marked falling off in the sale of illustrated holiday books. The call is for standard books, like Hawthorne's "Life of his Father," Froude's "Carlyle," rather than for centre-table books.

Readers who are interested in the story of war will find in the February number of the *Century* an account of the great battle of

Shiloh, written by General Grant, the commander of the Federal army; and in the same number the Confederate side of the story of Shiloh is told by Col. Johnston and Col. Jordan, of General Beauregard's staff. Both papers are profusely illustrated.

It is stated that the publication of the private correspondence of Tourgenieff has made, in Russia, a sensation somewhat like that made in England by Mr. Froude's revelations about Carlyle.

The eighteenth volume of the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has just been issued. There are over 550 articles in all, from "Ornithology" onwards. The American publishers state that there are 40,000 subscribers to this valuable work in the United States.

The new theological monthly, published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, under the title of *The Monthly Interpreter*, has reached its fifth number. Many of the articles are on topics of great importance and present-day interest. The contributors are, with hardly an exception, well-known ministers of different denominations, and include Drs. James Morison, A. B. Bruce, A. R. Reynolds, and E. A. Plumptre. Christian ministers will find *The Interpreter* helpful. The brief notices of Foreign Periodical Literature are interesting.

Under the title of "Every Day Life and Every Day Morals," Messrs. Roberts Brothers of New York, recently published a small volume of Sunday evening lectures by the Rev. G. L. Chaney, of Atalanta. The lectures are on the morals of art, literature, industry, business, the stage, the press and the pulpit. The lectures are plain and forcible. An American reviewer says, better "instruction in righteousness" in these common matters it would be difficult to find.

The Boston *Literary World* of January 10th contains an article of nearly four pages, defending Margaret Fuller from the aspersions flung upon her memory by the publication of words of Hawthorne in the biography by his son.

The Rev. J. M. Ludlow, D.D., has, with great labour, produced a novel and ingenious

historical chart in the shape of a fan, with historical data arranged in concentric circles. The seventeen leaves of the fan-shaped and so called "Concentric" Chart carry the historical data, and furnish sufficient space for bringing them together in a convenient form for reference, and in right historical relation as to the past causes and future results. "Ludlow's Concentric of History" is published by Fink and Wagnall, of New York and London.

In the Ambrosian Library at Milan, Giuseppe Ottino was recently fortunate enough to find the bill for the making of a *missale* in 1402. The parchment, the writing, the miniatures, the silver nails, gold-plated and enamelled, ink figures, several smaller gold-plated silver nails, a gold-plated silver clasp, sky-blue satin and binding, together cost, according to present value, 923.84 *lire*, the miniatures alone costing 401.85 *lire*. The *missale* is now no longer extant, but is called *pulcherrimum et elegantissimum* in the bill.

It may interest many of our readers to know that East India publishes 230 periodicals in the different native languages, and these publications circulate in about 150,000 copies. The first journal of this kind appeared in 1808, and was entirely of a religious character. Politics were not discussed in any of the periodicals until 1850.

The American *Baptist Quarterly Review* for January is rich in its variety of instructive and interesting articles. There are two which will be regarded as of special value and importance by ministers, namely, Professor A. C. Kendrick's "Exposition of Romans v. 12," and Professor J. M. Stiffler's article, on "The Relation of the Gospels and the Pentateuch."

The *Scottish Review* is not so well or widely known in Australia as it should be. It is edited with great care and taste, and its articles are the work of able and thoughtful men. The January number contains a great variety of excellent reading and some curious information. The article on "The correspondence of Sir Robert Moray with Sir Alexander Bruce, second Earl of Kincardine, 1657-1660," well deserves careful reading.

Among many books announced as nearly ready for publication at the latest date may be named, the narrative of "The Greely Relief Expedition," by its commander, Captain Schley, and Professor J. R. Soley. The volume is to be copiously illustrated from the series of photographs made by the expedition, which are declared, by competent authorities to be the finest Arctic scenes ever thus produced. The work will be published not only in America but in England, by Messrs Sampson Low and Co., of London.

Mr. Austin Dobson recently completed for the Clarendon Press a volume of selections from the Essays of Steele, including papers from the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, etc. The volume includes a memoir of the essayist, and voluminous notes, which will greatly enhance its value to readers of this age.

The lectures on "The Genius and Character of Emerson," delivered at the Concord School of Philosophy last summer, have just been published in a small volume, edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn. The lectures were delivered by

the former associates and friends, or avowed disciples, of Mr. Emerson, and are therefore sympathetic descriptions in tone. A reviewer in the New York *Christian Union* of January 22, writes, "The value of the book lies in the numerous aspects of Emerson which it presents, and to our mind it is more valuable because these aspects are seen through friendly eyes. Sympathy is, after all, the *open-sesame* to the secret of a man's genius and life."

The publication of the long expected "Life of George Eliot," by her husband, Mr. Cross, has created wide-spread interest. The volumes have been reviewed at great length in many magazines and newspapers in Great Britain and America. Readers who have little time or opportunity for the perusal of the volumes will find a capital notice in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The writer, Mr. John Morley, condenses into a few pages a large amount of information respecting the life and writings of this extra-gifted lady.

The recently organised American Historical Association, proposes to publish, in the form of serial monographs, original contributions to history. From the monographs, which will be pagged consecutively, volumes will be made up. The first three issues will comprise a report of the organisation and proceedings of the Association; an address on studies in general history and the history of civilization; and, federal land grants for education in the North West Territory. Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons, of New York and London, have been appointed the publishers.

The February number of the *North American Review*, contains a full and delightful review of the "Life of Emerson," by Dr. Holmes. The writer is Mr. George Bancroft. Emerson, Holmes, and Bancroft, form a very notable triumvirate. There are many who may lack time or opportunity to read the volume; to all such, the excellent review will, in a great degree, supply the information they desire.

The *Andover Review*, the youngest of the American monthlies, has entered upon the new year with unabated vigour and interest. In the January number there are several valuable articles by well-known and able writers. There are two articles of special excellence, one by Professor Tucker, on "The Contemporary Pulpit in its Influence upon Theology," and the other on "The Puritans and their Psalm Tunes."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of London, announce a new volume by Mr. Alfred Austin, entitled "'At the Gate of the Convent,' and other Poems."

It is announced that Dr. Grosart proposes to print the Lismore Papers, consisting of the autobiography, remembrances, diaries and papers of Sir Richard Boyle, the first and "great" Earl of Cork, from the original MSS. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The papers will be published in four volumes. Only 100 copies will be printed, and the price of a complete set will be 11 guineas.

Among interesting books of travel recently published, special mention may be made of Mrs. Carey Hobson's "Life in the Transvaal," two very instructive volumes, crowded with

stirring incidents, and "Three Months in the Soudan," by Mrs. E. Sartorius, whose husband, Major-General Sartorius, served along with General V. Baker during the earlier campaign against Osman Digna. Both works will be found worthy of careful reading. Mrs. Sartorius gives a full account of the battle of El Teb, and a large amount of information respecting the Soudan. Both ladies write clearly, and are well entitled to warm thanks for their valuable volumes.

The February number of the *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* has a fine biographical sketch of the popular American writer, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a brief notice of his principal writings. Referring to the poetical works of Dr. Holmes, the writer says:—"The distinction between his poetry and that of the new makers of society-verse is that his is a survival, theirs the attempted revival, of something that has gone before. After giving his leisure for many years to poetry, while engaged in medical practice and instruction, at the age of forty-eight years, Dr. Holmes began a new career, and came out as a writer of prose, and put forth the most striking serial that ever established the prestige of a new magazine." The allusion is to the "Autocrat of the breakfast table," which, as most readers will remember, first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The value of the sketch is increased by a fine portrait of Dr. Holmes.

As a proof of the time and labour needful to the production of valuable historical works, the following facts are worthy of being recorded. The eminent American historian, Mr.

George Bancroft, began collecting material for his great history of the United States at twenty-three, and at eighty-four he is just finishing it. Mr. Richard Hildreth did not publish his first volume till twenty years after beginning the work. Mr. John Lothrop Motley spent several years in his researches before issuing his "Dutch Republic."

Among several new and interesting books just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., of London, the volume by Mr. Joseph Thomson, the African traveller, deserves special mention; the title is "Through Masai Land." The book contains a profoundly interesting account of the author's adventures among the snow-clad volcanic mountains and strange tribes of eastern equatorial Africa. It may be noticed that Mr. Thomson was the leader of an expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society to Mount Kenia and Lake Victoria Nyanza in 1883-84. Few volumes of travel are more worthy of attention, or more likely to interest a large circle of readers.

Two new exegetical commentaries on the Old Testament are announced to be published shortly. Professor Davidson, of Edinburgh, one of the greatest Hebrew scholars of the day, has long been engaged in writing a commentary on the Prophecies of Ezekiel, and Professor W. G. Elmslie, of the English Presbyterian College, has devoted much time and labour to the Prophecies of Isaiah. Both volumes will be a valuable addition to biblical literature, and will be gladly welcomed by ministers and others who prize exegetical works.

T.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The opening this month of the Aquarium at the Melbourne Exhibition Buildings has proved a great success, and is a constant source of interest and amusement.

A still further improvement is to be made of forming a winter garden, in which the Aquarium will be included, and by this means the various tanks will be shown off to much greater advantage than they are at present.

Upon entering the Aquarium, a tank containing numerous fine gold and silver carp (*Cyprinus auratus*) arrests the attention. These fish came originally from China, and live to a great age; some at Charlottenberg, near Berlin, attaining 200 years, and specimens have been known to weigh as many pounds. The carp brought to England for sale were taken out of Portuguese rivers, and the first brought to Victoria are said to have been the property of Mr. G. Coppin.

The sea-elephant comes next, and is comfortably settled in a large enclosure measuring somewhere about thirty yards; the caves and rocky path are well managed, and the occupant seems perfectly happy and contented in its watery home, which it shares with a musk-duck (*Biziura Lobata*), to whom it appears to have turned for companionship since its mate died a short time ago. The name often given to it of "sea-lion" is incorrect; a pair of the

latter it is hoped will soon arrive from San Francisco, and a good deal of difference will then be observed between them and the present inhabitants of the tank. The head of this curious creature resembles in form that of a bulldog, but the first thing in it to attract the attention of the visitor is the beauty of the eyes; they are immensely large, soft and dark, with the almost pathetic look of wistful intelligence that may be seen in those of many dogs. To use the term "magnificent" may seem a little far-fetched to those who have not visited the aquarium, but only the simple truth to those who have carefully observed the eyes of the sea-elephant. It is said by its keeper (whose pleasant manner of giving information renders a visit to his numerous charges doubly interesting) to be most affectionate and intelligent, and it certainly appears to deserve the character. As it is yet but five months old, its movements are very slow, but when grown to full age it is said that it will swim with astonishing quickness, as seals have been known, in the north of Europe, to catch salmon, the fastest swimmers of any fish. Its feeding apparatus is very curious. In the earlier stages of its life at the aquarium, the food was composed of sea-weed, oat-meal, meat and other articles of diet all mixed up as fine as minced meat, and this was



conveyed down the throat by means of things more resembling a small cylinder and a rolling-pin than anything else, the latter being used to force the food down the former, and so into the throat. A tube was used later on, by which small whole fish were literally shot down, and now it is promoted to eat the same cut into small pieces. It is amusing to see the anxiety displayed by the sea-elephant as the hour for feeding approaches; it slowly crawls up the rocky path, giving vent to an occasional snort of impatience, and its beautiful eyes glance restlessly here and there amongst the crowd to watch for its keeper's arrival. When the latter goes into the cave the creature follows him and eats out of his hand like a dog, and quietly drops to the ground any pieces distasteful to it. A companion for it is shortly expected from Macquarrie Island, south of New Zealand, where this one was captured some time ago. The name "sea-elephant" is given because, when some four or five years old, the mouth projects into something resembling the trunk of the animal from which it takes its name. The difference between it and the sea-lion is thus very apparent.

There is a sort of hospital for invalid fish adjoining the room where the feeding apparatus is kept, but the tank was fortunately empty when we saw it. Three "sea-bears," or "fur-seal" (*Eutaria Cinerea*), as they are sometimes called, are to be seen here, mounted by Mr. Cole; the fur is exquisitely soft and fine. They were brought from Seal Island, Western Port Bay, where the seals arrive annually early in October.

A tank of whitebait and whiting is very well arranged, as the back portion seems to slope upwards, thereby giving an effect of much greater space and showing off the fish to better advantage. Another one contains an interesting variety. The toad-fish (*Tetrodon Hamiltoni*), so-called from a fancied resemblance in the form of the head to that of the animal above-mentioned; a cobbler (*Cottus Scorpius*); a hermit-crab which had, on the morning of our visit, destroyed a young octopus (*Octopus tuberculatus*); some Port Lincoln oysters, and a fine sea egg. The next one shows a few of the lovely Australian butter-fish (*Cheilodactylus nigricans*), striped and shaded with different blues and said to be of most exquisite flavour. They are so delicate in form that their long Latin name, *Cheilodactylus nigricans*, seems out of place in reference to them. The tanks of leather-jackets (*Monacanthus*) striped with various colours, Red Gurnets (*Lepidotrigla vanessa*), and the beautiful black and white appropriately-named Zebra-fish (*Neotephraops Zebra*), were constantly surrounded by admiring visitors. Another large one displayed a fine collection of rock flatheads (*Platycephalus levigatus*), rock-ling (*Genypterus Australis*), a very retiring fish, always hidden away in one particular cleft in the rock, and flounders (*Pleuronectes Victoriae*.)

Close by it was placed a stand, holding a pair of young fairy-penguins (*Endybulula Undina*), probably brought from Philip Island, but belonging also to different parts of the coast; their strange rudimentary wings attracted much notice. The handsomest speci-

men found on the Victorian coast, is the crested *chrysocoma catarractes*.

The porcupine fish (*Diadon Hystrix*) is remarkable for its round spotted head, and the sand-eel (*Gonorynchus Greyi*) is also a strange, uncomfortable-looking creature.

One of the prettiest places in the Aquarium is a grotto of virgin-cork, ornamented upon one side with large fern-trees, whilst on the other runs a long tank, with mirrors intervening, which reflect the ferns and passers by. Amongst the denizens of the tank may be named a gummy-shark, which, happily for his neighbours' peace and safety, is not of a voracious nature; a shoal of snapper, and a boar-fish (*Hesiopterus Recurvirostris*), which takes its name from having a snout and nostrils like those of a pig. It also belongs to the shark family, which is, unfortunately, too well represented on the Australian coast.

The case of beautiful stuffed birds, kindly lent by Mr. T. A. Forbes-Leith, Vice-President of the Naturalists' Club, would be far better seen here than where it is now placed upstairs, and it would lend another great addition to the beauty of the grotto. The stand contains birds of paradise from New Guinea, and Aru Isles, the great horned owl of Canada, a marsh-harrier, and the delicate owl of Australia, and is well worthy of inspection.

Upstairs may also be seen the very fine and well-known collection of shells, corals and fossils formerly belonging to the late Mr. F. Bailey; this is placed in the Economic and Technological Exhibition; the bread-stuffs and wools are also most interesting, as are Mr. French's collection of beetles and moths, and Baron Von Mueller's specimens of woods, beautifully mounted in book-form. A variety of fine minerals has been obtained from all parts of the colony, quartz crystals are shown from the Sandhurst district, marble from Waratah, coal from Kildcuna, and from the caves near Mt. Gambier, South Australia, are forwarded specimens of stalactites.

The trustees of the Exhibition are to be congratulated upon their work, which cannot fail to prove most successful in its results, both amusement and instruction being now combined in a visit to the Exhibition. The very courteous reception given by the secretary, Mr. Sherrard, is another noticeable feature, and stands out in marked contrast to the manner adopted by some of those who have, at different times, filled a similar position in the same building. Organ recitals are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays, so that visitors of all tastes may feel sure of finding something to gratify them during their stay at the Aquarium and other places of interest now open at the Exhibition Buildings.

E. A. C.

The first general meeting of the Historical Society of Australasia was held at Mr. R. T. Litton's offices, Phoenix-chambers, Market-street, Melbourne, on Friday, the 27th March, at 4.30 p.m. Mr. A. F. J. Fisher occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of members present. Mr. T. H. Taylor's resignation as hon. secretary was accepted, and Mr. R. T. Litton was elected to fill the vacant position. The following gentlemen were

elected office-bearers of the Society:—President—Mr. David Blair. Vice-presidents—Professor Elkington, LL.D.; Mr. A. J. Skene, Surveyor-General. Council—Messrs. James Smith, James Blackburn, C.E., Alexander Sutherland, M.A., J. M'D. Larnach, A. F. J. Fisher, C.E., J. Lake, M.A., C. E. Clarke, A. C. M'Donald, and R. T. Litton, F.N.S. Hon. Treasurer—Mr. C. L. P. Chase. After some routine business had been transacted,

the hon. secretary was requested to call the officers of the Society together at an early date, for the purpose of arranging for the holding of a public meeting, when it was announced that the President would deliver an address, and some interesting papers would be read. It may be mentioned that Mr. R. T. Litton is the founder of the Society, which bids fair to be a great success.

## CHESS.

Solutions of end game between Messrs. Gossip and Lindsay—(see February number.)

- | WHITE.                                | BLACK.               |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Kt P takes Kt                      | 1. P K Kt 5 (forced) |
| 2. R P takes Kt P                     | 2. P K R 6 (forced)  |
| 3. Kt Q 5                             | 3. P K R 7 (forced)  |
| 4. Kt Q Kt 6 or K 7                   | 4. P Queens (forced) |
| 5. Kt Q 7 mate or Kt B 6 or Kt 6 mate |                      |

Checkmate can be effected also in five moves by five other moves of the Knight on White's third move, instead of 3 Kt Q 5.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 1.

- | WHITE.            | BLACK.               |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P Q 3          | 1. K at Q 6 takes P  |
| 2. Kt K B 2 check | 2. K K 7             |
| 3. Q K sq mate    | If 2. K Q 5          |
| 3. Q Q B 5 mate   | If 1. K K 4          |
| 2. Q K B 4 ch     | 2. K takes Q         |
| 3. B mates        | If 2. any other move |
| 3. Q mates        | If 1. K Q 4          |
| 2. Q Q B 5 ch     | 2. K takes P         |
| 3. Q mates        |                      |

### "UN FINALE DEL DIAVOLO."

[TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.]

During the first thirty years of the present century, the café, which is still in existence, in the Campo Santa Margherita, Venice, was the resort of the most enthusiastic chess-players. Although their skill was beneath mediocrity, one amongst them far surpassed the rest. He was an elderly man, with a characteristic and pleasing physiognomy. He was a doctor of medicine, but had never practiced his profession, and lived with his sister on a moderate income. His only passion was the game of Chess, and no opponent in Venice could successfully compete with him. He was nicknamed "Dr. Obligato," because he had contracted the habit of only playing when giving odds, which generally consisted in his undertaking to give his adversary checkmate on a certain square of the chess-board.

The ease with which he gained his numerous victories had rendered him rather conceited. He was not accustomed to admit that there were any chess-players superior to himself, but the consciousness of his own superiority did not prevent him from being greatly pleased when he won, and from being much mortified when

he lost. He never failed, however, to banter his victims.

One winter's evening, the Doctor was seated in the aforesaid café, surrounded by his admirers. A chess-board, with the pieces arranged in the position of checkmate, was the mute witness of one of his recent victories, and they were all chatting together. The conversation turned on those foreign chess-players, Viennese, French, and English, who were considered the best. But the Doctor held a very different opinion.

"If they played with me," he said, "it would be a good joke."

"You don't think they are so strong, then?"

"Idle talk!"

"But there are some of them who play three or four games blindfold."

"Idle talk, I say."

"Then you think you would be sure to beat them?"

"Ah! Ah! Don't you think so, too?"

"And you would give them the same odds you give us?"

"Without any hesitation."

"Even to Allgaier?"

"Even to the Devil!"

The words had hardly escaped from his lips when the door of the café was opened, and a stranger entered. He was well dressed, in deep black. He had the appearance of a foreigner, but his countenance was stern and unprepossessing. He raised his hat, and seated himself in front of the Doctor, in the chair vacated by his opponent.

"Would you like to play a game with me?" he said at once, in bad Italian, addressing the Doctor.

The latter felt undecided. He did not like to decline to play, but he did not like the foreigner. One of his friends came to his assistance.

"I must inform you," he said to the stranger, "that this gentleman is the best chess player in Venice, and he only plays on condition of his giving odds to his opponent."

A strange smile passed over the stranger's face. "Very well," he said, "I accept willingly any odds, on condition that, if I win, he will accept them in his turn from me."

The curiosity of the Doctor's friends was great, and they pressed him so to play that he at last consented.

"What odds do you usually give?"

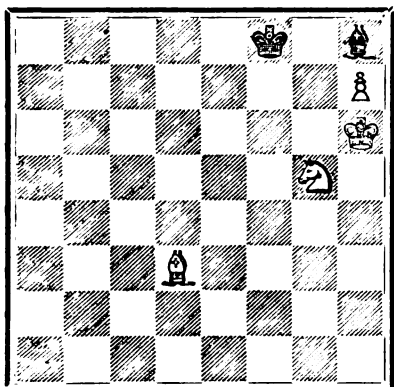
"I will give you checkmate by force on any one of the squares on the eighth file."

"Very good! I choose my King's square. If you don't checkmate me on this square you will have lost the game."

"Just so."

The game commenced. The Doctor, contrary to his wont, played nervously. The stranger smiled, and replied at once to his opponent's moves. This promptitude disconcerted the doctor. But at a certain point he won a pawn, which re-animated him. Towards the latter part of the game the stranger sacrificed a pawn to prevent one of his adversary's pawns from queening, and the position was that given below :—

(I.)



"The game is now as good as over," said the Doctor. "The Pawn now will easily make a Queen, and I shall give you checkmate on your King's square."

"Do you think so?" replied the stranger. "To me it seems that you can never Queen the Pawn without its being taken; and thus, therefore, you will have lost the game."

The interest of the spectators greatly increased. The Doctor tried his very utmost, but his efforts were vain. It appeared to him impossible not to be able to Queen the Pawn; yet every time his position seemed decisive, the stranger, by a simple move of his King or Bishop, prevented it.

At last, after repeated attempts, the Doctor, a little mortified, was compelled to accept the opinion of the onlookers, and give up the game as drawn.

"You have lost."

"Yes, I have lost, but I should like rather to see you in this position."

"Oh! I would win easily!" and saying this he got up to leave. "To-morrow," he added, "I will give you your revenge." He raised his hat, and left the café.

The Doctor was unwell that night, and dreamt of the game of the previous evening. In his dreams he saw the stranger showing him the way to win in this position. As soon as he got up, before dawn, he took his chess board and studied the ending. After hard study he discovered a way of winning. Here are the first moves :—1. K to Kt 6, K to K 2; 2. B to B 2, K to B sq.; 3. B to R 4, K to K 2; 4. Kt to R 3, B moves; 5. Kt to B 4, B to R sq.; 6. B to Kt 5, to gain the move, K to B sq.; 7. Kt to K 6 check, K to K 2; 8.

B to Q 7, and this move, by which White sacrifices a piece in order to be able to pass with the King on the 2nd square of the hostile Bishop, made the Doctor feel proud. Now the Black King takes the Bishop, and White, playing 9. K to B 7, wins by queening the pawn by force.

The Doctor could not contain himself for joy. The day appeared to him to be eternal. He was burning to show his analysis to his friends. At length the evening arrived. He was the first at the *rendezvous*, placed the pieces in the position above given, and to each new arrival he showed his analysis. Everyone was convinced of its correctness.

Presently the unknown player arrived.

"Yesterday when you left you said that you would win easily in this position by advancing the pawn to Queen without its being taken," said the Doctor, looking at him in a defiant way. "I could also have won easily if I had only had a little patience."

"You think so," the stranger merely replied.

"By Jove! Would you like to see?"

"I will bet that you can't win!"

"And how much, if you please, will you bet?"

"A thousand lire." (£40.)

"Ah! You are joking."

"No, seriously!"

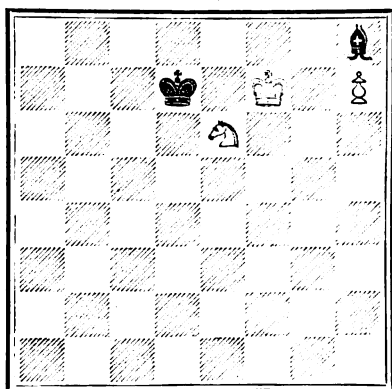
"Well, I accept the bet," said the Doctor, who was anxious to give his demonstration, and did not attach sufficient importance to the word "accept."

"I will allow you a hundred moves to Queen the Pawn," said the unknown, seating himself in front of the Doctor.

"Oh! it will be a very short business," smilingly rejoined the latter, and he began to move.

The first moves were made in the order we have given above. Only when the Doctor made his magnificent move leaving the Bishop *en prise*, the unknown, without a moment's reflection, instead of taking the Bishop, played his King to Queen's third. The Doctor considered a little, and then played his King to Bishop's seventh. Then the stranger took the Bishop, and the position became the *same*, with this difference, however, that White had the move instead of Black. Here is the position—

(II.)



If white moves—drawn game.

If black moves—white wins.

The Doctor commenced his manoeuvres, but after a few moves, was disconcerted. His play was no longer successful. He tried and tried over and over again, but after making a hundred moves he had not gained the slightest advantage,

"Sir, you have lost the bet," said the unknown, as he made his hundredth move.

The doctor made no reply. He was overwhelmed. He had aged ten years with the last move. He awoke as if from a dream. The idea of the stranger having taken the matter seriously, and of his having lost a thousand lire, staggered him as an enormity. A thousand lire for him was wealth. Honest by nature to scrupulousness, he understood too well that he must pay the wager. But what to do? It would be necessary to tell his sister. Quite a revolution! He was bewildered. He regarded fixedly the pieces on the board, and it seemed to him that they had heads, and that these heads were looking at him, and smiling derisively.

The stranger was looking at him with a diabolical smile on his lips. "Sir, another time I hope you will be more cautious in risking thousands of lire on an end game at chess."

The Doctor still remained silent.

"But I am chivalrous, and I offer you your revenge if you like. Let us play the game in which I am to give you the same odds as you gave to me. If I do not succeed in giving you checkmate on the square named, I shall have lost and you will then have nothing to pay me. If, however, I succeed....."

The Doctor raised his eyes anxiously.

"If, however, I succeed," added the stranger, and his lips contracted with a strange smile, "in that case you will not pay me either 1000 or 2000 lire; I do not want money or material gains, but you must pledge yourself to do whatever I may order you to perform."

For the first time the Doctor looked well at the stranger, and he fancied he saw something fierce in his countenance. But in that moment appalled by the spectre of the 1000 lire, he did not well perceive that anything worse could happen to him than to have to pay the wager. But the look of the stranger terrified him.

"And if I did not choose to play!"

"Then I will be satisfied with the 1000 lire."

The Doctor was perplexed. He thought of his sister, and of the scene of desolation that would necessarily follow. Anyhow the unknown player had not shewn himself such a great champion. To himself the best player in Venice, odds *could* not be given with impunity.

"Let us play then," he said after a few moment's reflection. He took the Black men

and selected, to be checkmated, the same square that his opponent had chosen, *i.e.*, his own King's square. The game was commenced without anything unusual. The Doctor soon won a Pawn; but it was a trap laid by his adversary, for three moves afterwards he had to lose his Queen for another piece. Afterwards his adversary sacrificed his Queen remaining with a Piece and a Pawn ahead. Suddenly the Doctor turned pale, he perceived that the game, which was approaching its conclusion, was assuming the aspect of the ending in the preceding game. After eight or nine more moves the position became the same identical one as before, only changed from right to left. The stupefaction of the lookers on was general.

"What a strange combination, is it not?" said the stranger, jeeringly, "I am quite pleased with it. Now I will show you how the Pawn goes to Queen and wins."

"The Doctor had already quite lost his head. All this appeared, to him, supernatural; he was incapable of reflection; the café, the spectators, the chess-board, the pieces, all seemed to be turning round him. He was watching fixedly his opponent, and it seemed to him as though there was something commanding and ferocious about him, that he had not noticed at first. That smile which never quitted his lips, made him shudder.

"What are you doing? What are you thinking about?" said the stranger, who saw him immovable with his eyes wide open. "It is your turn to play."

"I feel unwell," said the Doctor, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Oh, that does not matter," said the stranger, "we can take down the position and resume the game to-morrow evening. I want you to be in good form."

The Doctor breathed once more. "To-morrow evening," he said, "all right." And the stranger produced a strange portfolio from his pocket, and inscribed the position on a leaf of dark-coloured paper, which he handed to one of the onlookers. "To-morrow evening we will resume the game. It is my move." He raised his hat and went away. The Doctor went home quite upset. It seemed to him as if he were in a new world. He had never before got into such a mess—he, who was so prudent. Accursed presumption! Accursed end game! And to think that he had thought he had found the solution. What a lesson for him to receive! And from whom? Who was that man? Who could that man be? Was he a man like any other man? There was something strangely obscure about him.

When his sister saw him return so upset, she exclaimed, "*Misericordia*, what has happened to you?"

(To be continued).







THE HON WILLIAM BEDE DALLEY QC MLC.  
ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND ACTING COLONIAL SECRETARY  
NEW SOUTH WALES.

FROM A PHOTO BY ROYD

# ONCE A MONTH.

No. V.

MAY 15, 1885.

VOL. III.

## GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. VI.

THE HON. WILLIAM BEDE DALLEY, Q.C., M.L.C.,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL, AND ACTING COLONIAL SECRETARY OF NEW

SOUTH WALES (IN THE ABSENCE OF MR. STUART).

By J. G. DE LIBRA.

“Fashion’d to much honour from his cradle.  
A scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading.”  
—*King Henry VIII.*

“Bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend.”  
—*Merchant of Venice.*

“O! he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom.”  
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

For the last three months no Australasian has been, perhaps, so prominently before the world as the Hon. W. B. Dalley. When the news of the noble Gordon’s assassination was flashed across the seas, all civilisation felt a thrill of human sympathy and indignation ; and in less than twenty-four hours from the receipt of the sad intelligence in Sydney, a cablegram was despatched by the Acting Colonial Secretary of New South Wales to the Agent-General in London, offering to the Imperial Government military assistance from the colony, to wipe out the stain upon

the British flag and deal appropriate vengeance. But more of this anon, after we have considered who is Mr. Dalley, and what has been his career.

Unlike so many colonial men of note, William Bede Dalley is a native of Australia, and was born in Sydney in 1831. He received his education chiefly at the Old Sydney College, now the Grammar School, where he began to distinguish himself betimes. In 1856, when he was just five-and-twenty years of age, and within a month after the establishment in New South Wales of Responsible Government, he was called to the Bar ; and the reformed colonial constitution, which was naturally almost the universal topic of consideration and discussion, could not fail to rivet the keen attention of the talented young barrister. The following year, the third of the responsible Ministries was in power, viz.:—that of which Mr. Henry W. Parker was the head, and which was defeated on the 7th September, 1857, over its Electoral

Bill. Sir Charles Cowper was entrusted with the formation of a new Government; and in the course of the next spring twelvemonth (when several changes in the Cabinet took place), Mr. Dalley, who was one of Sir Charles's warmest supporters, was offered the position of Solicitor-General. This he accepted, though it was somewhat against his wish. He took office on November 15th, 1858, but resigned it in favour of Mr. John F. (afterwards Judge) Hargrave during the succeeding February. The rising Minister's vigorous and brilliant speeches had already fascinated the public as well as Parliament, and were stimulating the nascent patriotism of the Colony; but from the time of his relinquishing the Solicitor-Generalship to his re-entry, seventeen years later, into official life, he gave himself up with praiseworthy conscientiousness to the arduous studies and duties of his professional career, considerably interspersed, however, by well-known press and platform work.

One important break in these avocations took place in 1862, when Mr. Dalley accompanied Sir (then Mr.) Henry Parkes to England, as Emigration Commissioner and Lecturer. But this appointment does not seem to have been congenial to him; certainly it was unworthy of his powers, as well as of the Ministerial position he had held. So he resigned it the following year; and on his return to Sydney he resolutely eschewed political advancement, and devoted himself more assiduously than ever to the public oratory, the terse and finished press-work, and the powerful speeches at the Bar, through which he has been so long and highly appreciated. The humorous irony of his character sketches in *Sydney Punch*, years back, are still as fresh in many minds as John Leech's comic illustrations in that journal's London prototype; nor are Mr. Dalley's elegant and artistic contributions to the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Sydney Mail* by any means forgotten. It is only necessary to remind our literary readers of the charming series of reviews that appeared on Morley's edition of the English classics—of an article on the poetical, impassioned, if erotic Algonron

Swinburne—and of another on that erratic genius, Walter Savage Landor. A paper on Spanish cathedrals gave an insight into the writer's appreciative delight in Old World æsthetics, and his love of the best productions of his native land was no less strikingly revealed in the generous and graceful tribute that he paid to Henry Kendall, on the poet's death in 1882. In all his work, Mr. Dalley's clear, co-ordinated thought, his brilliant power and subtle grace, his keen instructive wit and satire, his withering exposures of hypocrisy and humbug, yet withal his ready appreciation of all that is high-souled and artistic—the union of these many gifts, so rarely found combined, has been persistently manifest, and long ago made him the favourite—almost the idol—of the best men in the colony. His touching words, spoken at a St. Patrick's Banquet, in memory of Daniel Henry Deniehy, who had long been one of his most intimate friends and, for a time, a *collaborateur* with him upon the press, are so pure and elevated; they breathe so sweet and wholesome a tone—like the smell of the new-mown hay or nestling violets wafted into a city's foetid life—that we are irresistibly constrained to quote them. Mr. Dalley concluded a speech of thrilling and pathetic beauty thus:—"If on such occasions as this you honour and cherish such noble memories, you preserve fresh for your children the finest examples of culture and devotion—you soften the asperities of life—you discourage imposture 'in the corrupted currents of this world'—and you do your best to refine, to elevate, to purify society."

After a lengthened spell of non-official life—some folks were unkind enough to say, of an Horatio-epicurean *dolce far niente*—the learned and distinguished gentleman again accepted a position in the Government, though this time as Attorney-General under Mr. Robertson, taking his seat in the Upper Chamber, 9th February, 1875, and going out with his colleagues in March, 1877. It was in this Government that the now close association of the subject of this memoir with Mr. Alexander Stuart may be assumed to have taken



a distinctly political shape, the present Premier of New South Wales having joined the Robertson Ministry as Colonial Treasurer early in 1876. The crisis of the following year led to a fresh administration being formed by Mr. Parkes, which was defeated, however, in less than five months, on a question arising out of the Land Acts Amendment Act, and gave place to a fresh administration formed by Sir John Robertson, who, with Sir Henry Parkes, had lately received the honour of Knighthood as K.C.M.G. Though Mr. Dalley returned to the Attorney-General's office, Mr. Stuart had no place in this Government, which also had to succumb, after a brief tenure of power, to popular dissatisfaction with the Immigration Vote and other matters. The Ministry resigned on the 17th December in that year, to be followed, firstly by the Farnell Cabinet, and afterwards by the notorious Parkes-Robertson Coalition; but Mr. Dalley did not again hold office till the accession of the existing Ministry, by which time he had received and ably merited the silk gown.

It is only during the present Parliament that Mr. Dalley has established his high reputation as a practical and gifted statesman as well as a brilliant orator and learned lawyer. On the 5th January, 1883, the Parkes Ministry fell, and Mr. Alexander Stuart was sent for to form a new Government. Mr. Dalley closely identified himself with the Stuart party; materially assisted in the formation of the fresh Cabinet, and himself took office under the present Premier as Attorney-General and leader of the Legislative Council, a position which he continues to hold. Throughout the whole of the inordinately long session of 1883-84 he was practically the sole representative of the Government sitting in the Upper House (Sir Patrick Jennings having resigned the Presidentship of the Executive Council on the 31st July, and Mr. James Norton not being appointed Postmaster-General until the 26th of last May); so that the whole of the Government work in that Chamber fell upon Mr. Dalley's shoulders. The tact and skill that he displayed in his arduous task, joined to

his brilliant eloquence, and both statesmanlike and legal learning, rapidly increased the general admiration which he had long and richly deserved. On the formation of the new Ministry he had zealously laboured to promote the re-election to Parliament of his colleagues in office; and especially, when the dissatisfaction with the proposals of Sir Henry Parkes in reference to the land laws was at fever heat, he had made, at a very large meeting held in the Protestant Hall on the 20th January, one of the most scathing and powerful speeches ever heard in New South Wales. The report of that speech now lies before us; and it has been happily said that it "literally laughed the late Ministry into oblivion." But soon after the Cabinet buckled to for serious work, it fell to the Attorney-General's lot, in piloting the Inscribed Stock Bill through the Upper Chamber, to make an explanation of its objects and intent, in which his masterly grouping of figures, and his lucid statement of enlightened principles showed how deeply he is imbued with the views of William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest financier of our time. No less successful was Mr. Dalley in introducing and taking charge of the Farnell Land Bill of 1884 in the Legislative Council; and it is not improbable that had he been absolutely at the head of affairs, and sitting in the Assembly instead of in the Upper House, the Colonial Treasurer's statesmanlike budget of last year (which was the natural corollary of the radical change in the land policy), would have met with another fate from what it did.

But, in the course of 1883, an event occurred which brought Mr. Dalley still more prominently before the non-political public. Many of our readers will recollect the celebrated *Herald* libel case. Without going into the details of it, we may explain, for those of scanty memory, that a person, who shall here be nameless, brought an action for heavy damages in the Supreme Court of New South Wales against the proprietors of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, for an alleged libel. The article, in point of fact, was a most deserved and valuable public exposure of an outrageous scandal connected with a

so-called educational establishment for boys. It was shown at the trial, not only that the person had solicited the *Herald* to send a reporter, that the reporter whom the editor did send was one of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen upon the staff, and that his report was altogether free from *animus* and quite substantially correct, but that the Government, in consequence of the *Herald's* disclosures, took the matter in hand and broke up the establishment with ignominy; thus paying the most flattering compliment that was possible to that eminent journal's services. Yet the defendants lost the case; and, for the benefit they had thus conferred upon the public, were mulcted to the tune of some thousands of pounds, because of some trifling and unimportant inaccuracy in the details of the article. Space forbids our entering into the *minutiae* of the trial at *Nisi Prius*, the citation for contempt of Court, and the appeal *in banco*; but the masterly way in which Mr. Dalley, seconded by his junior, the Hon. F. M. Darley, Q.C., M.L.C., not only conducted the whole case for the defence, but combated the arguments of the Court—which traversed the modern rulings as to libel and contempt, that Sir Alexander Cockburn (one of the largest-minded Lord Chief Justices who ever graced the old Queen's Bench) had, with such care, and liberal thought, established—brought golden opinions to the Attorney-General, and made him one of the most popular personages in the colony, amongst enlightened men. Not even he, however, could kick against the pricks of the Supreme Court, which has invariably taken the narrowest views with respect to press libel.

Consequent upon the attitude of hostility to the Press, which that Court maintained, the Government determined to bring in a bill to amend the definition of Libel and Contempt, as it had been judicially laid down in Sydney. The Attorney-General introduced the measure into the Upper House; and, in a powerful and brilliant speech, that lives in men's minds like some of Gladstone's and John Bright's, he paid an eloquent tribute to the high and honourable calling of the conscientious journalist, defining, at the

same time, what should, and what should not be, his privileges, and graphically enlarging upon his lofty public duties. But all in vain! Mr. Dalley might as well have wandered, like Demosthenes, upon the seashore, and argued to the waves or to the Heads that guard Port Jackson, as to the heads that nodded in the Legislative Council. The Bill was thrown out—as if to prove, in the strongest possible way, the necessity for a powerful, fearless, and enlightened Press, to teach, and train, and educate M.P.s as well as jurymen. The effect of all this, coming upon the conviction and punishment of other Sydney papers, has had, we think, a demoralising effect upon the Press of New South Wales. Instead of the trenchant, outspoken articles of the English Press, that have gradually made the masses in Great Britain what they are, we find too often a mild and colourless tone of writing, which seems to say that managers, editors, and staff alike are thinking, not upon the burning words that shall form and educate the public mind, but how their phrases may get isolated and twisted into libel. Mr. Dalley, however, has been the Press's staunchest friend—and that in the true and far-seeing interest of the public; and, with a new Parliament, or whenever the right time may come, he will, no doubt, prove himself (as *Sydney Punch* described) "An able Defender, true to the last."

To Mr. Dalley's action in the Federation and Annexation questions, more than a passing allusion is uncalled for. His acts are familiar to all, and there can be no doubt that, whatever is thought of them in other colonies, they have greatly increased the Attorney-General's popularity in New South Wales. The real stumbling block at present to Federation appears to be the divergence of opinion as to the respective advantages of a Protective and a Free Trade policy. Mr Dalley has ably represented the views of those of our neighbours who are Free Traders for very good reasons of their own. But all these questions are inextricably mixed up with those of direct and indirect taxation; and when the whole subject of the Federation of the

Empire comes to be seriously and carefully scrutinised and thought out by a Royal Commission, or some such body, no doubt it will be shown how, in regard to their practical application, "circumstances alter cases."

In another way Mr. Dalley has now specially earned the gratitude of his fellow-colonists—viz., through his devoted and unselfish attention to the Premier during that gentleman's unfortunate illness. Fagged and knocked up himself, and about to take a rest and change after a session of unprecedented length and labour, no sooner did he hear of Mr. Stuart's illness than he was at his side in a few minutes, tending on him like a nurse, relieving him of every care, and at once assuming the duties of Acting Colonial Secretary, in addition to his own as Attorney-General. Mr. Dalley has never relaxed his care for his chief (to whom, we believe, he is greatly attached); and if, since the Premier's health has improved, he has merely communicated to him the course of events rather than consulted him on them, it has certainly been to avoid burdening him with the smallest atom of responsibility till he is quite himself again. The business of the State has gone on without one single hitch; and we are certain that neither Mr. Stuart, his family, nor Sydney, will readily forget Mr. Dalley's kind, self-sacrificing, and high-minded behaviour.

But what, more than all else, has stamped the Attorney-General on the hearts of New South Welshmen, and won for him the esteem of Australasia and the world, is his prompt and patriotic action in the matter of despatching troops for Egypt, which we commenced this notice by alluding to. What need to dwell upon the course of events during the memorable fortnight that followed the 11th of last February? Every man, woman and child among us knows each detail of it. Whether Mr. Dalley had decided on his course of action before the appearance of Sir Edward Strickland's letter we cannot say; but at any rate the practical initiative in the matter is Mr. Dalley's, and his alone, however great the assistance he may have received from his colleagues in carrying out the scheme. But though the

Attorney-General was first in the field by some few hours, and circumstances caused the offer of New South Wales only to be forthwith accepted, no sooner had he struck the key note of loyalty to the British Crown and patriotism to the mother country, than an immediate response re-echoed through the length and breadth of all our lands; which was unmistakable evidence how great is our attachment to the Empire, and how high a value Australasians set upon the name of Briton and their British birthright.

While the political and military consequences of Mr. Dalley and his colleagues' crowning act have been largely discussed, its more important moral and social bearings have received much smaller notice. A very intimate knowledge of England and English feeling enables us to offer some considerations that may not be devoid of interest. The right nail was hit in the Legislative Council of New South Wales, on the first night of the Soudan debate, by Mr. John L. Macintosh, when he observed that "if there was one thing more than another the action of the Government had done, it was that it had awakened the country to its national manhood." Precisely so! For many years it has been the constant complaint, out here, that the great bulk of Englishmen know little about us and care less—are hardly sure in fact whether we do not run about the primeval woods "in shirt-collar and spurs"—with possibly a beaded girdle for propriety. That is to say, there are hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of our fellow subjects to whom we are nationally even so unborn, that they would certainly be puzzled to say whether Victoria is not the capital of New South Wales, and Queensland somewhere in Tasmania—of fellow subjects who are given to view all Australasian matters much as Lord Palmerston did the Schleswig-Holstein question, when he laid the papers on the table of the House of Commons with the remark that "now the Hon. gentleman had got them he hoped he would like them, for he (Lord P.) didn't." Even of Canada—now within a week's run of Liverpool—Sir John Macdonald lately said that "the English know no more

about Canada than a cod-fish does about conic sections." On the other hand, it cannot be denied that there are thousands among us here who have hitherto taken a quite puerile interest in the affairs of the world at large—we have ourselves heard it gravely argued that London was barely bigger than Sydney—and who have altogether pooh-poothed the mother country.

It will be remembered that Mr. Moncure Conway said of us, on his return to England, that he found our ideas too unformed, and our interests too "parochial" for a travelled Londoner. It must be conceded how seldom European cablegrams are sent us, unless they have a specific reference to cricket or colonial interests, and many among us who have the opportunity, will not even take the trouble to look at the English newspapers. Cricket, horse-racing, and money-making at all hazards, are not the most elevating pursuits; and Australians who go home do not invariably impress those who inherit the culture of centuries with the largeness of their views or the refinement of their tastes.

Doubtless all this mutual ignorance and apathy have been inseparable from the circumstances of our early colonisation, the vastness of our territories, and our isolation from all other countries, particularly those of Europe. Probably neither we nor the mother-country are in any way to blame—and moreover this state of things has for years past been decreasing on both sides. But we hold that Mr. Dalley's action with respect to the troops, and the almost universal approval it has evoked throughout the colonies and in the Old World, have struck a chord that will rapidly swell into a rich harmony, as beneficial to the one hemisphere as to the other. The "Old Folks" are burning to find out what sort of men those are, who have voluntarily left their homes and families, and sailed some 6000 or 7000 miles, for the honour of the British flag, and they are hearing from their own and other war-correspondents that they are no unworthy scions of those

while they who fight in action, side by side, will feel

"That he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall he my brother."

Australians, too, are equally agog to know, not only what actually takes place in the Soudan, but what Old England says about it, and will get to anxiously scan (on more than that one subject), the home papers that arrive by every mail. Who shall say, now that Imperial questions are among the most engrossing topics in England, to what close union this may lead? Millions of English capital are lying all but idle; while in these colonies we could absorb, in profitable investments, an amount nearly as big as the whole National Debt. Should this movement result in the establishment among us of resident, staid, *bona fide*, and enterprising capitalists—not huckstering, unscrupulous adventurers—it must be productive of enormous wealth both to England and Australia; while our closer contact with the ancient culture and refinement of Europe must, in a few years, change many features of our social life, inoculate the colonies with some of the *dignity* and *tenderness* of "Manhood" to temper our existing *strength*, and amply justify the Attorney-General's boast that "he will proudly and fondly regard the act as one of the greatest, in its beneficent consequences to the Empire, that the colonies of England have ever had the glorious privilege of performing."

But Mr. Dalley has done still more than this. He has given to those of the Great Powers whom it may concern, a gentle nudge—from perhaps an unexpected quarter—to remind them that the British Lion is not yet quite dead, but only very sleepy. No doubt the British Lion is a very sleepy creature till he is fully roused, and our own acquaintance with Germany inclines us to the opinion, that International relations have been needlessly strained by a certain section of the German Press at his expense and to their advantage. But all the same it may be well to show the galvanic Parisian, the stolid Teuton, and the Tartar Muscovite, that the King of Beasts

"That fought with Hal upon St. Crispin's  
Day,  
At Agincourt;"

has still the iron sinews with which Tenniel so finely drew him bounding to his revenge upon the Indian tiger of the Mutiny. And what is more, that the British Lion is getting a fine young family of cubs about him, whose muscles are "doing nicely, thank you!" and who are particularly wide awake. And still further, that if a single colony can send to the field of battle a contingent of something like 800 men—artillery as well as infantry—perfectly equipped, within a fortnight, what could not—and *what would not*—be done by united Australasia and the other British colonies, if ever they should be called upon to rally round the Grand Old Flag that "has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze?" For, as Eliza Cook has nobly sung,

"'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
That's breath'd in the words, 'I'm an Englishman.'"

Turning now to the man himself, Mr. Dalley is no ascetic. Why should he be? Catholic in his religious views, he has little sympathy, we fancy, with the sour-faced puritanism that it so astonishes cosmopolitans of the Old World to find sometimes in young and generous-blooded countries. In private life the eminent Q.C. is genial, convivial, liberal and urbane; while in the discharge of his public or professional duties, he shows no less of courtesy than of quick resolve. As a forensic pleader he has had no rival in the colony, and he has figured prominently in many of the most important cases during the last quarter of a century. At the Criminal Bar he is a fair—even a generous Pro-

secutor: as Counsel for the Defence, he is a perfect *Tyball*. He has more the character and bearing of a widely travelled Englishman than of a Colonial, though his heart and soul are in the colony. Something of a dandy, never at a loss for an anecdote or a *bon mot*; bubbling with ever-ready fun and fancy; an excellent judge of an ortolan or a glass of old Madeira, he would have made a quite ideal member of *White's* or *Boodle's* a couple of generations back. Had he ruled the wassailing Danes, he might have legislated in the spirit of King Edgar's ordinance, so quaintly distiched by the sweet American poet, whose bust is in "the" Abbey:—

"Come old fellow, drink down to your peg!  
But do not drink any farther, I beg!"

As it is, Mr. Dalley, like Earl Granville, Lord Coleridge, or Sir Frederick Leighton, is seldom seen to greater personal advantage than when making a genial after-dinner speech over the sherry and walnuts—or rather the peaches and *Sauterne*. But his whole career has shown him to be a man of unquestioned probity and public honour, of wide and liberal views, and brilliant oratorical powers,—full of courtesy, culture, decision, and resource; and while he possesses that imponderable something which makes men born to influence and command, he can certainly boast of being the first Australian Minister to have cabled home in a moment of emergency a promise couched almost in the words of *Caius Marcius*—a promise kept faithfully to the day and hour,—

"We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
Set down our host."

## A LAY OF THE BRENHILDA.

By T. W. C——.

The tropic sun was glaring; the tropic sky was blue;  
The tropic heat was frizzling us with every breath we drew;  
The men of the Brenhilda were lounging o'er the side,  
Watching with lazy interest the ripples on the tide.  
The passengers were gasping as they lay beneath the boats,  
And John was mixing cooling drinks for many parching throats;  
The languid airs were sighing across the sleeping sea,  
And all on the Brenhilda was still as still could be.

When suddenly, from for'ard, rose a wild and frantic cry,  
As when, by Sam the butcher, a pig is led to die ;  
At once awoke the sleeping crew, and hurried to the bows ;  
At once the yawning passengers with eagerness arose ;  
The ganders hissed, the chickens screamed in terror and affright ;  
The women dropped their needlework, and clutched their children tight ;  
And every face grew pale with dread (the skipper's, it went dark),  
As from each tongue the cry was rung, the dreaded cry of—SHARK !

Grimly and stealthily he came, with measured sweep and slow,  
Gliding along the good ship's side from rudder-post to bow ;  
With cruel eye and deadly teeth, and fiercely massive head,  
An evil and a gruesome thing—a thing to fear and dread.  
With steady aim and stalwart arm the swift harpoon is hurled,  
With rifle bullets, hissing down, the azure wave is swirled ;  
Yet not for sting of rifle-shot or four-pronged "grapes" cared he,  
But slowly sunk and rose again beneath the heaving sea.

And grimly and relentlessly he followed in our wake,  
While all our crew and passengers with mystic fear did quake,  
And each upon the other now a furtive glance did throw,  
As in each terror-stricken heart the selfsame thought would grow,  
And whispers grew to murmurings ; as, with averted head,  
And low and broken sentences, each man confessed his dread.  
"This shark is after somebody, and somebody must die—  
It may be you—it may be me. Say, messmate, IS IT I ?"

There was a youthful passenger on board that gallant craft ;  
And when he heard the sailors' moans, he laid him down and laughed.  
Then calmly winking to himself, he took a hook and line,  
And gaily stole a piece of pork from out the tub of brine ;  
And tenderly, judiciously, he threaded on his bait,  
And gently threw it o'er the stern, and sat him down to wait,  
Till with a furious rush and swirl, the shark he came to view,  
And turned himself and swallowed straight the bait and tackle too.

And then arose the roar and tramp of a heavy-booted throng,  
As everybody ran to help to haul the shark along,  
The monster gnashed his gleaming teeth, and curled his quivering tail,  
And plunged, and dived, and shook his head, and all to no avail.  
Depending high 'twixt sea and sky, a miserable sight,  
He hung while round his slimy fins we twined a lanyard tight,  
And then with wild exultant shout, and furious tug and swoop,  
We hauled him o'er the good ship's side, and laid him on the poop.

The carpenter so gallantly with block and hatchet came ;  
(A stern, black-bearded man was he ; and Chips his honoured name),  
His brawny arm, and weapon keen, right manfully he plied,  
And the miserable buggaboo he curled himself and died.

And in the sweltering Christmas time, when the hot north winds blow,  
And the blinding dust comes sweeping in clouds like burning snow,  
When the "she-oak" mugs are passing, and the pipes are all alight,  
And the "'squito," humming round us, turns furtively to bite ;  
When the oldest songs are sung, and the toughest yarns are spun ;  
When the toast of "Here's to *Her*, lads !" fetches every mother's son ;  
With laughing and with chaffing, still will the tale be told,  
How the Brenhildas killed the shark in the brave days of old.

## JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## VALLOR'S STORY.

"If you wish to speak to me on business," said Sir Wilfred, eyeing the stranger with some suspicion, "I should prefer seeing you at the house. It is close by; you see the chimneys above the trees."

Sebastian Vallor cast a sharp glance towards the house, then bowed more deferentially than before. "I am obliged to you, sir," he said. "Perhaps my business might be more easily transacted with you alone."

And then he glanced at Clarice, sighed, and dropped his eyes.

"I am going to the house," said Sir Wilfred, coldly. "You have only to follow. Come, Clarice."

"Curse his impudence," said Vallor to himself, as he fell humbly behind. "I expect I could make him alter his tone if I chose. He's made a mighty mistake about his two sons, if only he knew it. I wonder which of the two he cares for most."

Meanwhile Clarice was saying to her father, "What a repulsive face he has!"

And the father answered—

"I see nothing repulsive in it. It is rather a handsome face. And the fellow speaks well."

"He has a foreign accent," said Clarice, with a little shiver of disgust, for which she could not quite account. "I do not like a foreign accent."

"I thought you were above these insular prejudices," said Sir Wilfred, loftily.

They walked on in silence. Clarice entered by the library window, which opened down to the ground. Sir Wilfred conducted his visitor to the front door, and led him into the hall.

"Now," he said, "what is your business?"

"My business," said Vallor, with affected hesitation, "has to do with

your eldest son, the one at present in South America."

Sir Wilfred started, his face turned pale, his brow contracted.

"If you come as that young man's friend," he said, severely, "I can only inform you that he cannot expect any further assistance from me. I have done all for him that I intend to do."

"But if I do not come as a friend?" said Vallor, his voice sinking to a whisper that sounded like a hiss. "If I come to you with the story of my wrongs—of ruin worked by him—of destitution caused by him—then will you listen to me?"

A convulsive thrill passed over Sir Wilfred's face. In a moment he was calm again; but Vallor noticed that his white hand was grasping the back of a chair as if to steady himself, and that his breath for that one moment came short and fast. Then he spoke in icy, measured tones.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you have come to me for pecuniary assistance?"

Vallor turned deadly white. He performed the best bit of acting that had as yet fallen to his lot in this interview. He simply bowed and put his hand on the door as if to let himself out. The expression of wounded feeling upon his face was perfect.

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Wilfred instantly, but haughtily. "I had no desire to be discourteous. If you have anything to say to me about Captain Vanborough I will hear it in private. May I trouble you to come this way?"

Vallor followed him up the narrow stairs to his study. Here Sir Wilfred took his usual seat at his desk, where he looked severely magisterial, and motioned Vallor to a chair before him.

"Now," said the baronet, slightly bending his stately head, "I am ready to hear any story you may have to tell me; but I must premise that a claim upon Captain Vanborough constitutes no claim upon me."

"Do I not know that?" said Vallor, throwing a pathetic mournfulness into his voice, and narrow, but beautiful, dark eyes. "I told myself so; I did not come to England to find you out; but when I was starving, destitute, almost desperate, in London, I said to myself, 'I will look for Geoffrey Vanborough's father or brother; I will tell them my story; I hear they are just men; I will lay my case before them, and see whether they justify him—or me.'"

"Go on," said Sir Wilfred. As he listened he placed his elbow on the desk and his hand over his lips, as if to conceal any trace of emotion. "Where did you meet my—Captain Vanborough?"

"I met him in South America," said Vallor.

"My name is Constantine Jacobi. I was a settler, with a grant of land from Government; but, as you probably know, the settlers in that part of the country are very much dependent one on the other, as they have to guard themselves against attacks of Indians and other enemies. Europeans, therefore, as a rule, feel bound to assist each other in every possible way. My first acquaintance with your son began at midnight in a forest, where he sought refuge in my little hut from the pursuit of an armed band of Guachos and Indians, who were trying to rob him. I let him in; I defended him to the best of my power. Finally his assailants rode off. He professed himself grateful for my help—I did not escape without a wound from a charge of shot—and we swore friendship upon the spot."

Vallor waited a little. Sir Wilfred's eyes were fixed upon his face with gloomy attention, which he found somewhat disconcerting. Presently, however, he continued—

"I did my best for your son, Sir Wilfred. I told my friends that he was also a friend of mine; and they did their best for him too. A great

deal of comfort in those wild parts of the world depends upon your popularity with your comrades. Your son had the gift of making himself popular; but he owed me a little for some of the introductions I gave him. I may mention General Rosas, also the Bishop resident at Monte Video, and Doctor Diego, the celebrated naturalist of Buenos Ayres, all good friends of mine, who received Geoffrey Vanborough into their houses at my solicitation."

"You were too confiding, Mr. Jacobi," said Sir Wilfred, with an icy smile, and a slight hesitancy in pronouncing the unfamiliar name.

"I think so now," said Vallor, with a gleam in his dark eyes. "But matters went well for a time. At last I noticed a change in the manner of several of my friends. They had grown cold to me. By degrees I learnt that they believed that Captain Vanborough had asked a shelter in my house and been refused, that I had even fired at him from an open window, that I had been guilty of the grossest inhospitality in a place where inhospitality is counted a vice, Sir Wilfred—a greater vice than it would be in a less savage country."

"I can well imagine that."

"I appealed to your son; he laughed in my face. I appealed to a friend of his, some young man who had, I believe, accompanied him from England. I think his name was Tremaine. He treated me as if I were a dog, whom if he dared he would kick out of his sight. At last I forced them to listen to me. I said that if I received no apology we must have recourse to pistol and sword. That is our sad custom in South America, Sir Wilfred, I regret to say. But what else could I do? No other course was open to me as a gentleman. Your son——"

"Excuse my interruption," said Sir Wilfred. "I should be gratified if you would no longer speak of Captain Vanborough as my son. I disowned him some time ago."

Vallor bowed with a look of sympathy.

"I earnestly entreat your pardon," he said, with a certain grace of manner which struck Sir Wilfred almost pleasurably. "I would not for the world say or do anything that would grate upon your feelings. I might have



known," and there he halted, as if afraid of saying too much.

"Might I ask you to continue your story?" said Sir Wilfred courteously.

"I will do so. Captain Vanborough requested me to call upon him to see whether matters could not be peaceably arranged. I consented to do so with some hesitation, but after all, I reflected, he was an Englishman, the son, as I had heard, of a gentleman, probably a man of honour. And his friend, Mr. Tremaine, was with him; the one, I thought, would restrain the other. But I was mistaken."

He paused and then went on. Sir Wilfred's hand was now shading his eyes; his face was turned from the light; Vallor's voice took a lower tone.

"Captain Vanborough had taken too much to drink that night. I saw the spirit bottle on the table; I saw him half fill his glass with brandy more than once and drink it off during our conversation. We said little, but I soon saw that no negotiation was possible. As it was too late at night I was anxious to bring matters to a close, and rose to go, having fixed the meeting for next morning. I would not have it there and then, for Captain Vanborough's hand was unsteady, and I did not wish to take an unfair advantage. In arranging the details of time and place, some difference of opinion arose between him and Tremaine. Neither of them was in a condition to take the matter coolly. Tremaine called his friend by some opprobrious epithets—'forger,' I think, 'liar,' 'coward,' and so on—and Vanborough, exasperated, struck him on the face. In a second the two men were struggling together for life and death. I interposed—but I am, unfortunately, not a strong man; I was repulsed at first; finally I got possession of Vanborough's knife, which, after the wild South American fashion, he carried in his belt. But not before he had inflicted several wounds upon his *friend* Tremaine."

"Ah!"

Sir Wilfred uttered a sort of gasp. And yet he told himself that no account of Geoffrey's baseness would surprise him.

"By this time," Vallor continued, "the camp was roused. Men came rushing in with lights and weapons, for our solitary lamp had been extinguished in the scuffle. Tremaine was insensible, and I held the bloody knife in my hand. Now, mark what follows, Sir Wilfred. Geoffrey Vanborough turned to his comrades and accused me—*me*—of this assault upon his friend, professed great anxiety upon Tremaine's account, and would have shot me through the head upon the spot if the other settlers had not intervened to lead me away from the tent—a prisoner."

"What happened?"

"I was kept in bonds all night. Next morning Vanborough came out of his tent and incited the men to attack me. I think they would have tortured me to death—you do not know the ferocity of these men's habits—but for the fact that Tremaine, on recovering from insensibility, had done me the justice to send word that I was not to blame, and to tell them to let me go. But Vanborough was too violent to allow Tremaine's word to be taken. I was not killed, certainly—as you see—but I was forced out of the camp (although my means of living were all there), and brutally told that I should be shot or hanged if I returned to it. And yet, sir, I was an innocent, though deeply injured, man. But Geoffrey Vanborough—once your son, though you rightly disown him now—was my ruin."

There was a long silence, and then Sir Wilfred said, faintly—

"Mr. Tremaine lives in this neighbourhood."

Vallor acted surprise. But he was immediately aware that Sir Wilfred was thinking of the possibility of proving his story by reference to Tremaine, and his active mind foresaw the difficulty.

"One thing, Sir Wilfred, I ought to mention," he said, casting down his eyes. "You must be aware that in such life as ours is likely to be out there, many men prefer not to be known by a name which was perhaps an honoured one in their own land. Not that I have dishonoured mine—heaven forbid!—but I had reasons for wishing to adopt another name than that of my father. In South America I called myself Sebastian Vallor; but these

were my second and third Christian names only. My true name is Constantine Sebastian Vallor Jacobi; and I have given you that true name from the beginning."

"May I ask why you came to England?" said Sir Wilfred.

"My mother was an Englishwoman," said the man with a sigh; "my father, a Spaniard. She had fallen into poverty and ill-health. She wrote to me to visit her on her death-bed. I found the letter waiting for me at Buenos Ayres, whither I made my way after my expulsion from the camp. My friend, the naturalist, Dr. Diego, supplied me with funds for the voyage. I spent my last coins in furnishing my mother with the necessaries of life. She died—a week ago." He paused, as if overcome with emotion, and swept his long, slender fingers across his eyelashes. "I had scarcely a penny left. I had no friends. In my desperation I resolved to tell my story to Sir Wilfred Vanborough—and I am here."

Sir Wilfred was leaning forward on his desk with a pained, gloomy expression on his pale countenance. Vallor had the discretion to remain silent. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch of expectation and suspense. What was it that the old man would do next?

Sir Wilfred turned and pulled a bell-rope. A servant appeared and received this order—

"Ask Miss Vanborough to come to me here—immediately."

In a few minutes Clarice arrived. Tranquil in appearance as a fair, frail spring flower, with her dreamy eyes, her cloudy hair, her exquisitely clear white skin. The Spaniard rose from his chair and bowed, thinking to himself meanwhile that she was curiously unlike the Vanborough he had known. But she was like Sir Wilfred.

"Clarice," said her father coldly, "you receive letters, I believe, from—Captain Vanborough?"

"From Geoffrey? Yes," said Clarice, with equal coldness.

"And from Mr. Tremaine?"

Clarice lifted her delicate eyebrows slightly, and by a very faint turn of the head indicated that she thought her father had forgotten the presence of a

stranger in the room. But Sir Wilfred repeated the question.

"From Mr. Tremaine?"

"Yes."

"When did you hear last from Mr. Tremaine?"

"I have not heard from him for some time. He has been ill. I think, papa, I can give you details about my correspondence better at any other time than this."

Her father hesitated. He was not moved from his purpose, but he was considering how best to carry it out.

"I have a reason for wishing to see Geoffrey's later letters," he said slowly. "One moment, Clarice. Mr. Jacobi, you will excuse my anxiety on this point. I am wishful to see whether Captain Vanborough gives any information to his sister concerning the affairs of which we have spoken."

He spoke politely, but Vallor—or Jacobi as he now called himself—felt that Sir Wilfred was trying to bring his truthfulness to the test. He suddenly became conscious of the danger in which he stood. In five minutes his villainy might be discovered; he might not be able to explain away the accusations that Vanborough would be sure to bring against him. What would this stern old man do to him? Could he imprison him? Vallor was very imperfectly acquainted with English law, and he had heard that Sir Wilfred was a magistrate. The discovery of truths that he could not deny to the Vanboroughs' satisfaction might place him in a very awkward situation.

With this thought he turned so pale, and the drops of perspiration started out and stood on his forehead so plainly that Clarice noticed it and wondered what was wrong. Sir Wilfred, however, was too much absorbed in unpleasant reflection to inspect his visitor's appearance very closely, especially when Vallor turned his back to the light so as to defy observation.

"Go and fetch the letters," said Sir Wilfred to his daughter. "If you show me Geoffrey's I may dispense with Mr. Tremaine's, perhaps." And by the curl of his lip and the repressed anger on his brow Clarice knew that the matter would not admit of argument.

When she had gone to fetch the letters Vallor recovered himself sufficiently to say—

"You will remember, of course, that Captain Vanborough's account is certain to differ essentially from mine."

"Of course," said Sir Wilfred, "I shall bear that fact in mind."

There was a lurking sarcasm in the baronet's tone which Vallor did not like. He was silent, therefore, until Clarice returned with a little packet of letters in her hand, which she placed upon her father's desk.

"They are all here?" he asked.

"All of them, papa."

He bowed his head slightly, then said—"That will do. I need not detain you."

"Papa," said Clarice, hesitating, "you—you—will remember that these letters were not meant for you to see."

"Certainly."

"There is nothing in them of which either he or I need be ashamed," said Clarice, with a slight blush, "but there are things which may not altogether please you."

He thought that she meant that Geoffrey had been complaining of his lot, or of his father's treatment of him; whereas, she simply meant that he had said a good deal about Nigel Tremaine.

She left the letters to their fate, and when the door had closed upon her Sir Wilfred turned to Vallor with a question.

"On what date," he said, "did the quarrel between Mr. Tremaine and Captain Vanborough take place?"

"On the twenty-second of October."

"Here is a letter," said Sir Wilfred, who had been examining the little pile, "dated October the twenty-seventh. Allow me. I hope you understand that I make this investigation simply in a friendly spirit."

It might be in a friendly spirit, Vallor reflected, and yet prove exceedingly inconvenient to the parties concerned. He waited anxiously, his hands clenched to stop their trembling.

Geoffrey was not a good letter-writer. His epistles were all short and concise, and in this case Nigel had been at his elbow to tell him not to alarm Clarice. So the account which Sir

Wilfred read, first in silence, and then aloud, ran simply thus—

"You must not expect to see Nigel home quite as soon as he promised to come. He met with a little accident two or three days ago, and got his arm cut; the doctor says it is nothing serious, but he will have to stop in bed for a few days. You needn't alarm yourself about it, he says—"

And then Sir Wilfred stopped, for the sentence went on with the words, "and he sends you his love, and will write as soon as possible."

The next letters made a more or less careless reference to Nigel's "accident" and the fever that had supervened, but not until the very last letter was there any definite account of it, and that was evidently in answer to a pressing request from Clarice for news.

"Nigel will give you a history of his adventures when he comes home," wrote Geoffrey. "The fact is some man got into our tent, probably with thieving propensities, and there was a scuffle. Men use their weapons rather freely here, and Nigel was wounded with a knife. The fellow that did it was lucky enough to get off with his life, for the whole camp rose up against him, and I must confess that I was near inflicting condign punishment on him with my own hands. I was to blame in——"

"Why, good heavens!" said Sir Wilfred, suddenly, "the letter breaks off here with an apology for not writing more. 'He had only just time to close.' H'm!"

He seemed to reflect for a few minutes, then looked at Vallor, who was again breathing freely, and said in a grave tone—

"These accounts do not at any rate controvert your own, Mr. Jacobi. Not that I had any reason to suppose they would. Captain Vanborough's past life has not led me to expect anything from him but violence and deceit. Now be so good as to tell me how I can best assist you. The least I can do is to make some reparation for the losses which you seem to have suffered through my son's misconduct. Would a sum of money——"

"Sir," said Vallor, lifting himself suddenly from the chair in which he

had been sitting, "I did not come to beg. Not a penny! not a penny! save what I earn by honest work."

"What, then, can I do for you?" said the baronet, rather coldly.

"If, sir, you could find me work to do," said the man, "honest work by which I could earn a living, I should be eternally grateful to you. Unfortunately I am not strong enough for much bodily exertion. If I could get writing, translation or copying to do, I——"

"Excuse me. Do you write a good hand?"

"I shall be happy to show you a specimen of my handwriting."

And, furnished with ink and paper, Vallor sat down and wrote a few sentences, one in French, one in Italian, one in Spanish, and handed the paper to Sir Wilfred.

"You seem to be a good linguist," Sir Wilfred remarked. Then he added, rather slowly, "I have some copying and cataloguing to be done in which I want a helper. If you like to accept a loan from me for the present, and to take up your abode at the Vanborough Arms—the village inn—I think I can give you work sufficient to occupy you for some time. You would come here at ten o'clock every morning, and work with me for a few hours, and I shall be glad to give you the remuneration that you may think the work deserves. In the meantime, if you agree, here is an instalment."

And Sir Wilfred handed his guest a ten-pound note.

Vallor pocketed it with a smile, and felt himself master of the situation.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SECRETARY.

When Sir Wilfred Vanborough was left alone he paced up and down for some time with long, slow strides. Although he had conducted himself with so much apparent pride and indifference, the father's heart within him was grievously wounded by the tidings that he had heard. He could not help reflecting that this man, Constantine Jacobi, came without credentials, and that his story might be utterly untrue; but, again, there was nothing to contradict it in Geoffrey's letter, and Sir

Wilfred had a rooted belief in his son's bad disposition, which made him incline to the worst possible view of his conduct on any given occasion.

He did not care to investigate the matter any further, and never contemplated any appeal to Nigel for confirmation or denial of the facts as given by Jacobi. He believed in his heart that Geoffrey was guilty; and he felt it his duty to help the man who had sought him out as the redresser of wrong done by his son.

For why should Jacobi have come to him if the story were untrue? Was it a story that any one was likely to invent? And Jacobi did not seem to be a mercenary man; Sir Wilfred was pleased with the way in which he had twice treated an offer of money, and more pleased still with the graceful deference with which the Spaniard had treated him. If he turned out well, it was possible that he might make a good private secretary. Sir Wilfred had a secret scheme for freshly cataloguing and arranging the library, and Clarice would not prove a very efficient helper. He had been thinking of advertising for a secretary. Constantine Jacobi had turned up in the very nick of time.

After walking about his study for some time, Sir Wilfred lit his lamps, pulled down the blinds, and drew the packet of letters towards him. Deliberately he sat down in his great arm-chair, took them out one by one from their envelopes, and read them through. When he had finished he tied them up again with the little yellow ribbon that Clarice had used for that purpose, laid them down upon the table, and sat with his cheek upon his hand and his eyes fixed upon the glowing embers of the fire.

Decidedly Geoffrey did not write the kind of letters which his father had expected him to write. The tone of his letters was now and then melancholy, but manly, open, and free; Geoffrey did not write like a man oppressed by guilty secrets. There were many affectionate references to Nigel and to Luke Darenth, but no complaints of hardship or reflections upon his father. Gilbert was not mentioned once throughout the series of

letters. Sir Wilfred escaped at last from his difficulty by the conclusion that Geoffrey was a cleverer hypocrite than he had thought.

He returned the packet to Clarice in the course of the evening, with no remark beyond a courteous word of thanks. Clarice almost expected him to make some observation upon the many messages from Nigel which had come to her by Geoffrey's letters; perhaps to forbid her to reply to these messages, or hinder her from writing to her brother at all; but at present he kept a rigid silence upon the point. It was the one consolation to her that he allowed her to correspond freely with Geoffrey, and had not absolutely forbidden her to write to Nigel.

But she soon became aware of an unpleasant change of sentiment upon his part. One afternoon, about a week after the instalment of Jacobi as his secretary, he entered Clarice's sitting-room with a gloomy and displeased air. She was at her desk writing a letter upon thin foreign paper.

"With whom are you corresponding?" he asked drily.

She looked up with a half-frightened air.

"With—Nigel," she said, in a low voice.

"May I ask why you write a letter to a man who has no claim of relationship upon you?"

"I have always written to Nigel," said Clarice, faltering a little.

"I am sorry for it. I must put a stop to this foolish correspondence. Remember, Clarice, that you write to Mr. Tremaine no more."

"Oh, papa!"

"Can you give me his address? I will write him a note myself to explain why your letters are discontinued. I forbid all intercourse with him or his family henceforward. Do you hear?"

"But why, papa? They have all been so kind to me," murmured poor Clarice, turning white as the possibility of separation from Nigel rose up before her like a blank wall across her life.

"Why? Because I do not choose. Well, I will give you a reason, that you may not think me unjust. Nigel Tremaine is not a fit man for you to associate with. He is leading a wild,

bad life in South America, and has some entanglement with a Spanish girl in Monte Video which is exceedingly discreditable to him. He is not a man whom I can any longer admit into my house."

Sir Wilfred was prepared for a storm of tears, or even a fainting fit, for, though he purposely ignored the fact of any engagement of marriage between Tremaine and his daughter, he knew perfectly what the true state of the case had been. But as he believed the report which Jacobi had given him concerning Nigel's manner of life in South America, he had armed himself with stern fortitude against sobs, cries, or other feminine manifestations of emotion.

He was not prepared to see Clarice rise from her chair and confront him with a dangerous look in her dark eyes, and bitter rebellion painted on her white face.

"You have tried to make me think evil of my brother," she said passionately, "and now you would do the same about Nigel. You may tell me what you like. I will not believe one word against Geoffrey's honour or Nigel's truth. I trust them both—with all my heart and soul."

Was this proud, resolute woman his dreamy silent daughter, whom he had thought still a child? She turned as if to quit the room in haughty indignation, but Sir Wilfred, recovering from a momentary bewilderment, intercepted her, placed his hand upon her shoulders, and looked down into her eyes.

"Clarice," he said, throwing more sternness into his voice than he often showed to his daughter, "look at me." She looked and read an icy determination in his countenance before which her own resolve began to quail. "Before you leave this room I must have your solemn promise not to correspond with Nigel Tremaine."

"I cannot promise," she cried, her defiance merging into entreaty, and the tears starting into her eyes. "He is ill—he is expecting to hear from me; and he—he loves me."

"You are mistaken," said her father, coldly. "I cannot let you compromise yourself with a man of that kind. Pray do not drive me to use severe measures,

Clarice. If you will not give me your word not to write to Mr. Tremaine I shall forbid, and render impossible to the best of my ability, your correspondence with Geoffrey as well as with Tremaine. And if you correspond with them clandestinely—which I hope you would have too much self-respect to do—I should be compelled to restrict your present liberty in ways which you would find disagreeable. You are only nineteen; you have no mother living, and I must guard you from danger. Until you are twenty-one, at any rate, you will be pleased to obey me. When you are of age, of course, I cannot hinder you legally from doing what you choose. You may then marry Nigel Tremaine or any other scoundrel—and take my curse as your marriage-gift; but I did not think that another of my children—that you, of all the three—would be the grief instead of the comfort of my old age. I am like Jacob—I shall go down to the grave mourning and shall not be comforted.”

Sir Wilfred's fine face and presence made the last words doubly pathetic. Clarice burst into tears. It was easy then for him to draw her head down on his shoulder and to assure her that he was acting for the best, that he desired only her happiness, that it was his love for her that made him anxious, and so on. Before he left the room he had received the promise from her lips that she would no longer write to Nigel, although he could not convince her of Nigel's unfaithfulness. He took with him also the address, to which she despatched letters for Geoffrey and Nigel, and he laid upon her two further orders—first, that she was not to inform Geoffrey of any reason for breaking off the connection with Nigel, or discuss it with him in any way; secondly, that she was not to mention the arrival of Contantine Jacobi in her letters. On these conditions she might still correspond with her brother.

Clarice's mind leaped naturally to the conclusion that Mr. Jacobi was connected in some way with Sir Wilfred's belief in Nigel's unworthiness, and her dislike of “the secretary,” as he began to be called, was intensified thereby tenfold.

Sir Wilfred's letter to Tremaine was exceedingly curt and cool. It requested him to return Miss Vanborough's letters, and to refrain from any further communication with her. Also Sir Wilfred intimated that any letter from Mr. Tremaine to himself, if opened in mistake, would be returned to the writer unread.

Clarice suffered in silence. It had never been her habit to complain. She could now and then be lashed into passionate action, but she was not fitted for long rebellion. She wrapped herself in an armour of chill reserve, grew graver and dreamier day by day, until at times she more resembled a snow-white statue, fair and cold, than a living, breathing woman of flesh and blood. Not even to Joan, whom she had learnt to love more tenderly of late, did she confess that she found her father's prohibition hard to bear. She told her simply one day that the engagement between herself and Mr. Tremaine was broken off, and begged her not to mention the subject again. Joan wondered and pitied, but obeyed. She was too much occupied at this time to come to Charnwood Manor again. Madame Vallor had been ill, and required careful nursing; then Seth and Patty (who had become reconciled to Madame Vallor's presence by the fact that she paid for her board and lodging) were to be married in June, and to take up their residence at the farmhouse, and some preparation for their arrival had to be made.

Easter fell late that year, and it was not until after Easter that Gilbert and Merle came down to Charnwood for a few days. It was on the third day of their visit that Gilbert came to Clarice's sittingroom, then occupied by herself and Merle, with a frown upon his handsome face, which by this time his wife as well as his sister knew too well. Merle looked up at him with a calm yet tender glance, and made room for him upon the sofa at her side. But he took no notice of the tacit invitation; he walked to the mantelpiece, then to the window, with a decidedly harassed expression. Clarice, lying back in a great easy chair, with her hands in her lap, and her languid eyes fixed on vacancy, paid no attention to his move-

ments, but Merle was conscious of his slightest look or gesture.

"Clarice," he said at last, in an irritated tone, "how long has that man been here?"

"Mr. Jacobi? Since March. Papa finds him useful."

"He might find him useful without taking him out of his proper position. He lives here, it seems."

"Yes. He has Geoffrey's old room."

Gilbert paused, as if the utterance of his brother's name had silenced him.

"Does he always dine here?"

"Always."

"And you tolerate him?"

"What can I do?"

"The worst is," said Gilbert, sitting down at last by Merle's side, "that my father seems to think so highly of him as to treat him with positive deference. He is at this moment taking his advice on a business matter in preference to mine. I think I have a claim to be treated with some consideration in this house."

"Sir Wilfred is so courteous," said Merle gently, "that he probably would not like to hurt Mr. Jacobi's feelings by rejecting his advice."

"But why did he ask for it?" said Gilbert, in a tone of extreme irritation.

There was a pause. Gilbert leaned his beautiful dark head against a cushion and closed his eyes. Merle put out her hand and touched his, but he drew it hastily away, as if at that moment he could not bear to be touched.

"You must rest," she said softly. "It is bad for you to excite yourself in that way."

"Of course it is bad for me," he said, in a voice that denoted a sense of deep injury. "But people never consider that."

By dint of great care and watchfulness, Gilbert seemed to have regained a fair proportion of health and vigour. As long as those dangerous attacks of pain and faintness could be warded off by quiet and easy living, he showed few symptoms of illness. But to Merle, who knew now the meaning of every passing flush or pallor, who studied every day the violet shadow that lingered under his eyes and the blue veins that showed too plainly

upon his temples, he still appeared to be perilously frail, and the greater part of her life was spent in trying to shield him from annoyance, in making the days pass with velvet softness. It was perhaps a little hard for her, therefore, to hear Gilbert say that "people never considered" whether things were bad for him or not.

Presently he roused himself to continue—

"I must find out something about this fellow. Where did he come from?"

"I don't know," said Clarice, whom her father had not enlightened on the subject of Mr. Jacobi's antecedents. "I think—I believe—he had had something to do with Mr. Tremaine in South America."

"That is not much guarantee for his character," said Gilbert with a sneer. Clarice's pale face slightly flushed at this, but she made no remark.

Her brother rose and began to wander round the room, picking up one by one and examining the ornaments with which it was decorated, and promising to send her some specimens of old Japanese ware which he had lately bought in London. He came at last to a recess where hung a picture towards which he was obliged to stoop in order to distinguish the subject plainly, as the light was not good. Then he gave a slight start, and remained perfectly still for a minute or two, his hands resting on a low table, and the fingers twitching.

It was a crayon sketch of Geoffrey which Gilbert had made a few years ago when he was contemplating a portrait of his brother in oils. The portrait had never been begun, and the sketch had been thrown aside and forgotten, and then appropriated by Clarice, who had it framed since Christmas. It was a striking sketch, full of vigour—the head slightly turned to one side, the sparkle of laughter in the brown eyes, the curve of the mouth beneath the tawny moustache indicating amusement and animation. It was a hopeful, manly face, and it represented well enough what Geoffrey had been at three-and-twenty, when Gilbert was an artistic lad of eighteen, who delighted

in sketching his brother in every conceivable pose.

Gilbert uttered an involuntary sigh, and walked slowly out of the room. He was liable to fits of great depression and remorse when the cause of his brother's absence was brought prominently before his mind; but the instinct of self-preservation generally kept accusing thought at bay. He could not bear to remember why Geoffrey was banished; at times he half persuaded himself that he had left England on other grounds, and that the miserable business of the abstracted cheque had been a wild, bad dream. His life with Merle was, on the whole, so sweet, and he was so used to concealments of various kinds, and to finding his days run smoothly in spite of them; he was so accustomed to success and flattery, that he could not but make excuses for his conduct, and say that Geoffrey would have ruined himself in other ways if not in this. He could not even admire the nobleness of Geoffrey's conduct. Self-sacrifice was impossible to Gilbert, and Geoffrey's generosity had always appeared to him (even while he took advantage of it) rather weak. But if Geoffrey were unwisely indulgent to his younger brother, there was certainly much baseness in the nature that could profit by his folly, and forget entirely to be grateful for his love.

Finding that Sir Wilfred was deaf to his remonstrances concerning the position of responsibility and confidence that Jacobi was gradually acquiring in the house, Gilbert gave way to a fit of the sulky temper to which he had occasionally succumbed from his youth up, as the spoilt child of the household. Black looks and pettish speeches were, however, generally attributed to the feeble state of his health, and even Sir Wilfred, fond as he was of his younger son, did not attach much importance to them. Gilbert was just sufficiently in awe of his father not to say all he felt about Jacobi's companionship at meals and in the drawing-room after dinner; but he said enough to make Sir Wilfred draw his white eyebrows together and remark that he found his secretary an exceedingly useful and intelligent man, and that, if he could associate with him,

he thought that his son need find no difficulty in doing so.

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders in a disgusted fashion, and did not trouble to disguise his ill-temper for the next few days.

His slighting manner was not lost upon Jacobi. The man's face assumed a curiously dark expression when Gilbert's negligent incivility became too aggressive to escape notice. But for some time he maintained an attitude of extreme humility, smiled a pale smile at Gilbert's haughtiness, and seemed bent on making himself necessary and agreeable. Once or twice Gilbert became a little ashamed of his own rudeness to an inferior, and tried to modulate the asperity of his tones in speaking to him; but, as his feeling partook of the nature of an antipathy which he really could not control, his efforts were hardly successful.

One evening these two most congenial spirits were left alone. Merle and Clarice had gone with Sir Wilfred to dine at a neighbour's house—an unwonted piece of dissipation for Sir Wilfred, in which he indulged out of some paternal fondness for his daughter-in-law—and Gilbert, who found country dinner parties very slow work, had excused himself on the plea of indisposition, and dined in his own room in order to escape the companionship of the secretary.

But after dinner, finding that the evening was very still and warm, he sauntered leisurely into the library, and there, in the dim light, discerned the form of Mr. Constantine Jacobi snugly ensconced in the depths of a lounging-chair, evidently fast asleep.

Gilbert was unreasonably annoyed. He said nothing, but opened one of the long windows, and moved one or two chairs with some unnecessary noise. Jacobi slept rather heavily; in fact he was addicted to the use of opium pills, and had taken a stronger dose than usual. But the disturbance made by Gilbert roused him at last. He sat up, rubbed his face, and looked round him with dazed, dilated eyes. Gilbert thought he had been drinking, and felt the same repulsion to his presence that one would experience upon finding a noxious



reptile coiled up on one's favourite sofa-cushion.

Gilbert wheeled his own chair to the window in such a position as to turn his back to Jacobi. He heard the secretary rise from his seat, stretch himself, and walk up to one of the book-cases, from which he seemed to take a volume. Every one of his movements grated upon Gilbert's nerves. It was an unpleasant necessity to have the man near him, for Gilbert had a woman's sensitiveness to any disagreeable impression; it was intolerable that the man should make himself so much at home.

It was in the curtly emphatic tone of hardly repressed disgust that he said at last—

"Ring the bell for lights, will you?"

Jacobi either did not hear, or pretended not to hear. He went on reading.

Gilbert waited a moment, then said sharply, without turning his head—

"I told you to ring for lights."

Jacobi put down his book, paused, and came slowly to the window where Gilbert was sitting. His voice was very deferential as he remarked, in his subdued way—

"This twilight hour is a pleasant time for conversation, Mr. Vanborough."

"Possibly," said Gilbert, his temper rising. "I am not much inclined for conversation at present. I stayed at home to avoid it."

"You could spare me a few moments, perhaps, sir?"

"Be so good as to ring for the lamp, if you please."

Gilbert had not raised his voice. Its clear low tones were pitilessly distinct, and cut through Jacobi's sentence like a knife. If he had looked round, he would have seen a glitter in Jacobi's eyes, a swelling of a vein upon his forehead, which might have warned him that he was exciting dangerous passions, but he did not look round. He was

only angry to find Jacobi still at his elbow.

The next words fell from Jacobi's lips with a hissing sound, scarcely above his breath.

"You take the wrong tone with me. Diablos! You know not who I am or what I can do. Listen—I met your brother in South America——"

He paused, to let the words have full effect. Gilbert had sprung to his feet, startled and confounded.

"What—what do you mean?" he said, a wild fear creeping into his eyes, a sudden terror paling his face and making his breath come short and fast.

Jacobi enjoyed the situation, but did not wish to prolong the suspense too long. He had a wholesome dread of bringing on one of the attacks of illness of which he had heard from Sir Wilfred. But he could not resist the temptation to torture his victim before he let him go.

"What did I hear in South America? Did he tell me anything, or did he not? We were good friends at one time, Geoffrey Vanborough and I, did you know that?"

His eyes gloated with savage joy over the sufferings of the man before him. Gilbert was crouching in his chair, with his hand pressed to his heart. His breath came in gasps; he could hardly speak.

"What"—he managed to stammer out, "what—did he—say?"

"Oh, don't alarm yourself," said Jacobi, coolly. "He did not say much." Then, in a coarsely confidential way, he put his face close to Gilbert's, and added the question which he deemed the finishing touch to his ingenuity. "He was too fond of you to let you bear the blame, I suppose."

And as Gilbert could not answer, he supplemented the query with an exclamation, more to himself than to his interlocutor—

"What a fool he must have been!"  
(*To be continued.*)

#### PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

—Young.

## DOINGS OF "HOLY RUSSIA."

By G. H. D. GOSSIP,

*Formerly Translator for "The Times" Office, Paris.*

The fate of India will probably be soon decided on the plains of Afghanistan. Diplomacy may defer war for months—possibly for a few years—but as England gained India by the sword, so she will have to defend it by the sword. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of that great oriental authority—Vambéry—who ridicules the notion of any permanent amicable arrangement with Russia.

It has always, till recently, been the policy of Russia to encroach *by degrees*—to assume the protection of a territory before the sovereignty. During the last ten years, however, she has thrown off the mask; and the invasion of India, suggested by the late General Scobelev, has been openly advocated by the Russian press. This project is no new idea, for Russia's policy for centuries in that direction has been persistent and inflexible. According to Ségur, Peter the Great (that ferocious barbarian who, with his own hand, beheaded five of the Streltsi at a banquet in presence of his nobles, and had his consort, the Czarina Eudoxia, knouted, and his son, Alexis, poisoned), bequeathed the conquest of India as a legacy to his successors. "Once India won the world is ours!"

The Empress Catherine entertained the scheme, which was frustrated by her death. But in 1799 the Emperor Paul actually arranged with Buonaparte for a joint invasion of India by Russia and France. He wrote thus to Orloff-Denisoff, Hetman of the Cossacks of the Don:—"It is three months' march from Orenburg to Hindostan, and it takes another month to get from the encampments of the Don to Orenburg. You will go straight with your artillery to Bokhara, Khiva, the Indus, and the English settlements in India. Prepare everything for this campaign; send your scouts to reconnoitre and repair the roads. All the treasures of the Indies shall be your recompense." The French expedition, composed of 35,000 men, was

to cross the Volga to Astrakhan, and the Caspian to Asterabad in Persia, and to join there 35,000 Russian troops, the whole force to be commanded by Masséna—the *enfant chéri de la victoire* (who had beaten the Russians at Zurich), and advance by way of Herat and Candahar to the upper Indus,—the march taking 120 days from the Rhine to Scinde. The coalition, however, was broken up by the tragic death of the Czar on the night of the 23rd March, 1801. Napoleon was enraged on receiving the news of Paul's assassination, and absurdly suspected the English Government of complicity in it.

A brief *résumé* of Russia's aggressions during the last seventy years, her systematic violation of treaties, and her unparalleled barbarities, will here be not out of place.

On 27th November, 1815, in accordance with the conditions of a treaty concluded between Russia, Austria and Prussia, on 3rd May, 1815, Alexander I. pledged himself solemnly to bestow on the Poles a nationality distinct from that of Russia, and a constitutional charter. But falling under the influence of the cruel Count Arakcheiev, he deliberately violated his engagements. The brutality and ferocity of the Grand Duke Constantine, and Rojniecki, chief of the police, rendered the position of the unfortunate Poles intolerable, and in 1830 they rose in insurrection. After a glorious struggle, and many brilliant victories, they were finally crushed in 1831, at the bloody battle of Grochow. The tortures inflicted on them in prison make humanity shudder, and death or suicide diminished daily the number of the unhappy victims, often left to perish of hunger and thirst in their loathsome dungeons. Ever since, the Poles have suffered a long martyrdom; the flower of the youth of Poland has been swept by an odious conscription into the ranks of the Russian army; millions of Poles

have been put to death, with every conceivable variety of torture, in the prisons of Wilna, Minsk, Warsaw, and Cracow, and on the awful road to Siberia; and even to this day Russia refuses the Poles the use of their own language, enforces the adoption of the Greek religion, and stamps out Polish national life with every refinement of cruelty.

The Emperor Nicholas, who took oath to observe the Polish Constitution in 1825, and again at his coronation at Warsaw in 1829, always violated these oaths. This brutal tyrant actually had noble Polish ladies flogged with the knout. In 1863 the premeditated massacres at Warsaw, when women and children were trampled to death under the feet of the Cossack horses, again drove the Poles to despair. Once more they flew to arms, only to be again crushed after deeds of unexampled heroism. Under the administration of the infamous Mouravieff (nicknamed "the hangman") and Count Berg, the innocent populations of entire villages, including the old and sick, and helpless little children, were driven off in chains to perish of cold and hunger on the road to Siberia. Poles were roasted alive, and after one of the engagements in 1863 the Russian general ordered the wounded Polish prisoners to be buried in the same grave with the dead, and the order was executed !\*

No Polish woman, whatever her grief or her rank, was allowed to wear mourning. By the orders of Governor Mouravieff, any who ventured to disobey this prohibition were treated as abandoned women, numbered, registered, &c., and even in some instances flogged. When "order reigned in Warsaw," and the late Czar visited it, he exclaimed, "No illusions! all my father did was well done!" So much for the "pious," "magnanimous" Czar, and the "Holy Russia!"

The account of the atrocities then perpetrated was confirmed in official despatches to the British Government from Colonel Stanton, the British diplomatic agent at Warsaw, and Lord

Palmerston denounced them in Parliament. Napoleon III., in his speech from the throne, declared "that the treaties of 1815 were trampled under foot at Warsaw." The indignation of Europe was aroused, but Poland perished. The heroism of Kosciusko and Langiewicz proved unavailing, and the noble nation that produced John Sobieski (the saviour of Europe from the Turks), the Jagellons, and the Casimirs, has become the prey of the barbarous Muscovite.

The persistent aggressions of Russia on the Turkish Empire are well known, but their success has escaped the notice or the recollection of many. The treaty of 1856, signed by the representatives of England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia, was trampled under foot by Prince Gortschakoff in 1879, and the results of the Crimean war were nullified. The crusade against Turkey in 1877, to quote the words of Lord Salisbury, "caused more misery than centuries of misrule." But the material gain of the whole to Russia was great. She had secured Bessarabia and the mouths of the Danube; Batoum, Kars, and Trebizond were wrested from the Ottoman Empire; and a large portion of Armenia fell under Muscovite rule.

In 1859 Schamyl had been forced to surrender to Prince Bariatsinski, and the whole of Circassia was annexed. Hundreds of thousands of Circassians fled to Turkey to escape from the cruelty of the Russians; and it is not surprising that they retaliated on their oppressors in the last Russo-Turkish war. Long before, the treaties of Gulistan and Turkomanchai had given Russia several provinces, and had carried her arms to the banks of the Araxes, and the first parallel against India. Prince Gortschakoff justified the seizure of Tchemkend and Turkistan, wrested from Khokand and Bokhara, on the plea "that such a measure had been necessitated by the nomadic and predatory character of the populations on the Russian frontier." Gortschakoff's manifesto, in which he declared "that Russia had no intention of annexing any further territory," was dated November, 1864. Yet before July, 1865, Russia conquered Tashkend.

\* See "*La Guerre de Pologne en 1863*," "*The Black Book of Russia*," and Alfred Austin's work, "*Russia before Europe*."

Again declaring "that the Czar had no desire to add further to his dominions," she took Khojend—the key of the Jaxartes—in 1866. By a ukase, dated July, 1867, a large portion of Khokand was formally annexed.\* The Emir of Bokhara, defeated in the battles of Irdjar in 1866, and Zera Buleh in 1868, ceded to Russia the Khanate of Samarcand,† in 1868, and paid an indemnity of two millions. The Khan of Khiva was only vanquished in 1873, after a desperate resistance; and had to pay a contribution of over two millions of roubles, which exhausted his resources. It was only the fear of a conflict with England, averted by Count Schouvaloff, that prevented Khiva from becoming a Russian province; though it has since been formally annexed, notwithstanding the most solemn assurances of the Czar "that Russia had no intention of annexing Khiva." In 1875, Khokand was finally annexed, and the Kirghiz being conquered, nothing was wanted to make Russia mistress of Central Asia, but the subjugation of the Turkomans, who after a heroic resistance at Geok Tepe, were subdued by General Scobelev. This representative Russian admitted having slaughtered in cold blood 2000 defenceless Tekke-Turkoman women and children, excusing himself on the ground "that a terrible example was necessary with Asiatics." Since then the campaigns of Tcherniaeff, Romanoffsky, and Kaufmann have resulted in the complete subversion of the authority of the rulers of Turkestan. The Merv Turkomans, having suddenly discovered their inability to govern themselves, have made their submission to Russia, and Merv, formerly considered one of the keys of India, was formally annexed in 1884. Kashgar is at her mercy;‡ Persia is merely her vassal; and she has now penetrated into Afghan territory, with the object, of course, of seizing Herat

at the first favourable opportunity; although Prince Gortschakoff, Count Schouvaloff, M. de Giers, the Czar, and General Kaufmann, bound themselves to the engagement "that whatever happened Afghanistan was to be beyond the sphere of Russia's action."

*Sunt certi denique fines* was never more applicable to British policy than at the present juncture. Only quite recently General Annenkoff boasted that he could throw 100,000 Russian troops into Afghanistan in a fortnight. Russia has no honour, mercy, or scruples. Remonstrance, entreaty, and argument, are alike useless with her. She is the greatest enemy in the world to English industry and English manufactures: for she excludes English goods from Central Asia by enormous protective duties, and since the conquest of the Central Asian Khanates, over £2,000,000 worth of English merchandise has been annually shut out.

Allusion has already been made to the cruelty of Scobelev. In Central Asia, in 1873, in order to intimidate the neighbouring tribes, General Kaufmann (whose secret despatches inciting Shere Ali to war with England and assuring him of the support of the Czar were found in the Bala Hissar at Cabul) ordered the complete destruction of the Yomud tribe; and his subordinate, General Golovatcheff, said, in the presence of a number of officers, before an eyewitness, who narrated the scene to Mr. Schuyler, the American diplomatist:—"I have received an order from the Commander-in-Chief; I hope you will remember it and give it to your soldiers; this expedition does not spare either sex or age. Kill all of them." The detachment from the army of the Caucasus had not yet arrived, but came that evening. Golovatcheff called together the officers of that detachment and said: "I hope you will fulfil all these commands strictly. You are not to spare either sex or age. Kill all of them." The old Colonel replied: "Certainly, we will do exactly as you say."

In his massacre of 2000 Tekke-Turkoman women and children, Scobelev revived the barbarities in Hindostan of Tamerlane, who had 2000 children, who came out to meet him

\* At the battle of Makram, won by General Kaufmann, 20,000 Khokandese perished, and the Russians only lost 18 men, says Scobelev.

† Formerly the residence of Tamerlane.

‡ By the treaty of 1879 with Tchoon Kow, Russia has the right to establish agents throughout Eastern Turkestan, from which England is excluded.

with wreaths of flowers in their hands, trampled to death and sabred by his horsemen,\* slaughtered 100,000 prisoners at Delhi, and erected a pyramid of 90,000 heads at Bagdad. In short, Scobelev appears to have taken Timour for his *beau idéal*. His pet scheme for the invasion and conquest of India, with 50,000 Russian troops, and hordes of Turkoman and Afghan irregular cavalry (the latter are the finest in the world), was simply a revival of the "blood and pillage" invasions of Tamerlane. Although declared by Sir Lepel Griffin to be the dream of a madman, a much higher authority, viz., Professor Vambéry, has pronounced Scobelev's scheme to be perfectly feasible, and the attractions of loot and plunder in India to be irresistible to the proud and revengeful Afghans, who are not oblivious of their former defeats by England. Vambéry, as a Hungarian, is naturally no friend of Russia. At the time of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, the iron hand of Dost Mahomed, who was bound by the golden fetter of English money, restrained the war-loving Afghans from invading India, and joining the rebel Sepoys; but now the iron hand of Russian ambition impels them forward, and will they be forbearing?

According to Schuyler, the Russian army numbers over *three millions of men*, and is led by a vast body of officers, whose only aim is war, glory, and decoration. This great military caste, with the corrupt official bureaucracy, possess the only real control over the Czar—a control of the most pernicious kind, always pushing him on, even if he be personally peaceful, to war and ambitious aggression. This great despotism, wielding unquestioned power over one hundred millions of souls, is the greatest menace to the peace of nations. Russia is the most despotic and barbarous power in

Europe—a great military absolutism, governed by an enormous number of tyrannical and corrupt officials, appointed from the upper, never elected from the lower classes, among whom not a single administrative or police official, in European or Asiatic Russia, makes less than two, three, and often ten times the amount of his salary from bribery.

The preceding statements are fully confirmed by Prince Pierre Dolgoroukoff—himself a Russian—in his pamphlet *La Vérité sur la Russie*. He describes the Russian police as more cruel than wild beasts, and his definition of the Russian aristocracy as a "valetocracy" is on a par with the great Napoleon's time-honoured dictum—"Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez Tartare."

Russia, in fact, is a huge anachronism. In spite of the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander, she has made slight progress towards real civilisation, and Russian society is still as corrupt and rotten at the core as in the time of the Empress Catherine. In the nineteenth century she revives in Europe and Asia the barbarities of the middle ages, the massacres of Suvarrow at Ismail, and the persecution of the Jews. After the surrender of Plevna she left the wounded Turks for three days to perish of cold and hunger, whilst the noble Czar and his generals banqueted in honour of their victory; and whilst abundance reigned in the Muscovite camp, she allowed (as in Poland in 1863), the living to be buried with the dead, and left the remnant of the heroic garrison to starve where it surrendered. During the siege a kind of rostrum was erected for the Czar, from which he could safely witness, through a telescope, the fighting, recalling the gladiatorial combats of Rome, and the "*Ave Cesar, morituri le salutant.*" The scenes described by the *Daily News* correspondent who was with the Turkish army in its retreat from the Balkans, are almost too horrible for belief.

But because she is barbarous, cruel, and unscrupulous, Russia is none the less dangerous. "The Russian soldier," to quote Cucheval-Clarigny, "is the most admirable instrument of conquest

\* An officer who was present during the pursuit at Geok Tepé told Mr. Marvin "that the Cossacks slashed the women to pieces as they ran shrieking before them, or dropped on their knees imploring mercy, and that the babies falling out of their arms on the sand died of cold or starvation." Some of these atrocities are reluctantly admitted by MacGahan, the *Daily News* correspondent, who accompanied the Russian army in this campaign.

and colonisation (?). Docile and brave, supporting without complaint all fatigues and privations, he constructs roads, clears canals, makes bricks, is a mason, metal-founder, or carpenter, according to the need of the hour. With such instruments at her disposal Russian power will never give way; a few years will suffice to render final the conquest of any land on which she has set her foot." How strikingly this prophecy has been fulfilled in the Crimea, Poland, Georgia, Circassia, Armenia, Khiva, Bokhara, Khokand and Turkestan! She has not yet set her foot on India, but let England beware!—she has set it on Afghanistan. Her generals are skilful and brave. Scobelev—Gourko, the conqueror at Shipka—Tcherniaeff—Tergukasoff, who so gallantly rescued the beleaguered garrison of Bayazid—the Grand Duke Melikoff, a natural son of the late Czar, who defeated Mukhtar Pasha at Aladja Dagh—are redoubtable leaders. Besides this, she avails herself of the best German talent, witness Todleben, Kaufmann, Heimann, *et hoc genus omne*, who have so often conducted her troops to victory.

The Khan of Khiva predicted to Colonel Burnaby that Russia would take Kashgar, Merv, and Herat, and the prophecy is already partly fulfilled. Shere Ali likewise foresaw that a collision between Russia and England, either in Central Asia or Afghanistan, would be sooner or later inevitable; but his overtures to the British Government being rejected by the Liberal Administration, he turned naturally to Russia, who of course deserted him in the hour of need. How he lost his throne and died suddenly soon afterwards in Afghan Turkestan are matters of history. The relinquishment of Candahar by the Gladstone Cabinet, and the fall of Khartoum, have dealt a heavy blow to English *prestige*. Should war soon break out, the struggle for the grand prize of India will unfortunately commence under somewhat favourable conditions for Russia, owing to England's present foreign policy. Russia will have well chosen her opportunity. She is far more powerful now than at the time of the Crimean war, when her railway system was incomplete, and her

troops were exhausted and more than decimated by forced marches from the interior to Sebastopol. The Transcaspian railway will enable her to pour her almost inexhaustible reserves into Afghanistan without let or hindrance, and they will arrive fresh on the scene of action. The army of the Caucasus, consisting of 150,000 men on a peace footing, and 300,000 when mobilised on an outbreak of war, seasoned by the service and by the climate of the Caucasus, will be pitted against 60,000 British troops, whose constitutions are influenced by residence in a hot climate, 125,000 Indian troops, and 380,000 troops of the native princes, whose fidelity, Russia thinks, could not be relied on at all. Russia can despatch troops from her home provinces to her Transcaspian base, in three weeks less time than England can send reinforcements to India; for by relinquishing Candahar, 514 miles were placed between England and Herat.

Russia is not altogether without money or resources, as many seem to imagine. Only a year ago she borrowed in Berlin £15,000,000, at 5 per cent., and on that occasion over sixteen times the amount required, or £246,000,000, was subscribed for in Germany and Holland. Notwithstanding the hostility of the great Jewish bankers, Russia may still be able to borrow, in Amsterdam and Berlin; and she can draw on her internal resources for much of the *matériel* of war. Just before the outbreak of the Crimean war, Cobden prophesied that from her poverty, Russia would speedily be crumpled up like a piece of brown paper; in 1877 Lord Salisbury predicted that, from the same cause, Russia would not go to war with Turkey; neither of which prophecies were fulfilled. Similar vaticinations now indulged in may be found equally fallacious.

It is astonishing to witness the apathetic infatuation with which the Russian advances in Asia have been contemplated of late. Step by step she has moved on Herat, believing that, once in possession of it, she would have her gripe on the throat of India, or at least command as a preliminary the military resources of Persia and

Afghanistan. The importance of Herat has been felt in England. To prevent its falling into the hands of Persia, England has exerted on two occasions her military power; in 1838, and again in 1856. So far back as 1840, Lord Palmerston officially intimated to the Russian government "that any annexation of Khivan territory would constitute a *casus belli*." The annexation of Merv, however, showed that Russia meant what was thus dreaded; and ten years prior to the annexation of Merv, in 1863, both Sir Henry Rawlinson and M. Gregorieff had declared a collision between the two powers inevitable. Again in 1875, the former wrote as follows:—"The facility of taking Herat by a *coup de main* from Merv is so patent, while the consequences of that movement to British India might be so fatal, that it seems a fair matter for consideration whether the Russian occupation of the one city should not be immediately followed by the British occupation of the other." A truly wise suggestion. Subsequently, Demetrius

Boulger, a man of great authority on Eastern questions, wrote in 1879, "Russia's recent action in Afghanistan proclaims the fact that India is her goal, and nothing short of that prize will content her." Yet in spite of all such warnings, England has looked on, or has been amused with diplomatic correspondence, while Russia has been violating engagements, and explaining and excusing their violation; till she has attacked the Afghans, after provoking them to show fight; invaded their country; and projected her forts to 60 miles north-east of Herat, which is accordingly now at her mercy. How the affair may end, we must wait to see. But we may rest assured, that unless the English Government displays a little more astuteness, and a little more resolution not to be put off with explanations and excuses, which are of less value than the idlest wind, even if war be averted, Russia will come off the gainer, and will have approached her intended goal by a few more premeditated steps.

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## THE NATURE OF GLADNESS.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
 When all is smiling above and around;  
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?  
 There are notes of joy from the blackbird and wren,  
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,  
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.  
 The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
 And their shadows sport in the deep green vale;  
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
 And there they roll in the easy gale.  
 There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.  
 And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth, that smiles in his ray,  
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile all thy gloom away.

—W. C. Bryant.

## AN EASTER AT LORNE.

By "JUNGLIWALLAH."

Getting up at five o'clock in the morning for the purpose of catching a train is perhaps about as easy a thing to talk about on the previous evening as anything I know. But, alas! when the morning comes and the alarum clock rings out its summons, what a change is there! Languidly and reluctantly one crawls out of the warm cosy bed, and, lighting a candle with cold trembling hand, shivers towards the window to see what sort of a day it is. A soft drizzling rain is blown in a lazy manner against the glass, and the trees in the neighbouring gardens are gently swayed by a breeze, which one knows by instinct to be as cold as the grave. Where is the enthusiasm of the evening before? It seems as if the winds were sadly moaning over its decay and the skies shedding tears over its tomb.

I turn sadly towards the bed again—"Ah, well, I can have ten minutes more comfort, anyway. I can—" My meditations are interrupted by the door-bell. It is the cab which is to take me to the station. Confound the fellow! He is at least half-an-hour too soon. However, I dress hastily and come out. Driver says we are late. I don't think so; but when he shows me his watch and it says a quarter to six, I am convinced, and promise him extra fare if he gets me there in time. He says he'll try, but does not think he can do it. He also remarks that it is not his fault if we are late, he has been waiting half-an-hour or more. I do not much care whose fault it is; all I care about is getting there in time. I feel that most likely I am to blame, so I tell him we have no time for recriminations. That is my nature; I like to be magnanimous. The Jehu does not seem to know exactly what I mean, but takes it for something grossly insulting, so he grumbles away about people sleeping in their warm beds, while others have had to wait outside in the rain without even so much as a drop of whiskey to

keep the cold out. But as he speaks low I do not think his remarks meant for me, so I carefully do not hear them.

When at last we drive up to the station, I find, to my intense disgust, that we have come the distance in a little less than no time. That is, if Cabby's watch is correct, and the railway clock to be relied upon. It is pretty good time for a cab horse to do four miles in, but you never can tell what a horse can do till you try him. I am completely lost in admiration of this one, when I find myself waiting at a quarter to six for a train that does not go till half-past. Never mind! it is a holiday, and I am out for a pleasure trip, so I suppose it is all right; but I begin to think it is about time the enjoyment should begin. Cabby wants the extra fare for getting me there in time, but he pleads in vain. He does not get it, and therefore becomes abusive, and his language is something powerful, and makes me feel better. I always do feel better when my adversary begins to use strong language, because it is a sign of the weakness of his case; and besides, it is amusing to see a grown man dancing round, and consigning himself and everyone else to a sultry clime, where partings are unknown, all for a consideration of five shillings sterling. The imprecations that man invokes on his eyes alone are worth ten times the money; but when he gratuitously throws his soul into the bargain, I feel he is too extravagant, and leave disgusted. He does the same, though for a different reason.

Once in the train, my troubles seemed over. The sun broke through the clouds, scattering them right and left, like a shrapnell shell in the midst of Egyptian infantry, and things looked cheerful once more. The journey from Melbourne to Birregurra is, I believe, just about as interesting as any journey of the same length can be, so I was fully intent upon sleeping during this part of the time, but Morpheus' soothing power





SCENES AT LORNE. LOUITT BAY.

1ST SERIES

- 1 Lorne Township from Erskine River.
- 2 The Sanctuary.
- 3 Erskine Falls.
- 4 Cumberland Caves.
- 5 Jebbs Pool.



was not destined to wrap my soul in sweet forgetfulness just yet awhile. There happened to be in the same compartment an irrepressible youth, evidently bent on enjoyment, and deeply impressed with the idea that noise was the chief ingredient of that luxury; one of those lively, merry fellows, who are the life of a party, thoroughly good-natured, and able to give and take a rather personal repartee without either wounding or being wounded. Some of us were rather disgusted with him at first, but, before our holiday was over we found the advantage of having in our party, one whose indefatigable nature would not allow dull care an entrance into our circle.

The country between Birregurra and Dean's Marsh is not very exciting, and is mostly used for pastoral purposes, although several selectors have made their homes around the Marsh. The scenery would not repay anyone for the trouble of going there, and it is not until one has ascended the first hill on the road to Lorne that one begins to take an interest in the surroundings. But when near the brow of that hill, let the traveller look behind him, and if he be of an artistic nature, the fatigues and annoyances of his early rising and the first part of the journey will be forgotten. We gaze for a moment over the large extent of undulating prairie lands, dotted here and there with houses and patches of cultivation, till away in the distance the eye rests on the silvery sheen of a distant lake or water-hole; then a crack from the driver's whip, and the coach is speeding down hill in a cloud of dust, and all is banished from our sight. After this the views are pretty much all alike, only varying more or less in their intensity. Tall gum trees, deep shadowy sleepy valleys, full of ferns and fern-trees, occasional patches of cleared ground, and traces of bush fires, form a comprehensive catalogue of all the objects to be seen *en route*, while the absence of animal life, and the deep hush of the Australian bush, broken only by the rattle of the coach, or the distant monotonous strokes of the settler's axe, or the crack of the whip urging onward some lazy lumbering team of bullocks, cause a stillness quite

refreshing after the noise and racket of city life.

About four or five miles this side of Lorne is a house at which refreshments for man and horse can be procured. For the horses, water; for the men, milk, temperance drinks, and fruit; while the comfortable hostess will, for a consideration of two shillings and sixpence, provide a box of ferns against your return. This last fact is well worth knowing, inasmuch as the average man would rather expend twice that sum than devote his leisure and talents to collecting a similar variety. This "habitable dwelling" is situated on the top of the Big Hill, and from thence the journey is a gradual descent, broken by little rises, till at last the roar of the breakers sounds in our ears, and the glimmer of a roof or two appears in the valley below, and Loutitt Bay breaks on our view, and ten minutes afterwards we are in Lorne.

The township of Lorne boasts of two large hotels and one large boarding house, a post and telegraph office, an English church, and a State school; not to mention public baths, which are seldom used, the public preferring to bathe off the beach, and a public park, which I could not find. There are also general stores, a bootmaker's shop, a photographic establishment on wheels, and a good many private cottages scattered round in a loose rambling style.

It is not in the township itself that we find the scenery which has made this little bay so famous; but back among the ranges, where there are several creeks, gullies, and waterfalls, whose beauty cannot be denied. Almost every day, excursions to one or more of these places are organised, and men and women, laden with provisions and billies and pannikins, toil joyfully over hills that would frighten them to think of in town; scramble over slippery rocks, getting an occasional fall into a creek, and think it great fun. And so it is. I have found no one much worse for a fall or a wetting, but I have known many who found the exercise, hilarity, and fresh air, improve their health in a wonderful way. On arriving at their destination a fire is at once made, and the expedition indulge in the luxury of

tea and sandwiches, and sundry other viands prepared by the hostess before they started. Then, after resting and looking at the scene, they go their way homewards, arriving in time to have a bath and prepare for dinner. After dinner comes music and dancing in the dining-room, kept up till about ten o'clock, and then to bed, to prepare for another trip to another place on the morrow. Such is life at Lorne; every day a picnic for those who care for it. Stoney Creek, Kelsall's Rock, and Paradise, the Cumberland Caves, the Erskine and Phantom Falls, and several other places, are all to be visited by those who wish it to be said that they have seen Lorne; but in my opinion those who have visited only the Erskine Falls, and returned by the river, are well repaid for the trouble of a trip all the way from Melbourne.

Sometimes people do not seem to think there is enough romance about these simple expeditions, and so contrive to lose themselves for a few hours, or perhaps all night; but I must confess I cannot see any necessity for such a proceeding. I would not court fame of that description. I have lost my heart before now, and that was too unpleasant for me ever to try and lose the whole of myself. On one occasion I nearly spent a wet night up the Erskine, and I don't want to do it again.

It is a good many years ago now, that on one wet day, a party of us numbering twenty-five, proceeded to go to the Erskine Falls (a very much more difficult undertaking than it is now) by the old track. In those times ladies did not go on wet days, because the track, called by courtesy a road, was too steep and slippery; so it happened that none of the fair sex accompanied us. It rained the whole day without stopping, and had been raining all the previous night, so that climbing up the steep hills was a real work of art and skill, and many and frequent were the falls. I know of nothing, nor can I imagine anything more discouraging, than after having, with much expenditure of muscular power, struggled half-way up a clayey bank, to take an involuntary seat upon it and glide gracefully down again. It may be an exemplification of the law

of gravitation, calculated to enlighten the intellect of an onlooker, but the demonstrator does not, as a rule in these cases, care much for the improvement of his comrade's mind. Most of us that day had a practical proof as to the truth of the *facilis descensus* business, and yet we did not feel any better for it, I fear. On arriving at the Splitters' Falls (one of the three on the Erskine River), the beauty of the view from the top was completely lost upon us. What to us was Nature's glorious loneliness, when we could get no dry wood to make a fire with? But, at last finding some, we were happy once more, and proceeded on our way, looking like a band of exceedingly respectable mud larks. If one does not mind a few slips and a thoroughly good drenching, I would recommend him to do this excursion after a couple of hard rainy days, when the river is full, and the waterfalls gushing and tumbling against the rocks and splashing their spray on every side. I have seen the Erskine many times since, but never did it look so well as on that wet and gloomy day.

We stayed looking at it a long time, too long, in fact, but most of us had a good reason for remaining as long as possible. We were very tired, and the prospect of climbing those hills on the return journey was not refreshing. At last we had to move, and then our hearts were cheered by a statement from one of the party. It seemed we need not go up any hills at all—we could go round by the river. It was a rough road, he said, but better than the other, and he would show us the way. If to fly down a rugged rocky creek at the rate of five miles an hour, while his followers were laboriously crawling along at about two, was showing the way, he was the best guide I have ever seen. In ten minutes he was gone from our view like a beautiful dream, and we were left lamenting; so we had to ferret out a path for ourselves, which was not perhaps as easy as it might have been. By-and-by it began to get dark, and our prospects began to get gloomy; so Mr. Anak, a tall and brawny young man of the party, suggested "Every man for himself," and started off at score, "over bank, bush, and scaur," like Sir Walter Scott's hero, and







SCENES AT LORNE, LOUITT BAY.

2<sup>ND</sup>

1 The Rapids . 2 Cumberland Hill .  
3 Phantom Falls . 4 Erskine River

he also was soon lost to sight, if not to memory dear.

We generally succeeded in putting our feet on loose stones (there did not seem to be any fixed ones about there), and then sat down suddenly, or reclined speedily on the next two or three. We did not mind it at first, but after a little it began to grow too monotonous. It would have been funny, if there had been anyone there to laugh; but somehow we did not feel like laughing just then.

After passing Jebb's Pool, a place which, when seen under other circumstances, is a lovely spot, it was suggested that one of us should go ahead and bring a lantern, and I volunteered. Now the fun commenced, for me at any rate. I should not much have cared to have the idol of my soul gazing fondly on me at that moment. It hurts a man's feelings of self-respect, not to mention portions of his personality, to go quite unintentional, unexpected headers into pools of water, varying from two inches to two feet in depth, and paved with boulders of different sizes. After a little a faint howl on in front caught my attention; something between the cry of a wild dog and the plaintive sob of the wind on a wet and gusty night when one cannot sleep. As I got nearer I saw a sight to make the tender-hearted weep. It was Mr. Anak. In the middle of the creek, on a large boulder, wet and torn, with an expression of intense agony and fear depicted on his features, and shouting with might and main, stood the man who a short quarter of an hour before had cried, "Every one for himself!" When I came up to him he almost overwhelmed me with gratitude. What for I did not know; so I got angry. It was now quite dark, therefore my comrade wished to camp out for the night. I declined without thanks, and forced him to push on; but oh, what a time we had! I quite believe now that the best way to tell the difference between stones and water in the dark is not to put your foot thereon. That was the way we tried, and it was not a success. I cannot recommend it. Poor

Mr. Anak! he wanted to know if he would ever see his mother again! I did not know for certain, but rather thought he might. Poor fellow! I never saw a man so completely off his head as he was, and when we at length saw the lights of Mountjoy's, his joy was as boundless as his misery had been. Then, and not till then, did he let me have a pull at his flask. It was half-full, but all he got back would not have harmed a sick mosquito. He did not seem to mind that, we were saved, he said, and that was all he cared about. We sent out people, with a lantern, to find the others and bring them in. They arrived at half-past eleven that night, and seemed to think they had enough of that sort of pleasure. I suppose they found it too exhilarating, but I am not sure of this fact. Our precious guide had eaten his dinner and gone to bed in placid contentment, without saying a word about the rest of us. That was my only attempt at getting lost, and it was not sufficiently entertaining for me ever to try again. If I do get lost at any future time it will be purely by accident, and quite against my will.

I think there is one thing at Lorne which causes universal regret—and that is saying good-bye. The time passes so swiftly, with picnics every day, and amusements every evening, that every one's holiday appears too short.

Coming up in the coach during the public holidays is a mistake to be avoided by those who can do so; because when it is heavily laden, the men have to walk up most of the hills, and as there are a good many of them it is not altogether pleasant for those who are not passionately fond of pedestrian exercise. By a sport of fortune, I have always managed to hurt my foot or leg the evening before departure; and it is a strange thing, but somehow the accident has never occurred until after the dancing on the previous evening was over. Some have said that my lameness was a delusion and a snare, but I repel the insinuation as unworthy the originator whoever he or she may be.

## BESSIE BROWN, M.D.

'Twas April when she came to town,  
The birds had come, the bees were swarming ;  
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown ;  
I saw at once that she was charming.  
She took a cottage tinted green,  
Where dewy roses love to mingle ;  
And on the door, next day, was seen  
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath ;  
Her hat was darker, to enhance it ;  
The violet eyes, that glowed beneath,  
Were brighter than her keenest lancet ;  
The beauties of her glove and gown  
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter ;  
Ere she had been a day in town  
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,  
And swore they never saw such wee things ;  
The gossips met in purring bands  
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things ;  
The former drank the Doctor's health  
With clinking cups, the gay carousers ;  
The latter watched her door by stealth,  
Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way,  
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies ;  
And drove her buggy every day  
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.  
Her flower-like face so bright she bore,  
I hoped that time might never wilt her ;  
The way she tripped across the floor  
Was better than a philtre.

Her patients thronged the village street ;  
Her snowy slate was always quite full ;  
Some said her bitters tasted sweet ;  
And some pronounced her pills delightful.  
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—  
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado ;  
Where'er she came, where'er she went,  
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I, too, grew ill ;  
My aching heart there was no quelling ;  
I tremble at my doctor's bill—  
And lo ! the items still are swelling ;  
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear !  
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,  
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,  
Unless—I wed the doctor.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*



## UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

## CHAPTER II.

TWELVE, striking from the various clocks in the neighbourhood, each stroke falling on the still night air with the peculiar solemnity with which the sound seems always endued at or after midnight, roused Keith from the perusal of a book in which he had grown absorbed. Closing the volume with a half sigh, he crossed to the open window of his bedroom, and leant out into the breathless calm of the summer night. He had only taken up the volume as a relief from painful reflections. It was, however, his favourite novel, "*Adam Bede*," and as was his wont, he had soon grown deeply interested in the principal character.

The mighty heart of the city, which had throbbed all day with the toilsome struggle of life, had ceased to beat; every sound of active existence was hushed to rest; and Keith felt the unbroken peace and silence of the hour and scene fall on his restless spirit,

"With a touch of infinite calm."

As his gaze wandered to the starry heavens, whose inimitable quietude seems to rebuke earth's petty discords, and breathe eternal peace into the hearts of men, he murmured aloud some words he had just been reading, and which had lingered in his mind, half against his will. "When Death the great Reconciler has come, it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity."

It was not the first, or the second time, that Mr. Melville had forfeited a post Keith had procured him with infinite trouble, and the action which had so humbled his son's proud, honourable nature, was but a climax to much that had stung him in the past. But just and reasonable as the young man deemed his resentment to be, his was not the nature to yield itself easily to the control of any evil passion, however speciously disguised. Brought face to face with his own thoughts, the struggle

in his mind could scarcely fail to be a severe one. The weakness of a character so unlike his own was so utterly incomprehensible to him that as he recalled the repetition of broken promises of amendment, the light disregard of life's most sacred obligations, and the continued course of deception and wrong, his brow darkened, and, with a chilled and hardened heart, he determined to adhere to the line he had already marked out.

Almost as exhausted as though he had been engaged in some physical conflict, Keith had turned away from the window, when a slight movement in the room attracted his attention. Finding that the eight-year-old brother who shared his room was tossing from side to side in the agitation of some childish dream, Keith bent over the little sleeper to soothe and calm his restlessness. As he adjusted the clothes over the sturdy limbs, and pressed a kiss on the sunburnt, slumber-flushed cheek, he caught the sense of half intelligible words, in which little Jack appealed to "brother Keith," the hero of his childish heart, to share the gladness of some boyish triumph.

The unconscious utterances of the little sleeper had an effect which the child could never guess. With the murmured words, there came to Keith a sudden rush of recollections from the past, which softened in a moment the hard, aggrieved feeling at his heart, and changed the current of his bitter thoughts.

The present faded from his mind. His thoughts travelled to bygone years, and once again he seemed to hear the tender, triumphant tones of the father, honoured and revered, thrilling with pleasure at his first-born's school successes; before the father-heart, so warm and loving then, had grown indifferent and neglectful, or the worshipping

lad had become the severe judge. The wave of feeling washed away every trace of the resentment which, a few moments before, had seemed so just; and beside the sleeping child Keith's quivering lips petitioned to be "forgiven," as he had obliterated from his mind all wrongs he had endured.

"I will go to him to-night," he whispered to himself at last, "and strive to win him back to us by the influence of old memories and affections."

No chilling remembrance of their last meeting shadowed Keith's mind, as with noiseless footsteps he traversed the passages to his father's room. Every step he took seemed to bring a clearer image to his mind of the gay affectionate father of bygone years, to whom his boyish heart had clung so fondly. The picture was defined so clearly, as he pushed the door which yielded at his touch, that he almost expected to meet a realization of the vision within the room, faintly illumined by the grey light of early morning. His heart seemed suddenly to turn to ice within his breast at the reality which presented itself to his view. It was the defiant, hunted gaze of a haggard desperate man which he encountered, in whose eyes shone none of the affection brightening in his own. They only glittered with the light of a terrible resolve; while the hand which dropped helplessly to Mr. Melville's side at his son's entrance strove, with a flurried, nervous movement, to conceal the ominous, deadly *something*, held tightly within its grasp.

Although hardened by long indulgence in selfish pleasures, Mr. Melville had not lost every trace of natural feeling; mingled with the keen humiliation which he experienced from Keith's cold scorn at an error which he had justified to himself by the gambler's plea, that the money "borrowed" should be put back from his next winnings, were purer, better instincts. Blunted as his moral sensibilities had become of late, his heart ached with bitter regret for the shadow he had thrown over the futures which should have been his care. A deep futile longing stirred within him, to be able to lay on the head of the son he had neglected and wronged a comforting father-hand, and

look into his boy's face with eyes as ingenuous as his own.

As he mused on these things, there had seemed but one way by which he could escape the darkness which was closing around him. True, *that way* made his soul quail within him; but despair will sometimes endow a weak nature with a temporary influx of strength and resolution. So, with strangely confused faculties, without a thought to the gracious promises he was disregarding, Mr. Melville sought out the little pistol, the companion of his youthful travels, and was in the act of placing it to his breast, when Keith's entrance arrested his rash purpose.

The two stood facing each other for some moments without speaking. Sick at heart, and trembling in every limb, Keith moved forward at last, murmuring "Father!"—when, re-assured by the tenderness and pity shining in the eyes he had last seen cold and stern, Mr. Melville let the pistol fall to the floor, and bowed and feeble, as it seemed, with sudden age, clung weakly to his son's outstretched arm. Firmly yet gently Keith placed his other arm about the shrinking form. In that mute appeal and response, the neglect and estrangement, the fear and bitterness of years, were blotted from the minds of both for ever.

No need of words to cement the new understanding between father and son. Well that it was so; for over the face resting on Keith's arm a terrible grey tint was slowly creeping, while the form he supported was stricken with the awful likeness of death itself—paralysis.

\* \* \* \* \*

Keith was seated by the sick-bed, whence he had rarely stirred since his father's seizure two nights before, lest the wistful eyes should fail to rest upon the face from which they never moved, when Pansie summoned him to the parlour, where he found Mr. Skene awaiting him. After the kindly, warm-hearted man had expressed his sympathy for Mr. Melville's illness, and heard the doctor's verdict that in time, with care and good nursing, the invalid would recover the use of his faculties, he took both Keith's hands in a warm clasp, and said with some emotion:

"Keith, I came this evening to ask you to forego your pride, and let me assist you in bearing the expenses of your father's illness. After my conversation with your sister, in which I gained a deeper insight into the trials and sacrifices of your life, I have a dear boon to ask. You do not know that Amy is not my only child—that my first-born was a son. Upon him I placed my fondest hopes. He was educated for a doctor, and, being possessed of natural abilities, went easily through his first-examinations at the University. Before he completed his course, however, his reckless dissipation had well nigh broken his poor mother's heart, which was still for ever before the tidings came of his death—a voluntary exile from friends and home. The wound has never healed; while this empty place in my heart is desolate yet. Will you fill it, Keith; and be to the old man, lonely in spite of his riches, the son he has mourned so long? I ask you to take no love nor duty from those who need your care. I only ask you to give me the right to forward the aims and ambitions of your life."

Pale to the very lips, it was some time before Keith could command his voice sufficiently to answer the generous words, and his tones were very tremulous as he said, "You are too good—too kind—but it could never be. You do not know of my love for your daughter. It is impossible that you could ever give her to me."

"My will in the matter is of little consequence," replied Mr. Skene lightly, "while my wilful Amy enjoys as much of her own way as she does at present;" adding tremulously, "God bless you in your wooing, my boy, as in all the events of your future life. In whose hands could I so safely trust my darling as in those of the man I honour and respect?"

And so, after Keith's long self-denial, the joy of a realized "hope deferred" blessed his life at last. To Amy Skene the grave, earnest young man had long been her girlish ideal; and very soon, the fair face, with its large blue eyes, and rippling golden hair, was nestling on his shoulder, while a sweet voice whispered of a love as deep and warm as his own.

To Mr. Skene's petted child, existence had hitherto been as cloudless as a sunny summer's day. She was as ignorant of life's darker side, its wrongs or griefs, as an infant whose world is bounded by a garden of bright-hued flowers. Love, however, for her handsome, noble lover, slowly awakened in her pliant nature the deeper qualities dormant there. It would take no prophet to foretell a future in which the shy, clinging girl, would develop into the true helpmate and companion of the man she loved.

Although Pansie would not have shadowed Keith's new-found happiness with a regretful look, her heart was very heavy just now; the dripping of the autumn rain on the roof seeming to form a fitting accompaniment to her mournful thoughts, as she sat alone one evening in the little parlour. Willingly and cheerfully as the girl had put her life's happiness from her, time had not softened the bitter pain of her parting with the man she loved so dearly. She had never seen Douglas since the evening they parted, several months ago, but his image was very present with her to-night. Mrs. Stewart had paid one of her exceedingly rare visits to the cottage to-day, and announced, with a triumphant gladness she did not attempt to disguise, that her son's engagement to the daughter of a rich squatter would soon be made public. Pansie had borne her visitor's keen glances without flinching; but in her solitude it was with the keenest agony she realised what her renunciation of Douglas really meant, as she pictured his love and tenderness lavished on another.

The sounds of a hasty arrival breaking the thread of Pansie's musings, she put her sorrow aside to give Keith his usual cheerful welcome. It was not Keith's arms, however, which held her in a passionate embrace, or Keith's lips which rained down kisses on her own. The bold intruder was a young fellow with a stalwart figure and handsome dark face, who murmured passionately, while a crimson flush dyed his brown cheeks, "How could you treat me so, Pansie? I should never have known the real reason of your cruelty, if dear old Keith had not taken the matter

into his own hands, and written me the letter which brought me post-haste to you through all the rain."

Long days and nights of lonely pain had weakened Pansie's pride and strength of mind. So in the peaceful twilight, whose gathering shadows veiled her rosy blushes, only conscious of the perfect joy which filled and comforted the aching void within her heart, she meekly and contentedly laid her head upon the broad breast which was to be her future shield against life's cares and ills, and whispered between most unheroic sobs, "I thought my heart would have broken, Douglas, when I heard you had forgotten me, and were learning to care for some one else."

\* The \* glorious \* splendour \* of the November sunshine, on an afternoon six years later, fell on the picturesque surroundings of a large country house, situated amidst some of the finest scenery in Victoria. The golden radiance lay in a flood of dazzling light on a wide undulating expanse of field and woodland; gave a deeper richness of bloom to beds of glowing summer flowers; and fell through leafy branches of shading trees, in chequered gleams, on an emerald-green lawn, in front of the house, where a little group was gathered.

The progress of time had scarcely altered pretty Amy Melville, save to round the curves of the slim figure, and deepen the expression of the soft blue eyes. She was seated in a low chair, beside Keith, who lay stretched on the grass at her feet. He had been enjoying a well-earned rest from his labours, which, as one of the most successful barristers in Melbourne, were no sinecure. No shadow dimmed the dark eyes now; which were bright and mirthful enough, as putting aside the volume of Shakspeare over which he had been dreaming, the young father watched the extremely uncomfortable antics in which the dignified Mr. Skene—in the character of cab-horse to his youngest grandchild—was indulging. No entreaties from the merry child to come and share the frolic, could draw her elder brother from the gentle old man, who was repeating some childish legend to eager ears. The child's clinging affection for

his favourite grandfather is only a fitting return for the patient tenderness Mr. Melville lavishes on the high-spirited boy, that none can manage or control as he does.

Very wasted is Mr. Melville's bent form, very feeble the hand which strokes his grandson's curls, but the worn face wears a look of peaceful content, which deepens inexpressibly whenever his eyes meet those of Keith. The day is growing very short for his father, Keith knows too surely; and the shadows of night are beginning to close around him. Very peaceful, however, have been these last years, brightened by the blessings of those his gentle influence has arrested on the brink of the downward path, whose every step he knows so well; gladdened by the sight of noble, useful lives, which he has saved from the effects of the deadly draught he himself drained to the bitter dregs.

A pair of spirited horses drew an open waggonette so swiftly up the drive, that ere the group on the lawn were more than aware of its approach, it was drawn up at the steps. It was the same Pansie as of old that alighted, although clad in rich satin and costly lace. She was followed more slowly by her husband, who waited to lift out two sturdy boyish images of himself.

Arm in arm, Keith and Pansie paced up and down in loving communion, discussing the former's last successful defence, Jack's progress at school, and home topics, of interest to both. They were about to join the others, when Keith detained his sister, saying gently, "In the unclouded sunshine which brightens both our lives now, dear Pansie, we can recall our early trials without a sigh. Some familiar words I was reading this afternoon recalled the lesson my stubborn pride and unforgiving spirit received in those days.

"Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy: How would you be  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are?"

"Ah, dear brother," whispered Pansie, with the ready sympathy of old, "your lesson was learnt of that loving Teacher, who, in His pity for human failings and weaknesses, bids us forgive: not once, or twice, or thrice; but even

"Until Seventy Times Seven."

## NAZARA, AND THE NAZARENES.

By J. H.

The scene is on Mount Carmel on the sea coast of Syria. An Australian, an American, and two English travellers have got thus far on their wanderings through the Holy Land. The question now cropped up where next to direct their steps. It was made trouble of by more courses than one being open to them—a matter which had better have been kept untold, and so saved them embarrassment and waste of time in talk.

From Carmel's side, in the clear air of the Syrian atmosphere, much was to be seen. First of interest was isolated Mount Tabor from whence Deborah had watched the warfare between Barak and Sisera—duetically recorded in the 4th chapter of Judges. Secondly, was the sight of the little streamlet which, swollen suddenly to a mighty water power, had washed away Sisera and his army with their "chariots of iron."

"The river of Kishon swept them away,  
That ancient river—the river Kishon."

Equally powerful with the stars, which, that day in their courses, were said to fight against Sisera, was this terrible watery scourge, which, as we now see the little rivulet, calls upon our belief in the miraculous. At least it would do so with all those who did not know how suddenly tropical storms arise in the East, and how heavy is the downpour of rain with which shallow waterways are then suddenly flooded.

The third object of interest for us lies on the plain of Esdraelon running out from the foot of Carmel. This famous plain—the battle-field of nations ancient and modern, is as much an object of interest as anything upon it, or skirting its border. It seems to be reserved for battle purposes, and, in fulfilment of prophecy, has yet to see greater warfare than it has hitherto seen. A ruin visible upon it from Carmel's side, is that of a fort built by the Crusaders in one of their many incursions. I am done with ruins, how-

ever, for a while, and am altogether against visiting one so insignificant as this. Others thinking with me on that matter, the proposal is outvoted and done with.

Fourthly of the number of our attractions, are the hills seen across the widest part of Esdraelon's plain on the sides of which nestle the village of Nazareth—famous as anything, and much more so than many things in this part of the world. The attractions of this little place quite outweigh, with our party, those of the fifth attraction within our view and reach. This is no less than Akka, better known as St. Jean d'Acre, at the other end of the bay upon which Mount Carmel debouches. I am of those wanting to go see Nazareth at once, and that before all things, as one knowing the dangers of delay and the proverbial slips between the cup and the lip. I try the feelings of those with me in a half bantering way by telling them of the claims that Acre should have upon them.

"It is Acre the invulnerable. Has withstood all sieges from all assailants. Repulsed some half score or more of assaults by Buonaparte's army—at some of which he assisted personally. Of course everything earthly finds its victor at last, and you should go see a place which only British besiegers could break into!"

"Are we not Holy Land travellers, and is Acre anywhere mentioned in the Bible?" is the way in which I am answered by a practical American who is with us, and who urges the matter yet more persistently. "It is not in our agreement with the dragoman, and is no part of our programme. The place also stands so far out to sea as to be seemingly away from Holy Land and all other land save what it stands upon! Our course must be for Nazareth, and thence to Mount Hermon and Damascus!"

There was no comparison to be thought of in the matter of the

attractions of the two claimants on our attention. In the sense in which America's popular poet honours Nuremberg for those to whom it had given a home, we must all reverence Nazareth. Of all the villages, towns and cities of this world which shine before men by the reflected light of those who have for a time lived therein, this little Syrian Nazareth should take premier place. The ideas with which we visit such quiet, out of the way corners of the world are not similar with all of us, but have this in common, that we go as pilgrims to a shrine, and so by deeds seek to show feelings and sentiments which it is not given to all of us to express by speech.

Two of our great pre-Raffaelite painters made their names—or magnified them muchly—by paintings of which Nazareth was the scene. Millais has never eclipsed the interest he created, forty years ago, by his production of "Christ in the Carpenters' Shop," nor has Holman Hunt done otherwise with his famous painting showing also the same shop, and the same workman within it, with the "Shadow of the Cross" upon its walls—shown there as the reflection of the outstretched arms of the wearied worker.

A visit to Nazareth would complete for us the sights of the notable places connected with the life and death of Jesus. At Bethlehem, His birthplace had been seen, and at Jerusalem that of His burial. In Cairo had been shown to us that which is accredited as the Egyptian abiding place of Himself and parents when they fled with Him to that country from the destroying pursuit of Herod. Bethlehem, like in that and other respects to Nazareth, lies altogether out of the road; those who visit it taking an odd day for such especial object when at Jerusalem. As much, or more, interest should attach, we thought, to Nazareth, as being the scene of the longest but obscurest part of that youthful life of Jesus of which we are told so little scripturally.

It was in Nazareth that Mary received the visit from the angel which announced to her what was in the future to give her pre-eminence over all of woman-kind. Her after leaving it was caused

by that decree of Cæsar Augustus, of which St. Luke tells us in his second chapter, and from which we have all of us more or less suffered since, and seem likely so to continue for all time. In St. Luke's words it was a decree "that all the world should be taxed." The assessment was, it appears, to be made upon everyone when in his own city. In this case such was defined as being the place of birth, and not that of domicile. Joseph had therefore to journey to Bethlehem, as being his native place, there "to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife." But for this assessment purpose Nazareth would likely have had the honours now paid to birth-place Bethlehem. Herod's decree afterwards drove the family for a while from the land altogether, but as soon as it was safe to do so the old home at Nazareth was gladly sought, and was firmly clung to for the future.

All the which and more of the like duly considered, we now set our faces inland, and leave Carmel for Nazareth. Everything was favourable in the way of weather, and the season was the best—in the way of coolness—for Holy Land pilgrimaging. There was plenty to think about, and much to see "in the mind's eye" in the plain of Esdraelon, over which our course now lay. It was as seeing history to look upon it—recalling at the same time one's readings of its ancient and modern story. We had, however, a guide or dragoman, who was of Syrian birth, but had been educated at a college established for giving European-like education at Beyrout. Hassan Smortz, for such was his name, was all that a guide should be—in the way of knowing everything, and showing willingness to tell of it. In his company and with his talk our two or three hours time of crossing the plain passed pleasantly enough. All of arid sterility, which distinguishes too much Holy Land travel, disappears hereabout. Our way lay in view of pasture lands, of hillocks grass-covered, and of bubbling watercourses shaded by trees.

Villages, or traces of such, were passed on the way, having such names as Zebdeh, Samunah, and Malul. The last named is a heap of ruins only,

about which the records are very scanty, and no fiction has yet supplied the want of facts, which is strange indeed for this part of the world. That so little is known of some of these ruined heaps is excusable enough when we find, from Hassan, that even the site of the famous Cana of Galilee is yet all a matter of doubt and dispute.

Nazareth, however, gives no trouble to the traveller as to its identity—a blessing indeed considering the cavils existing as to the holy places and their true position in this land of the shrines of three faiths. For so is Palestine in that the Christian, the Jew, and the Mahomedan alike pilgrimage through it as the special fatherland of their faiths. Modern additions may have been made to Nazareth, but it has escaped all the destructions and rebuildings which have so much helped to destroy the identification of things in Jerusalem. We stay for a midday lunch at one of those springs which as “fountains” so distinguish the soil of Syria and Palestine. After an hour of such resting we are soon at the foot of the hillside on which lies “Nazara”—for such is the modern name by which the Scriptural Nazareth is now known.

The village, or town of Nazara, for having some three thousand of population it may claim the higher title, is pleasantly situated. It fronts an outstretched valley on the slope of a hill which is again semi-surrounded by higher hills. Geographically it was of old in the Galilee district and in that division of Syria marked in Biblical maps as the land of the tribe of Zebulon. It is now the centre of an agricultural district, and occupied by tribes who know not Zebulon, nor scarcely know, so much mixed are they, to what tribe to attribute themselves. As we look upon the little place there is much in it which recalls Bethlehem. It is similarly agriculturally supported, and looks similarly upon fields whitening to harvest. Bethlehem is, however, a hill-top place, while Nazareth clings to the side of a hill and among the ragged seams and ravines running adown it. In its pleasant situation and its decent appearance, for a Syrian town, expectation is satisfied. Perhaps it has something to do with such feeling of satisfaction

that one does not expect much from a place of such a negative character in olden time, that it could be asked concerning it “Can anything good come out of Nazareth?”

Hill sides are not, perhaps, the best positions altogether for townships, but we saw at Siloam and see in Nazareth that such positions have advantages. They save the building of back walls to houses, for which a substitute is found in the rock from which the foundation is hewn. The position of many parts of Nazareth renders not all of it easy of access. The houses, like those of Bethlehem, are stone-built, and of the square-box order of architecture—mere cottages, flat-roofed and destitute of chimneys—as are all Eastern houses. The place had a long rest of obscurity. It was all unvisited and, in that way, unhonoured for the first five centuries of the Christian era. The Empress Helena, who did so much for the discovery and building up of the shrines at Jerusalem and Bethlehem, altogether neglected Nazareth in her grand revival of the landmarks of Christianity. No pilgrims are recorded as visiting it until the sixth century of our era, when such a visitation occurred. But pilgrimages in those days were momentous matters—full of toil and trouble, and not the easy and safe travelling which they now are.

Of the population of Nazareth three-fourths, it is told us, are of the Christianised Greek and Latin churches. The Maronite Arabs there are supposed to acknowledge Christian authority, but the six or seven hundred of Mahomedans are a discordant element in this otherwise quiet corner of the world. The Latin church throughout Syria uses the Roman Liturgy, and acknowledges as its head a resident patriarch at Jerusalem. A like patriarch of the Greek Church resides at Damascus, and he of the Maronites in some town or village of the Lebanon. The Arabs are not all Mahomedans. Those not so are called Chaldeans, and have the headquarters of their faith at Aleppo. There are yet some of other sects in Nazareth, of whom are the Druses. These and the Maronites seem to be in perpetual quarrel, and

help to make things what our American friends call "lively." In either of the two monasteries here we might, if we wished it, find that hospitable reception—that board and lodging—which elsewhere is sought at inns. Hassan has, however, a relative here upon whom he quarters us, as he has done others aforetime.

A glance or two shows that we look upon Nazareth much as it has always appeared. These footpaths upon the hillside are now in form as they always were. Treading them, we tread without doubt upon ground trodden by Jesus for all that long period of his life—the longest in fact—from childhood to manhood. He here walked with his semi-brothers and sisters—the children of Joseph and Mary, of whom the New Testament Apocryphal Gospels make such special mention, but whom the churches have not chosen to keep in remembrance. The hand-book proper to Nazareth would be those Gospels of James, Thomas, and Nicodemus, the "Gospel of the Infancy," and the "History of Joseph the Carpenter," which were popular in the earlier centuries of our era. Of wide circulation and largely translated these quaint narratives of the domestic life of the Holy Family at Nazareth were of more than passing interest. Though referred to by Origen and other Fathers of the Church these writings never obtained canonical recognition, such helping probably to more concentrated attention being given to the later life of Jesus. Stories of the school days of Christ and the workshop life of himself and Joseph are detailed at length in these old chronicles, which are to Nazareth and its history as Boswell's biography of Johnson is to that worthy and his times.

We had seen samples of the people of Palestine and Syria at different parts of both countries. Of all that we had yet seen of its wo-nankind, however, those whom we now looked upon at Nazareth were most worth attention. That result was no doubt helped somewhat by their better dressing, but that apart, there were large and expressive eyes and graceful figures to be seen at Nazareth worth all the admiration they obtained from us. And there was reason for it. Where on earth should

women set greater value on themselves than where once lived the most favoured of their sex? Artistic aids to adornment are therefore not neglected by the maidens of Nazareth—though seemingly least needed by them. The village belles, with their coin-encircled foreheads, are seen at their best when, crowned with their water pitchers or "chatties," they go forth for water to "The Virgin's Fountain." This fountain is without doubt rightly enough named. Here, to this spot, near to the village and bordering upon a plantation of olives, I went to drink more than once that I might see, if I could not also hear and understand, the "good things" which, in this sense, "come out of Nazareth."

Place to the ladies having been so properly given, attention may be now bestowed upon the memorials and the things of fame which give to Nazareth all of its renown. The Latin church has charge here of the leading one—the Greek church, in this instance only throughout the Holy Land, taking second place. Such leading shrine is that of the Annunciation, over the traditional place of which a convent has been built similar to the one erected over the birth-place at Bethlehem. Where this building stands we are now told that the angel stood when announcing to Mary, then in her own dwelling, the miracle with which her name was henceforth to be identified. When inside, the visitor descends from the church floor by a few stairs to an apartment of small size. Here an altar is placed where, as we were told, stood Gabriel—the standing place of Mary being marked by a cross. The shrine, like that of the Nativity at Bethlehem, is gorgeously bedecked, and in that way its proper effect in some eyes must be much lowered—if not lost.

Hanging down from the roof of the building appears the upper part of a broken stone column, the lower part of which stands upon the floor. The middle part, which is missing, has been, we are assured by the attendant priest, broken away in a vain effort, made by some Mahomedans or other heretics, to remove by force the whole column and so cause the downfall of the building, or to help to that end. The roof



not only miraculously kept itself up after this support was so shattered, but, more miraculously still, held up, and still holds up, the larger part of that pillar which was intended for its support. The portion of the pillar so left hanging down is more palpable than Mahomet's coffin, to which other, but invisible, miracle one's thoughts are naturally directed by such a legend. I wanted to ask the showman priest, in an "aside," what really held the pillar up, but thought it better, all things considered, to hold my tongue instead.

And especially so when I listened to what came next—as to the whereabouts of the house which this handsome convent has replaced. Why not have built it over the humble dwelling, and so preserved the latter? Of all the miracles in this land of the miraculous what we are now told—we Australian, American and English pilgrims—is strangest of all. The dwelling-house about which we so enquire still exists—but not here. It was carried away through the air, all upstanding as it was, by a company of angels, who removed it many hundreds of miles hence, to the shores of the Adriatic. We may see it there now, at Loretto, as the "Casa Sancta," or Holy House, there covered by a magnificent cathedral, and revered by countless devotees. In pity at our surprise Hassan steps in here to help out our faith. He explains that the removal of the house was not effected in one flight. A stoppage was made at Terseto, in Dalmatia, as a resting place for a time, and if I doubted that much there is a church built on the spot to commemorate the circumstance. For further conviction, in this rather hard matter of belief, Hassan adds that there were good reasons for the miraculous removal of the house. The Crusaders had been driven from Palestine by the Mahomedans, and these protectors of the holy places being gone, there was danger for what was left. The angels therefore removed what the arm of flesh could no longer protect.

Hassan thinks that his inconsequential additions to the priest's story have made things clear to us, but there was one at least of our quartette who

wondered whether he was living in the sixteenth or the nineteenth century, and whether common sense was so scarce in the world as it would seem to be. When we saw Hassan give money to the showman priest for his services, we the better understood the why and wherefore of his wondrous stories.

"If we tell these things to those at home," said our American, "they will be looked upon as travellers' tales—mere inventions of our own!"

"That is one of the penalties travellers have to pay for the information with which they furnish a world who will not believe that 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

"Such 'truths' as we have heard told this morning certainly are so—they lay over all the fiction I ever heard or read! To think," said our American, "that any human being could be got to tell other human beings, and that day after day, the story we have heard about the hanging pillar and the fly-away house!"

"You Americans are very practical! That priestly showman has likely told the stories so often that he has come really to believe them. George the Fourth is said to have done similarly in his story of how he led a charge at that battle of Waterloo which he never saw."

In this way we beguiled the time as we passed among the Nazarenes to the next of the show places of their little town. It took me some trouble to get our American into a proper frame of mind again for seeing what yet remained in this interesting place. His common sense had received such a shock that he did not quickly recover from it. He would come to a dead stop and draw figures on the ground with his stick—in place of whittling the end of it with his knife, as he would have done if sitting.

"What's the matter with you to-day? come along! you are keeping us waiting!" I said.

"That fellow has upset me altogether! If I thought he didn't believe it all, and he thinks that I do so, I ought to go back and let him know what I think of him!"

"Come along now at all events—you'll feel better after you have seen

something else and get into a proper frame of mind for hearing of miracles!"

In the end we got to the Greek convent called the "Chapel of the Annunciation." This is built over the source of the fountain before alluded to—the water passing beneath it to where it is taken up. In the apocryphal gospel of James, already referred to, the place of the Annunciation is stated to have been at this fountain, where the angel met Mary, and not at her house as by the other legend. The Greek Church have seized upon this version when here building a convent or Memorial Church. The story of the Holy House and its transition to Loretto, as told at the Latin Church, is wholly ignored by the priests of this one. Both of these Churches professing Christianity so serve to raise that doubt and distrust which might cause a Mercutio to exclaim again "a plague on both your houses!"

Another sight in this locality, of lasting fame, and one held also by the Latin Church, is shown to us as marking the spot where stood the workshop of Jesus and Joseph. The Memorial Chapel here standing is said to cover fragments—bits of walls—of the veritable old building. This, then, is where stood the scenes depicted in Millais' and Holman Hunt's famous pictures before told of. On a side wall of this chapel hangs a large painting, the work of an Italian artist, representing the original workshop and its two workmen as they appeared to the "mind's eye" of the painter. Such paintings are common in such shrines as this one—presented to them as are memorial windows to modern churches. In the Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, we had seen a large tapestry picture, covering a side wall of the Latin Chapel therein, representing "The Last Supper," the costly gift of some devout donor whose name appears in a corner of it.

The Chapel of the *Mensa Christi* or Table of Christ, is another of the special attractions offered to the sight-seer by the Nazarenes. Here is shown the table at which Jesus is said to have sat with his disciples when eating. Our American friend is silent now at this, as he was also in the workshop

shrine. There is something about an ancient-looking table which dares all dispute. This one appears to be old enough to have been in the Ark itself, to judge only by appearance of age. To what time, or seeming eternity, woodwork will last, I had seen evidence enough in the Boulak Museum, near Cairo. There is to be seen a wooden image, in good preservation, found in a pyramid's inner chamber, and labelled as being some 6,000 years old, and representing the chief butler of one of the early Pharaohs.

Of other things shown to the pilgrim by the Nazarenes is the hill top, away a short distance from the town, which, it is told us, was that to which Jesus was led out by the enraged people of the Synagogue to be thence cast down. The event is thus detailed by the Evangelist Luke in his fourth chapter.

"And all they in the Synagogue when they had heard these things were filled with wrath. And they rose up and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong."

This spot now bearing the name of the "Mount of Precipitation," is as likely to be the Tarpeian Rock of this locality as any similar eminence. If we walk thither it is not in the spirit of curiosity or enquiry, but merely as an occupation of time, and as an excuse for an excursion with an object in view in the walk so taken. We argue that we are more certain of the ground we so tread being holy land, as sanctified by His footsteps, than we are of the verity of much that has been lately shown to us, and more that has been told to us. There is the view, also, to be had from the higher ground attained, and that alone should be warranty enough for making the excursion.

Nothing is omitted by the Nazarenes which can be made objects of interest to the curious. In that way the site of the Synagogue from which Jesus was so ejected, as told by St. Luke, is made memorable in Nazara. A visit to the building now covering the site, is, however, one of the things we pass over. Our eyes have become satisfied with seeing, and our ears with hearing.

The feeling so experienced, is perhaps something akin to that felt by the traveller in the picture galleries of the leading cities of Europe. There is too much to be seen in one place. The heart is satisfied with the increase and wishes it were less. Where much is crowded together there is the less admiration of what should specially engross attention—too much of a good thing.

"You have no such sights as these of Nazara to show folks in America!" I said, addressing our representative man of that nation.

"Well, yes we have—at least one of us has. If you call on Barnum, in New York, he has, I believe, a mermaid to show you, and I think also a woolly horse, both of which you can believe in if you have some of the faith which seems so much wanted by visitors here!"

"You don't come here in the proper spirit with which Palestine should be travelled. There are ideas and feelings proper to all places!"

"All which I know well, but it is the abuse of such feelings and of faith of which I complain here. There is as vast a difference between faith and credulity as there is between sense and nonsense. At Bethlehem I looked on the birthplace, and at Cairo at the dwelling place of Jesus as credible things, as I did upon Jordan's bank when shown there the scene of the baptism. Above it I looked upon the Mount of Temptation as I did at Jerusalem upon the Mount of Olives,

and Gethsemane's garden at its foot. All such can be seen and reverently regarded, but what of such tales as that of the fly-away house and the hanging pillar supported by nothing?"

"Simply this!" we said, "the fungus grows around the oak, and the parasite clings to the trees, and as often as not chokes their growth and life altogether. It is so with all things earthly. The river rises pure at its source, but gets contaminated in its onward career. All things that are good have their adulterated imitations; it is the way of the world. We are not going to condemn trade and the American nation because that wooden nutmegs have been made and sold there, and mermaids manufactured for gaping idiots to admire!"

"Notwithstanding all which I should like to pull down that hanging pillar, and to thrash that fellow who told us the fable of the fly-away house!"

"You will do nothing else if you begin at that work!" we said. "Come along to better things and thoughts. If travel be worth anything whatever in the way of giving one new ideas or enlarging those we have, then such journeying as we are doing is pre-eminent in its value. No land save that 'Better Land,' of the yet treading of which we all should have hope, can equal in interest this cradle-land of Christianity."

With which, and more of the like talk, we visitors bid adieu, a long adieu, to Nazara and the Nazarenes.

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## OH, NAME NOT THOSE DAYS.

Oh, name not those days which for ever are past,  
I deemed them too bright for their brightness to last;  
Oh, sing not that song which in joy was once sung;  
Attune not the harp—let it still be unstrung.

Those chords have oft spoken 'mid light hearts and gay,  
But the charm is now broken and wither'd away;  
The lips that once echoed each vibrating thrill,  
And the heart which responded, for ever are still.

—Mrs. Abbott.

## BY SEA AND LAKE.

By R. A.

## CHAPTER IX.

## "LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS."

Sally's hopes and fears did not spoil her rest that night; she slept well and soundly. It was Will who was wakeful; very happiness prevented him sleeping. He stretched himself upon the sofa under his window, with his head thrown well back, and his eyes upon the stars, to think. A week might have passed since morning, so much had occurred in the intervening hours. First, there was Jacob's story, which he had pondered, finally determining to watch and wait and *be patient*. Then there was Geraldine's story—followed by his thoughts of that poor beggar gone out to India—and then, the walk with the two girls along the shore—Sally's look—his resolutions of the morning fled—and his headlong plunge, without a moment to consider what he was doing, taken. Sally had bewitched him with those restless eyes of hers. He had not meant to speak so soon, but what could a man do, when he was left alone with the girl he loved, but tell her what was in his heart? And what a lucky fellow he was! Things might have turned out so differently. Supposing they had, what would have become of him? Where would he have been by now? On his way to London most likely. Will was not quite sure about it, though; it being about one of the most difficult things in the world for a man when he is happy to imagine what he would be doing were he miserable. One thing, however, Will *was* sure of, he must take a run up to London, and get a ring for Sally, the most beautiful that could be got; and he must see Fred, too, and tell him all about his engagement. Poor old Fred! he would be so pleased, though he hadn't seen Sally for a long while, and didn't know how

lovely she had grown, and how sweet and gentle she was, with her clinging, affectionate ways. Fred would be almost certain to tell him Sally was just the girl he expected him to marry—they were made for one another. And so they were. For some minutes Will was conscious of nothing but his own strength, the strength of his giant frame, of his iron will; the strength that was to enable him to keep every chill wind of roughness or of sorrow that could blow, from Sally. No evil must ever come near to her; all those things that fretted and grieved the majority of human-kind must pass by and leave her in peace; she must see life as he chose she should see it, through rose-coloured glasses. And why need she know trouble at all in the future? Would he not be there always by her, to stand between, to shield her from all of cruelty or unkindness a hard world might offer? Not that Will believed much in, or had felt to any extent, the hardness or cruelty from which it was his intention to protect Sally—for with all his twenty-four years he knew remarkably little of the world or the world's ways; and I am not sure that Sally, with her loving, dependent nature, was doing a wise thing in trusting her life's happiness to one so little older than herself. Some men are old at twenty-four, and some very young; and Will was one of the latter. He decided that he and Sally must be married soon—as soon as possible after Lena's wedding was over—so that he would have a genuine right to protect her. He wished she had not asked him to keep their engagement secret—otherwise he could have made all necessary arrangements in London in one visit; but there was no refusing

her anything—the little witch! when she held up her face to him in that way. In fancy Will was coming up the cliff again with Sally beside him—her face and pleading eyes upturned to his—and there was no telling how long he would have continued to lie there, thinking of all she was to him and all he meant to be to her, if the Hall clock had not struck the warning stroke of midnight.

There were other wakeful people in the house, making a hurried scamper into bed as the clock struck, beside Will, though.

Tottie and Florry had a confidential chat in their room that night; and, to save time and trouble, the former pulled out, and made the latter assist her in tidying up, every drawer in her wardrobe. Tottie was a constant worry to Florry in this respect—she would have puzzled a phrenologist, if such a person could be puzzled, with her bump of order, it was so peculiar—"incomprehensible" Florry said. In spite of all opposition Tottie declared, and as firmly believed, too, that she possessed this organ in a high degree—but neither her declaration, nor a further assertion that it troubled her greatly to see things in confusion, gained for her the credit of a faculty for neatness. She was not in the least fastidious about her clothing, or the tidiness of its places of abode, unless every article were hopelessly mixed up with every other or hopelessly lost, when she affirmed that her love of method would positively not *allow* her to stand the present state of affairs any longer; so to work she accordingly went upon every drawer and box in her room, striving by sighs and groans, impatient ejaculations, and cutting of ribbons and strings, to disentangle and reduce everything to order once more.

She had experienced a greater difficulty in dressing each time it was necessary to-day; so, when Florry began to talk, she seized the opportunity to pull out the first drawer and turn it upside down, throwing a miscellaneous collection of ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., upon the floor. The night was close; she drew the blinds up as high as they would go, and pushed back the curtains to let in

the air; then she seated herself beside her disorderly pile of goods, with her back comfortably settled against the wall, and watched her cousin. Florry was already upon her knees, carefully unwinding several yards of blue ribbon, that wandered in labyrinthian directions, entangling the whole bundle.

"Oh! my brooch!" said Tottie, suddenly pouncing upon a silver coin of the Charles the Second period, which fell with a thud on to the floor as Florry carefully continued her unwinding. "I *wondered* where it had got to. I was sure it must be lost *this* time, and I was afraid to tell Auntie, for I knew she would be angry. Jump up and put it in my case—there's an angel! You can give me the ribbon and I'll fold it. What a head you have for disentangling things, Florry!" she added, when her cousin drew forth the other end of the ribbon and the intricate mass fell asunder. "I'd never have got that out without cutting it in half a dozen places, if I'd tried for a month. By the way, you want some ribbon for your dress to-morrow night, don't you? You may have this if you like—blue's your colour—so you'd better take it. My dress is all ready to tumble into, thank goodness!"

Tottie had made that interesting discovery upon opening her wardrobe—she was always thankful when her dresses were ready to "tumble into" without any trouble on her part. She owed it to Florry, mostly, that her gowns were in readiness to wear, and she behaved generously on such occasions, so Florry got the ribbon.

"I wonder," said Tottie, folding it over her fingers, "how many *more* love affairs we are going to hatch in this establishment. You'd think two at a time were quite sufficient for any one household to bring to a successful climax. There's one thing certain—they *ought* to run smoothly enough, for they say there's luck in odd numbers."

"Odd!" said Florry, looking up from the drawer into which she was putting a bundle of straightened-out cuffs. "You don't call *two* odd, do you? Lena's and Sally's?"

"I knew you were going to say that, you little duffer. I was just waiting for you to say it, so that I might have

the felicity of enlightening you. We've no less than three *affaires de cœur* on the *tapis* at present. Don't you know that Ted's in it now?"

"Ted!" said Florry, opening her eyes wide.

"Yes—Ted!" said Tottie, mimicking her. "It's a bad case, Ted's is, as Mrs. Peters would say."

"Then there's only you and me left?"

"Yes, my dear. Only two sensible people—you and me—and I expect soon to find only the latter of *those* two left—*Me*."

"Oh!"

"I don't intend to allow you to go that road, though, without some advice—but that can wait. You won't be setting up your nose for a lover for the next two years to come. At least I should hope not," said Tottie, impressively, "I don't want anything more to alarm me; I've got quite enough at present. And you're young *yet*, you know."

"You've always got something that's alarming you," said Florry, laughing. "Sally was the last—"

"Poor Sally!" sighed Tottie. "It's a pity she's so sensitive, otherwise there isn't a better girl in the United Kingdom. What a frightful lot of sweet-hearts that girl's had, hasn't she?"

"Yes. Far more than Geraldine, with all her beauty."

"Geraldine!" said Tottie, contemptuously. "She gets plenty of admirers, but that's as far as it ever goes. She's very beautiful, and one can't help looking at her; but it's a pity her mind isn't equal to her body. I wonder why she's so deceitful; I never feel as if I could trust her. There's no doubt she's fascinating, in spite of her airs and graces and foolery; but once she's out of sight you forget all about her; a man might break his heart over Sally—over Geraldine, never! You'd love Sally always, wherever she were; you couldn't help yourself—dear little soul! It wouldn't be 'out of sight out of mind' so far as she was concerned; but I can't imagine any one being genuinely in love with Geraldine. I would like to know what Sally thinks of Ted's sudden affection for her."

"For Geraldine!"

"Yes," said Tottie, "for Geraldine. You didn't suppose it was that big Hudson girl he was in love with, did you? But, of course, as usual you 'didn't know.' What eyes! what a head you've got, to be sure! I dare say now you believe Ted went over to The Cedars to-night expressly to enquire after Mrs. Heriot."

"He said so."

"Of course he said so. He wasn't going to blurt out straight in our faces that he went over to see Geraldine; but that's really what took him. Lena, I could see, was quite pleased; no doubt she thinks it would be a very good match for him—it's my opinion the worst, the very worst thing that could happen to Ted would be to get Geraldine Heriot for a wife. She's well enough as a friend, but as a relation she'd be just intolerable. I shall set my face against such a match," said Tottie, emphatically, "and as for being dragged over there to-morrow under pretence of trying how the Heriot's new tennis-court answers, I'm not such a goose. I'm going no such roads. Ted must find someone else to play third fiddle if he wants one, for he won't get me."

"I hope they won't ask me."

"Oh dear, no!" said Tottie magnanimously. "You're not supposed to know anything at all about what's going on. You're like Sally," she added, laughing; "You've 'no tact,' and would be sure to do the exact opposite of what was required of you, and spoil Lena's little game. I'm prepared for her explaining it all to me to-morrow, and suggesting that with *my* 'tact' I am quite the one who should go to The Cedars and play tennis; but no, thank you, Miss Reid,—I'm infinitely obliged, but I'd much rather *not* play gooseberry to my amiable brother. What a queer mixture it all is! Lena and Dr. Smith—Sally and Will—and now, Ted and Geraldine—and nothing'll ever convince me that Geraldine isn't in love with Will. She thought he was easy to catch, did she? She never made a greater mistake in all *her* life."

"And do you mean to say you really, *really* think Ted's in love with her?" said Florry, anxiously.

"In love! Over head and ears," said Tottie, decidedly. "Or he thinks he is, which amounts to the same thing. You see, he'll be got up with a new tie to-morrow; Ted always has a fit of new ties when he's in love; there'll be no end to his dressing now. He'll brush his hair till it shines again—and shave! he'll shave within an inch of his life. And there'll be no pleasing him with his boots—Sarah may look out! he'll stamp and swear like a trooper if they're not polished up to his ideas of brightness. What won't men do to make an impression!"

"Ted never swears," said Florry, with a little sigh; she was beginning to weary of the 'tidying'—the stray cuffs and collars seemed endless, and, in every drawer there was something that ought to be in some other.

"Doesn't he? I consider 'By Jove' and some other of his expressions equivalent to swearing. But goodness!" said Tottie, staring at her cousin until she grew red, "You don't mean to tell me that you're going to complete the list of *dramatis personæ*? Florence—in love with Ted, otherwise Edward Louis. That would be too much, even for me."

"You needn't alarm yourself," said Florry, slowly and solemnly. "I don't care for Ted excepting as I always cared for him; but I'm sorry if he's got an admiration for Geraldine. I don't believe she's in love with him a bit; and he hated her once."

"Once! Yes; but tastes change. For instance, I remember there was a time when you hated cold mutton; and there was a time when you couldn't endure red hair; and there *was* a time when you wouldn't have attended a Dorcas meeting with Sally, or lunched at the Rectory on a Thursday, to save your life even."

The cold mutton and the objectionable hair were both to be found at the Rectory; the one on the diningroom table, the other on the head of the young curate, who was supposed to be an admirer of Florry's.

"Yes," said Florry, blushing, and shaking out some lace. "But Geraldine's just the same as she always was."

"Oh! And the red hair and the mutton have improved—eh?"

"No; but don't you see—"

"Yes, oh yes, I see perfectly. There's no occasion to explain," said Tottie, laughing. "But," she continued seriously, after a minute, "really I pity Ted; he's as soft as butter, and as easily managed, and Geraldine's regularly making a fool of him. She's only amusing herself, of course, for she's a hard-hearted flirt—but she's doing her best to turn the boy's head."

"Then why don't you warn him?"

"Warn him! Do you suppose he'd listen, or mind what I said? It would be about as easy for me to put him on his guard now as for a feather to come to a standstill in face of an east wind. Besides, it may do him good in the long run. He must come through the fire some time, you know, and the sooner the better, it seems to me," said Tottie, wisely; "for then he'll settle down and study, most likely, and not marry for the next ten years. And Ted's just one of that class of people who shouldn't marry till they're nearly forty. He'll only be getting wise then."

A long, long silence followed this remark of Tottie's, during which the two pairs of hands wrought assiduously at their task of folding and unfolding. Several drawers were pulled out, tidied, and replaced, before either spoke; at last Florry, as she rose to put back the last but one, broke the silence.

"Do you think Will has proposed?" she said, looking across at Tottie, who was seated on the floor rubbing her eyes and yawning.

Tottie raised her head, "Proposed to Sally? That I'm sure he has not," she said briskly; "and I felt remarkably like thumping him when he said 'Good night' to her on the stairs there, holding her hand and gazing into her eyes in that mawkish manner. Why didn't he take her in his arms like a man, and give her a hearty good kiss before us all? The affair would have been fixed then without any more bother."

"Oh Tottie! how could you think of such a thing! If you were in love I'm quite sure you wouldn't like to have a man kissing you before a whole crowd of people."

"Crowd of people—nonsense! there were four at the very outside. Look

here!" Tottie said, jumping up impatiently, "I'm not one of the sort to go falling in love; but if I were so silly, I'd manage the affair in a sensible way, and not keep hanging off and on as Sally and Will are doing, waiting for the pigs to go through it. At least it looks as if that were what they were waiting for; and sure enough the pigs will go through it if they don't look out. I've no patience with them; I've come to the conclusion that Will's a muff."

"Oh no, I'm sure he's not; but perhaps he's afraid—"

"Perhaps a fiddlestick! what's there to be afraid of, I should like to know? Wait! Just wait," she said, nodding her head. "If he hasn't proposed by to-morrow night, I'll take the trouble to tell him what I think of him; the sooner he gets a fright the better. Where's the good of wearing trousers if you can't act like a man?"

"It's very well to laugh," said Florry, smiling. "But wait until your turn comes. When *you* fall in love—"

"Shut that drawer. I shall fall in love with my wits about me—be very sure of that—and not think a man's an angel when he's an idiot."

Florry was stooping to pull out the last drawer when the clock struck. "Gracious!" said Tottie, "you don't mean to tell me that clock's striking twelve. It is. Never mind; leave the drawer alone and hop into bed as fast as you can; we'll get it done another time—to-morrow morning perhaps. What would Auntie say if she knew our lights were still burning!"

Tottie turned out the one at her side of the room; presently Florry's went out too, and in less than an hour both girls were asleep.

The morning broke rather showery, and Sally was afraid Mrs. Peters was to be disappointed of her drive; but by the time the breakfast bell rang the clouds had begun to clear away.

"We shall get out after all," said Sally, as she took her seat at the table. "I thought when I opened my window that it was a dead set."

"Of course you will get out," Mrs. Reid said, cheerfully. "It is going to be a lovely morning. Ten o'clock would be a good time to start, and you'd better order the phaeton before

you commence your breakfast, my dear."

"Can I do it," said Will, rising.

Sally looked up at him and smiled. "Please—Tell Sam to have it at the door at ten o'clock."

"The phaeton! Who's going? Where are you going? Stop a minute, Will, till we see what's going to be done," said Tottie. "I might want Roger."

Will stood with his hands on the back of his chair waiting, whilst Sally explained that she was to take Mrs. Peters for a drive into the country. "There's room for you or Florry on the front seat if you want to go."

"Why don't you wait till to-morrow, and get up a riding and driving party? It would be much better fun—Tim could go, and I love to see Tim Heriot ride," said Tottie. "Mrs. Peters, you'd laugh till your sides ached—you'd never forget it if you once saw Tim on a horse."

"Tottie!" said Lena, reprovingly; but Tottie paid no attention.

"Do wait till to-morrow, Sally," she said.

"Yes, Sally my dear, do, if they wish it. Don't let me put anybody about. It will be quite as agreeable to me to go to-morrow, it will."

"No," said Sally. "If we leave it till another day we'll find our plans upset again, and I'm not going to have it—we'll go to-day."

"Oh, very well, since you're so determined," said Tottie, laughing; we may as well have the horses and ride with you. It's rather damp, or I should propose a picnic in the pine wood; it would be delightful."

"I hate picnics," said Florry.

"Then you can stay at home. Will, tell Sam, please, to bring Roger round with the phaeton. Any one else who wants a horse can let him know."

"You can't ride alone, Tottie," said Lena.

"What? Not into the country? How ridiculous, when I always do!" Tottie stared at her sister, and, seeing she was in earnest, she turned gravely to Will, and said, "Please tell Sam to put on his coat and be ready to ride behind."

Everybody laughed. "Indeed no, said Mrs. Reid, "Sam has too much



to do. Will can go with you, can't he?"

"Certainly; if Lena has no objection. She'd better accompany us too, to do propriety; or some one might see us and talk," said Tottie, with a side-long glance at her sister.

"Yes," said Lena, in her most suave tone, "I think it would be better. You may order Mab for me, Mr. Clifford."

"And what will you do? Bruno's dead lame," said Sally, looking up at Will.

"Will can have Rough if he'll carry him; I'm not going," Florry said, gently.

"Thank you. If you're sure you don't want him. If you're going in the pony carriage I'll take him."

"Don't make a fuss, Will: of course you'll take him—there's no other horse, and we can't ride without you," said Tottie. "Go and give Sam his orders; your coffee will be cold."

Will went his way, smiling at Sally as he passed, and stooping to whisper to Florry, so that none but she heard what he said, "I'll take Sally and you for a ride to-morrow, if you like."

Lena thought there was altogether too much fuss being made over this ride into the country. She turned to smile approval at Ted, who came in just then, the pink of perfection, in a new suit of summer cloth. Tottie slyly nudged Florry with her elbow.

"How nice you do look," said Mrs. Peters, as Ted shook hands with her. "Quite summer like. Grey's a nice colour—a very becoming colour grey is."

"Think so?" said Ted; and Florry, who was looking at him and listening, thought there was a shade of anxiety in his voice as he spoke, which she would probably not have noticed but for her conversation with Tottie on the previous night.

"That I do. It don't do for pale people. Grey never *was* my colour, it always gave me a wishy-washy look. I remember when we were on our honeymoon, poor, dear Peters and me—we spent our honeymoon in London, we did—"

"I think," said Lena, breaking in upon Mrs. Peters with her most agree-

able smile, "Ted's tie has something to do with the niceness of his appearance this morning." Discussions about dress at the breakfast table were not in good taste, but Lena much preferred them to reminiscences of a dead husband and a honeymoon twenty years out of date.

"It's likely it has; red and grey goes very well together," Mrs. Peters said, with a cursory glance at Ted. "This grey silk I speak of was trimmed with red. It was one that took Peters' eye in a shop-window in Hammersmith; and he'd a fine eye, quite an artist's eye for colour Peters' had, though you mightn't have thought it to look at him. Well, we'd quite a bit of a tussle over that grey silk, Peters and me. He was bent on buying it, and I wouldn't hear of it. And when he wanted me to go down the street with him just to have another look, I said 'No' as plain as could be. For I knew if once he got there he wouldn't come home without bringing it along with him; so I said 'No.' And you wouldn't believe, but out he went the very next day in the morning, without me knowing a single word about it, and home he came with a big, brown paper parcel, and laid it on the table where I was working; and when I opened it there was that identical grey silk out of the shop in Hammersmith. The identical one; and a lot of red velvet for trimming it with—five or six yards there must have been, for I got a bonnet out of it as well, I remember."

"How sweet of Mr. Peters! You wore it, of course?" said Lena.

Tottie looked at her sister and frowned; but she might have known that sarcasm would not affect Mrs. Peters. That sort of stout easy-going person never is cognisant of its presence—fortunately! "Wore it! Law, yes; the wear of it's endless! I've got a bit of it lining one of my cloaks upstairs I must show you. There never was a silk like it for richness—it would have stood by itself. Afterwards it was dyed black. I mourned my poor boy in it for best, all trimmed with crape. It was a sad time, that was."

"You don't get such silks now-a-days," Mrs. Reid said, gently, observing that her guest was inclined to dwell upon the loss of her son.

"That you don't! Nor ever will again, to my thinking."

"I wish someone would give *me* a grey silk that would never wear out," said Tottie. "It's a melancholy fact—true, nevertheless—that in about a week I shall have to take to my riding habit or stay in bed. You needn't laugh, Mrs. Peters. I'm much to be pitied, I assure you. My dresses are literally in rags."

"Don't let that alarm you, Mrs. Peters; there's little fear of Tottie playing Cinderella," said Ted. "That's a mild way of letting Aunt know she's short of cash."

"Well, it's true. I've only the dress on my back and another."

"Then you'll do very well, my dear, until the end of next month," said Mrs. Reid, complacently, and the subject was dropped.

Ted wanted very much to ask how many were going to accompany him to The Cedars at eleven. He had several opportunities during breakfast of doing so, but when it came to the point he felt foolishly nervous about putting the question. He *was* nervous this morning; he found himself thinking a great deal about Geraldine, and his heart fluttered not a little at the thought of meeting her eyes and holding her hand a couple of hours hence. He got up from the table and went away all alone for a stroll about the garden, longing, with the feverish impatience of his twenty-two summers, for the moment when he should greet Geraldine on the tennis court at The Cedars. Which of the girls would be with him? All—or only Sally? He would go in by and by, when they were all seated in the schoolroom talking and laughing—it would be easy enough to put the question then, without getting uncomfortable at the fixed steady gaze of Tottie's eyes. What the dickens had she meant by staring at him, and then quietly taking in his suit and tie in that satirical manner all breakfast-time? A fellow might surely put on a new suit without her interference! Why didn't she mind her own business? Ted was not altogether sorry to hear Sally's voice as he drew near the schoolroom. She was singing to a brilliant accompaniment of

Tottie's; they stopped suddenly and he thought he would go in. At another time he would have clapped his hands and cried "Bravo!" Now he only waited until he heard Tottie say, "It's splendid, all except the last two bars. You must finish with greater *éclat*—a better *crescendo* on the upper note. Now, we'll go over it again. Ready?" Ted did not go in. When the girls recommenced their song he wandered away slowly in the direction of the avenue, stopping every now and then to examine a tree or flower, or to knock the ashes from his cigar and watch them fall in a little shower to his feet; thinking much about Geraldine and hating himself for the way he had always laughed at her—there had been none of it almost since he came home, though. What a brute he must have been! What was there to laugh at? Should he tell her what he had said, and ask her forgiveness? Perhaps she didn't care sufficiently about him to mind what he said; and yet—he thought she cared a little, a very little—she had looked so sweet when she gave him those roses last night. And he put his hand in the breast-pocket of his coat and drew forth an envelope containing a spray of crushed yellow banksia roses that Geraldine had taken from her dress to give him at parting. He wandered on and on, right and left, the half-mile to the gate, musing as he went. He stood for some time dreamily looking along the road, and the children at the lodge came out to stare at him. Just as he was thinking of returning, the quick tramp of a horse's hoofs behind him caught his ear, and he glanced over his shoulder, to see Tottie and Will bearing down upon him at full gallop. The former shouted to him to "stand aside," and a moment later Roger flew by carrying his mistress clear over the five-barred gate. Rough showed no inclination to follow, and one of the children ran forward to push the gate back, just as the phaeton, with Florry driving, and Lena on Mab beside it, appeared at the turn in the avenue.

"Hullo!" said Ted to Tottie, who had drawn rein a few yards away and was looking back at Will with a triumphant smile.

"Well?" she said, walking her horse towards her brother.

"Where are you off to, all of you?"

"We're going for a ride, as you may easily perceive."

"But where to? Why didn't you let a fellow know before?" said Ted, crossly.

"I didn't know anything about it myself until this morning. Sally was going to take Mrs. Peters for a drive, and I wanted a ride; but Lena didn't think it altogether *comme il faut* for me to ride without an escort, consequently I have herself and Will. There's the whole story, and I hope you're satisfied. If you'd appeared at breakfast in proper time you would have known all about it."

"Clifford was late and yet he appears to have known all about it," said Ted, grumblingly, looking after Will who had turned back to meet the phaeton.

"Don't try to make a martyr of yourself, my dear. Clifford wasn't late; he was ordering the horses when you came in. Besides, every one knew you were going to The Cedars to-day."

"So I am—and some of you girls ought to go with me. It's too late now, I suppose, but perhaps Geraldine would prefer to ride," said Ted eagerly, seeing an opportunity for a long *tête-à-tête*.

"Steady, Roger! Geraldine doesn't ride now," said Tottie, as the phaeton came up.

"Not ride! Since when?"

"Oh, I don't know since when. Since you went away, I think," said Tottie, gravely, looking straight past her brother at Florry, who had jumped out of the pony carriage, and stood waiting and holding the reins. Ted coloured and looked on the ground.

"You know," Tottie continued in a slow dreamy way, still watching the group behind him. "She's adopted Lena's idea, and doesn't at all approve of riding cavalierless now."

"Quite right too! What could a pack of girls do if an accident happened?"

Tottie opened her eyes wide and stared at him. "You too! This *is* sudden!"

"Not at all. I always did think it foolish of Aunt to allow you girls to ride about alone wherever you pleased."

"Oh! indeed!" said Tottie, with an incredulous intonation and a slight uplifting of her brows.

"Yes, *indeed*; and the sooner it's put an end to the better. Which way do you go? Perhaps we'll overtake you."

"Perhaps you will," said Tottie indifferently; "with one horse between you, I should think it wouldn't be very difficult. Slow and sure won the donkey race, you know."

"What do you mean? Has Geraldine—"

"It's a question of Bruno this time," Tottie said with a half smile. "He's gone lame."

"Never fear—I'll find a mount. Where shall we pick you up?"

"You must ask Sally; she's lady directress to-day. North, south, east, or west, Sally?" she shouted, to make herself heard amidst the clatter that was going on around the phaeton; "Ted wants to follow."

Sally looked up at once to reply promptly, "West first, and then north. I want to take Mrs. Peters through Cole's Avenue and the park, past Brook's Dell, and round to the village, till we get to the Nutting-lane. After that you may take what road you like. Mrs. Peters has never seen that part of the country in May, and it's lovely. We don't expect to be back until after four, so we shall lunch at Kay's. You remember the little inn this side of Nutting-lane," she continued, turning to her brother. Ted nodded. "Bradley's—his son-in-law keeps it up since he died. You can be there easily by half-past twelve, if you take the short road. But we may as well wait here for you if you won't be long—"

"No," said Tottie, impatiently; "he's going for Geraldine."

"I wish Florry would be persuaded to go. We could take it turn about to drive," said Sally.

"No, no, no," sang Florry, and she whispered something in Sally's ear that made the latter smile and blush, and kiss her cousin. And then the party moved forward, Florry watching until a bend in the road took them out of sight.

They went on by hill and dale and copse, laughing, talking, happy. Ever

Lena condescended so far as to join in the merriment of the hour, and keep steadily alongside of the others. True, she rebuked Tottie more than once for a hearty outburst of laughter, but all she got by way of reply was a fresh outbreak. "Let us forget our company manners for once, and enjoy ourselves thoroughly. Let us be children once more," said Tottie. "We shan't be together long now, and it will never be the same again when you are gone, Lena." There was a sort of sob in the girl's voice, which she scarcely managed to hide by a quick remark to Mrs. Peters—"And you must be a child, too, you know, for a few hours." There were times when the thought of the breaking up of the family affected Tottie strongly.

"Me, my dear! Law! I'm forty-five gone; I am, Tottie."

"Just in the prime of life; and you really look ten years less than that. Besides—as Courtney used to put it in the youthful days of our arithmetic—stroke out the four, and what have you remaining?—Five. Then you're five years old—just, Mrs. Peters. Here's a splendid straight road for a gallop!" and off went Tottie, closely followed by Lena and Will.

"It's a mercy if that child don't break her neck, the raté she's going at."

"No fear of that; she and Roger understand one another thoroughly," said Sally, admiringly.

"It's wonderful—just wonderful how she sits that horse. Just look now; she's as much at home on his back as what I would be on one of your aunt's chairs. And Lena sits her horse well too, she does." There was a momentary pause whilst Mrs. Peters watched the distant riders. "It beats me clean," she continued, with her eyes still upon them, "to know what a fine-looking girl like her wants to take up with a man of Dr. Smith's stamp for. I'm not inquisitive, and I don't want to harm no one, but just tell me now, Sally, what Lena's marrying him for. He's no more in love with her than I am with *him*, and I wonder your aunt don't see that, my dear, I do."

Sally was embarrassed enough already; but Mrs. Peters increased her

embarrassment tenfold by putting this straightforward question to her—"Do *you* think he cares for her?"

"I am sure she loves him," said Sally, finding it necessary to reply.

"You don't want to say your thoughts, my dear, and you're wise, Sally, for you couldn't prevent the marriage. But, begging your pardon for saying it, I think Dr. Smith's the nastiest man I ever came across. I can't abear him, I can't. I never could, not even when you was children and had the measles—or the scarlet fever was it?"

"Scarlet fever."

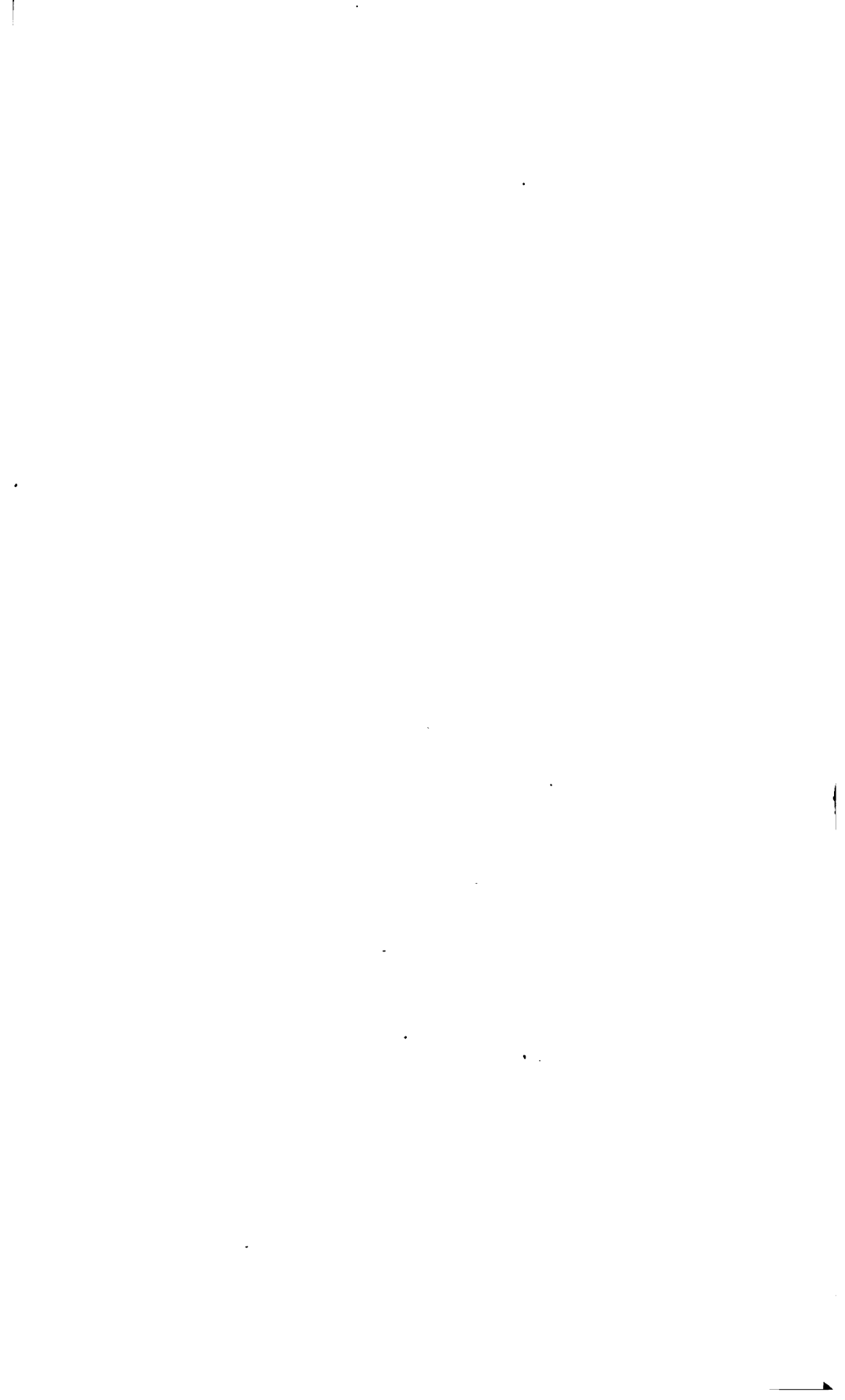
"Yes, to be sure, and so it was. The scarlet fever; and he used to come and drive you out when you was getting better, and you cried. Do you remember, Sally, you *always* cried when the doctor took you out? And no wonder—such a fierce-eyed creature—I wonder your aunt ever had him."

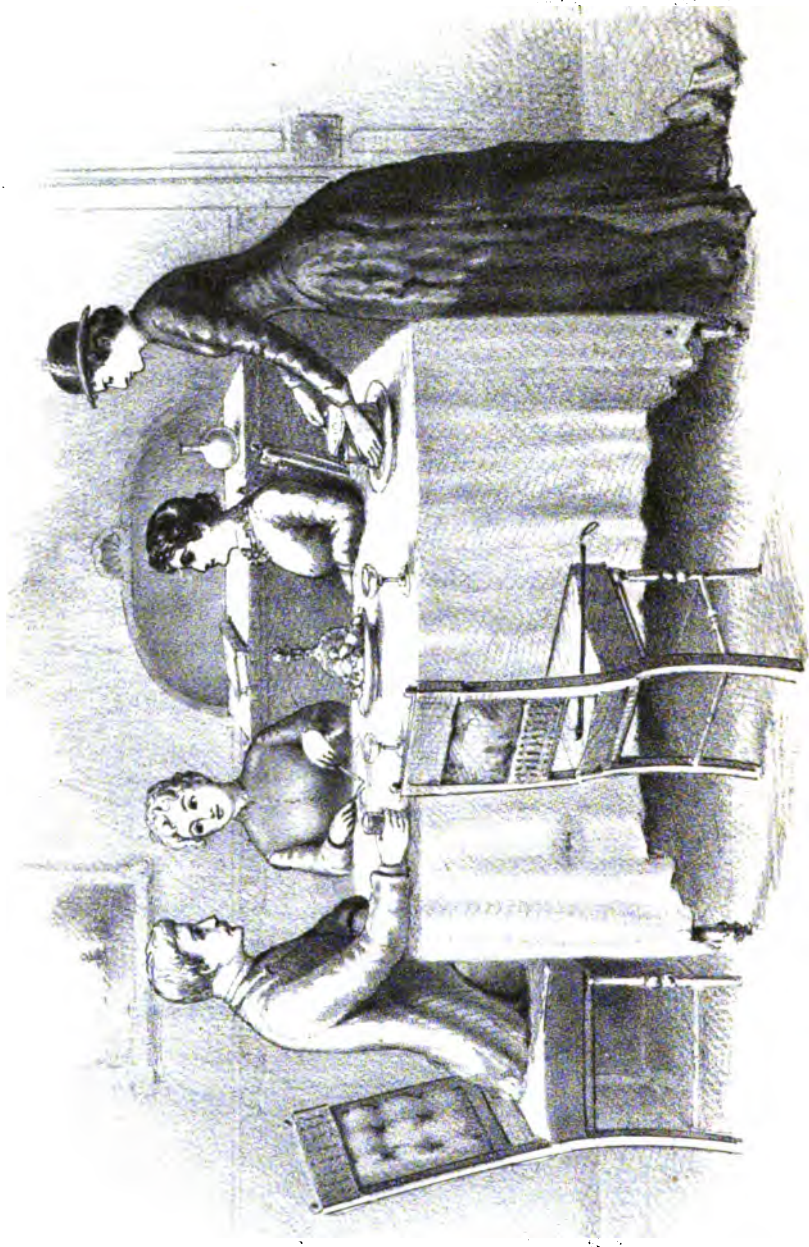
"There was no doctor nearer than Hastings."

"Then I'd have gone to Hastings for one. I'd have drove miles and miles rather than have had that cunning-faced man inside *my* door. He's marrying your sister to raise himself in the world, and if he thought it worth while, and anyone he considered a bit higher on the ladder come along, he'd find some excuse for throwing Lena over—that he would—without the slightest compunctions he would—for that's just the sort of man *he* is. And he's no friend either to Mr. Clifford; that's easy seen. Now I wonder if Mr. Clifford knows. Do you think he does, now, Sally? I shouldn't be at all astonished if he didn't—he's such a simple-minded young fellow, is Mr. Clifford."

Sally gave Mrs. Peters no encouragement to speak upon this subject, but it set her thinking. It must be very plain that Dr. Smith disliked Will, she thought, since Mrs. Peters could see it; and she congratulated herself on having been able to extract from Will that promise to keep their engagement a secret.

Mrs. Peters had not quite finished all she had to say about Dr. Smith, and had she not seen the riding party returning at a foot pace towards them,





Well," said she, seizing the bread and cutting off several slices, "you've kept us waiting a nice time"

I am afraid Sally would have soon discovered the topic to be an inexhaustible one.

At a quarter past twelve they had reached the end of Nutting-lane, which seemed to have been hollowed out of the earth, and was overhung high up on either side with the delicate green drooping branches of the nut trees. Sally informed Mrs. Peters that this was the best skating ground for miles round; it was always covered with two or three feet of water in the winter time, and in frosty weather was impassable excepting on skates. And when the lane had been sufficiently admired they turned back to the inn, to lunch and wait for Ted and Geraldine; of whom there was not a sign, and they must have seen them by now had they started even half-an-hour after the first party, for the short road was upon higher ground.

There was still no sign of them when the horses had been put up and the lunch was ready. By half-past one, every one being thoroughly rested, Lena suggested they should start homeward—she was sure the other two would not put in an appearance at this hour.

"Give them five minutes more," said Tottie, who was very comfortable, having removed her hat and thrown herself half-lying into an easy chair, and did not therefore care to be disturbed.

The words were hardly out of her mouth, when Sally, who was facing the window, caught sight of the pair far along the road—the faint clatter of the horses' hoofs reached her. "Here they are," she said, springing up to go to the door. Will followed her out of the room, and placed his hand upon her arm as he got into the passage. Sally turned her face towards him with a happy smile upon it. She did not know that from her seat in the corner of the inn parlour Lena saw the look that passed between them.

"I am going to take you for a ride to-morrow, if you will allow me," Will said, as they waited for Geraldine and Ted to come up. "You and Florry—will you go?"

"Yes—oh yes," said Sally, eagerly.

"You must choose your own time,

and I will order the horses when we get back."

And now the riders came up at a long, swinging canter.

Geraldine would not wait until Ted could dismount and lift her from her horse, and, seeing her impatience, Will held out his hands to her. She placed hers in them and sprang easily to the ground.

"Thank you," she said, with an upward glance of her brown eyes, which did not affect Will in the least, but caused Ted, who saw it, to frown and bite his lip. Why the deuce didn't Clifford mind his own affairs!

Sally saw the look too, and her heart beat a little faster. Geraldine's eyes were so very beautiful.

And Tottie, who had joined Sally and Will unperceived, took in the whole situation at a glance. "Ah! Geraldine wanted to have both the boys on the string at once, did she? We'll see about that," she said to herself, stepping forward to smile a welcome to the young lady.

"So you've not given up riding after all?"

"No. Who said I had done so?" said Geraldine, feigning surprise. "I shall ride daily now that Tim is coming home, and I can have an escort," she continued, with a look at Ted that set his poor, foolish heart fluttering again, and made him forgive Will on the instant. "It was altogether on my mother's account I gave up riding. She does care to trust me with anyone she does not know well. Poor mother! her illness has left her so foolishly nervous." She slid her arm through Sally's. She knew who would immediately follow. Tottie watched her manœuvring with a grim smile, and saw her sit down to the table with Sally on one side and Will on the other.

"Well," said Tottie, seizing the bread and cutting off several slices, "You've kept us waiting a nice time, the pair of you. And, I suppose, we shall have to wait *another* hour before you're ready to start home. Such is life!"

Somehow she could not help the old saying, that "one fool makes many," coming into her head, as Ted and Will ministered to Geraldine's wants. "Only," she reflected bitterly,

"Geraldine is *not* a fool." It was not often Tottie was bitter ; but she would rather ten times over, have had Geraldine Heriot for a sister-in-law,

than that the mischance, which she saw might arise, should happen.  
(*To be continued*).

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

### NO X.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

As I mentioned in previous numbers of this magazine, I was the first to apply for pastoral country between the Billebong and the Murrumbidgee (in 1848). I was the cause of those fine plains being offered to the public, but was myself, as I considered, unfairly dealt with, and thrust aside. I was again the first to apply for country between the Lachlan and Darling (1860), but was again circumvented. Such experiences might have been sufficient to deter me from running such a risk again. Twice had I done a public service to New South Wales, with only loss of money and waste of time to myself, and common prudence ought to have prevented me from having any further dealings with that Colony. In the year 1870, however, the *Sydney Gazette* was crowded with lists of blocks of dry back country. They had been offered at auction again and again, but no one would have anything to do with them ; and thus they were advertised in the *Gazette* as open for occupation, at ten pounds per block per annum, under a promise of a lease for five years. Whilst the lease was for five years, it was well understood by the public, and also by the Government of the Colony, that the term of five years was merely nominal, and that such terms would succeed each other indefinitely, till the country was required for other than pastoral purposes ; for no man in his right senses would have undertaken to reclaim utterly useless arid country on a five years lease. Besides this, renewal

of leases had been so long acted upon by the Government of the Colony, that it had come to be recognised by all pastoral lessees as a right, which could not with any show of fair dealing and honesty be repudiated.

It may be here explained that the term *block* represents an area of one hundred square miles, or sixty-four thousand acres. An annual rent of ten pounds per annum for such an area may appear moderate, but it must be borne in mind that such country, in its natural condition, is entirely destitute of water ; that it cannot even be visited or examined except after a fall of rain in the winter months, and some of it not even then, as I shall hereafter prove. Such country is, of course, of no value to individuals or to the colony, till it is artificially supplied with water ; and those who undertake such a task are in reality engaged in adding to the available territory of New South Wales, and are far better entitled to be regarded as public benefactors than many of those who lay claims to that distinction.

I visited Sydney, and found that the Lands Department was anxious to give every assistance in having some of its useless arid territory reclaimed from desolation. Furnished with a tracing of some blocks, I returned to Melbourne, got ready an outfit, and started for Hay, on the Murrumbidgee. I went thence up the river to Illilawa, to purchase horses and engage a man to go with me as assistant. Having



purchased a riding and a packhorse, I engaged a man who had a horse of his own. He referred me to the manager of the station, who said he did not remember him. Having no chance of getting another man, I, rather incautiously, engaged him.

Returning to Hay, we took the track *viâ* Booligal, Mossgiel, and Ivanhoe, to Mount Manara, on the main track to Wilcannia. Having ascertained the walking pace of the horses, I timed them throughout the whole distance to Mount Manara, and thus learned the distance of each place from another; and the knowledge thus acquired was of service to me afterwards. The immense tract of level country—nearly all plains—extending from near Sandhurst to near Ivanhoe, a distance of two hundred and forty-five miles, is peculiar, in being entirely destitute of stones, great or small. As a consequence of this peculiar fact, I may here mention that the railway from the Murray at Echuca to Deniliquin, a distance of fifty miles, is without stone ballast. The line is ballasted with coarse-grained sand, and no railway line which I have been on in the Australian colonies affords such pleasant travelling. I think our railway engineers commit a great mistake in laying the rails on a foundation too solid, and admitting of no elasticity. This is specially observable wherever the permanent way rests on solid rock. The concussions cannot be otherwise than injurious, both to the line and the rolling stock. On the Deniliquin line the trains move along smoothly, and almost without noise.

Mount Manara has an elevation of about five hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country, and the rocks consist of sandstone conglomerate and stratified shale—the latter tilted to a nearly vertical position. In some places the sandstone rock is in horizontal strata, undermined by weathering, forming caves, small and great. In some places there are smooth vertical cliffs of sandstone, and on them are representations of human hands and arms—the work of the aboriginal inhabitants. These represent evidently female hands and arms. The arms and the hands, with the fingers spread, appear to have been placed against the

rock. A white substance, probably burned gypsum mixed with water, has been sprinkled as by a brush—but probably squirted from the mouth—against the rock. The rock where it had been covered, has its natural colour, and represents the shape of the arms and hands; the rest of the rock near is mottled with white specks. It is a curious circumstance that these rude works of art, exposed as they are to the weather, seem to endure for many years.

At the period of my visit to Mount Manara, there was a shanty in a valley close to broken vertical rocks in many shapes. We went to the south a short distance, and camped. We were soon asked by the owner of the shanty to assist at a funeral. It appeared that a poor young fellow, a Creole from the West Indies, had been advised by some doctor to go north to a milder climate, when already far gone in consumption. He had reached the shanty, and had been engaged as cook there, but had died a few days before our arrival. The shanty-keeper and one man were there alone, as there was then very little traffic along the bush track to Wilcannia. The two men found, after they had made a coffin of inch boards of sawn pine and placed the remains in it, that their strength was not equal to moving it without help. The poor fellow had earnestly requested that he should be buried on the top of one of the low hills, and facing the east. He was a Roman Catholic, and his dying thoughts had evidently been directed onward to the morning of the resurrection. We should gladly have obeyed his dying request had that been possible. But on the hill there was nothing but rocks. We buried him, therefore, at the foot of the mount, conducting a funeral service at the grave, such as might not be approved of by those of his own faith, as the four persons present were either Protestants or nothing. In passing the spot, years afterwards, I found a station homestead there; and the site of the grave was enclosed in a garden, and the grave itself no longer visible. Such is the usual fate of bush graves. They may be enclosed, but when the fence decays it is not renewed because

no one near cares who slumbers below.

Near to that station homestead is a rather high pointed mass of rock, below which Mr. J. Smith, of the Lachlan, had been speared by the blacks a few years previously, or about the time of my first visit to the back plains in 1860. Mr. Smith and two other gentlemen, accompanied by a black-fellow, had crossed the back country from the Lachlan, and were camped near the high pointed rock, when an attack was made upon the party by a local tribe. A jagged spear entered Mr. Smith's back, and as the others could not withdraw it, he had to travel back to the Lachlan, about 150 miles, with it sticking in his flesh. It was found that the attack had been planned by the black who was with the party, and that he had given a signal with a fire-stick from the rock referred to. His treachery was discovered, and he would have been shot, but Mr. Smith objecting, a severe flogging was administered, and he was then turned adrift to shift for himself. He joined the small tribe, and was there at the time of my visit.

From Mount Manara we went north-east to another mount, about thirty-five miles distant from Manara. I named it Flagstone Hill, as that name describes its character. A small stream of water was flowing from the hill on its south-west side, and as we camped by it we enjoyed its liquid music. We soon were favoured, however, with music of another kind. Dingoes began to howl on all sides. This is their usual custom when they have got as near to a camp as their natural fear permits. After a time they left us, and got amongst our horses. Such a howling was then resumed that our horses became frightened, and stampeded till the sound of our horse-bell was out of hearing. In the early morning we had to follow their tracks for four miles to find them. After breakfast I detected my noble assistant throwing pieces of meat to a dingo, which was standing about ten yards from the tent. This was no act of kindness to the dingo, but one of hostility to the owners of sheep. His remarks at the time, as well as his previous conduct, convinced me that I had picked up an objectionable character ;

but I did not learn till some years afterwards that he had been a companion and spy of the notorious bush-ranger Morgan, or "Billy the Native," as we used to call him, when he was engaged in horse-stealing on the Avoca in Victoria.

Ascending to the highest point of Flagstone Hill, I obtained an interesting view in all directions, and took the bearings of every hill and range within view. Going north to another hill of coarse-grained sandstone, we crossed a wide, deep channel, like the bed of a river or big creek, but it had evidently been abandoned by water for perhaps ages. In one of the short small creeks extending from the latter hill we found a little water. I here found a bed of opal below the sandstone. We were now on one of the Emerald blocks. Further to the east we came upon another old creek, which we followed for many miles. This old creek extended through the four Emerald blocks. It was wide and deep, and was lined with smooth white-barked box-trees, with shining green leaves. The channel was all dry, and covered with vegetation. It had evidently been a fine creek at some remote period, but had been long abandoned. I have learned quite recently, that by the enterprise and expenditure of the pastoral lessees in constructing dams, and, in consequence of the hardening of the surface by stock at the sources of the creek in the Cobar district, such floods sometimes occur as to stop Her Majesty's mails, whilst the creek is nearly always full of water. With the exception of the two small creeks referred to, where water from recent rains was draining from the low hills, we could find none anywhere. We did come upon a small swamp, where there was some shallow water as white as milk, but thick. I had often used thick water before, and I have too often since, but have never experienced such an effect as was produced by this. We used it only twice, but I have no doubt it would have proved fatal had we not been provided with medicines. White clay mechanically suspended in water produces no noticeable effect, and if the material had been lime-earth the water would not have been white. I am

inclined to think the material must have been opal washed into the swamp from some bed of soft opal.

After examining a number of blocks, we found our provisions running short, and we had to make south to Ivanhoe, about fifty miles distant, to purchase a supply. We afterwards went by Mr. John Brougham's station, where I experienced great kindness, and was pressed to remain even for a night. I was anxious, however, to avoid delay, for if a heavy fall of rain had not happened shortly before, we could not have examined this back country at all, and every day there would be less chance of finding water. From Mr. Brougham's we went north-west through the Paddington blocks. The nights were frosty, and the cold was so intense that whenever the fire burned low in front of our tent, one had to get up and put on more wood. We always used as firewood a species of acacia, known by the blacks' name for it—Mulga. It burns with a great flame, and gives out intense heat. Throughout all the regions where it grows more trees of it are dead than alive. The dead trees must have all perished about the same period, for over the whole of the dry back country, on both sides of the Darling, they have apparently reached the same stage of decay. They are nearly all still standing where they grew, but one man's force can generally push them over. Their destruction must have occurred probably twenty-five or thirty years ago. Such a general destruction of trees over the whole of the back country in New South Wales can only be accounted for by some fearful drought, combined with great heat. Such a terrible hot blast from the north-west as occurred on the 6th of February, 1851, may account for such destruction. Black Thursday is not too remote, considering the great durability of Mulga. As illustrative of its durability, I may mention that the small tent pole at one of my camps in 1870 was still standing at the beginning of last year, although close by the main sheep and cattle track to Wilcannia.

As a proof of the extreme cold experienced so far in the interior, my thermometer sometimes went down to

thirteen or fourteen degrees below the freezing point. During such frosty nights, there is no horizontal movement of the air, but long and close observation has convinced me that there is a vertical movement—extremely cold air descending from the upper regions of the atmosphere. So far as I know, meteorologists have as yet no instrument for measuring and recording descending atmospheric currents, and if not, the sooner one is invented the better. I felt the cold so intensely at some of our camps that I could not sleep, and had to make a big fire and turn myself round before it, but even then the cold sensation on my shoulders was quite painful. In camping without a tent, the best plan is to make two fires and sleep between them, as I once did on the highest peak of Mount Imlay, near Twofold Bay.

My assistant could not help revealing his true character occasionally. Happening to look back one day from a ridge, towards some richly-grassed country we had travelled over, I saw it was all on fire. He said he thought the grass would burn well, and he had dismounted and set fire to it. I could reprove him for such conduct, but under the circumstances I could not do more. It was my intention to examine more fully the northern Emerald blocks, and then the Moama blocks, but the want of water turned us from our north-west course. I had sponges with me for collecting dew, but some of the nights were not favourable. I had to make south to the small hole in the creek where I had found opal. Going thence north-west over the Moama blocks, the only water we met with was in a gorge of sandstone rock on the south-west of a range about sixty miles north from Mount Manara. We had to camp sometimes without water either for ourselves or horses. Like the ancient Romans, we paid great regard to the flight of birds. Swans and ducks usually migrate by night, the latter to avoid hawks, and when camping without water, we paid great attention to their cries as they passed over us. We found that they were all migrating in one direction, towards the nearest point on the Darling. Our horses did not seem to feel the

want of water so much as we did, for they seldom rambled far from the camp. They had always abundance of grass and cotton bush, but men without water, or on a short allowance of it, cannot eat, and have soon to shorten their belts. I had, as fully as possible, examined the Emerald and Moama blocks which, with the exception of a few small patches of mallee scrub, were all good country for sheep. Notwithstanding the recent heavy rains, however, on their whole area, embracing about twelve hundred square miles, I could find no water, except in four places, three of which were in short creeks, and in only one of these water was running, the water losing itself in a sandy flat.

The animals we saw, besides the dingo, were large red kangaroo, whose general habitats are plains; the grey kangaroo, also large, which prefers timbered country; and the dark brown, or black variety, which is smaller than the other varieties, and is generally in thick forests or scrubs. There is a small species of wallaby, which appears to be much hunted by the dingoes, for we often saw places where the tracks indicated that both animals had turned quickly. There are several kinds of burrowing animals in great numbers everywhere, but they are never out of their burrows by day. The most remarkable is the Bailby—some call it Billby—about the size of a rabbit; it has a long snout, large eyes, long ears, and a very strong, bushy tail six inches long. It runs on all fours, but is a marsupial. Its hair is exceedingly soft—a beautiful grey on the upper, and white on the under parts. It is a most expert burrower; and, in spots where they are very numerous, the surface is dug up like a piece of cultivated ground. It does this to get small ground nuts, which, when young, might be eaten by man. They are very juicy, and the Bailby thus can dispense with water. The blacks dig them out. I got a black to dig out one for a shilling. He threw aside his blanket, and, as the ground was sandy to a great depth, he soon made a hole big enough to bury a horse. The perspiration soon began to run off him, and I said, "What for you work so hard?" Without stopping he simply answered, "Other fellow

work." This interesting animal eats ants also. The blacks consider it a delicacy, but its flesh has a peculiar taste, which is not agreeable.

It would be interesting to know how many creatures in the dry back country of New South Wales can live without water. My opinion, based on my own observation, is that there are a considerable number of beasts and birds which can live without water. Some of these, perhaps all, would use water if it were to be got, but in its absence they can live without it. But all such animals are nocturnal in their habits, and all such birds are insect-eating. To sleep in holes in the ground during the day, and wander about by night, is a habit which conserves moisture; and, like the bailby, they probably live upon roots or ground-nuts, which contain a good deal of water. There are small birds—insect-eaters—always found where there is no water. Their food supplies them with sufficient moisture, and fresh insects are always taking the place of those eaten or killed by drought and heat. It is a very remarkable fact that the domestic cat is to be found everywhere throughout the dry back country. I have met with cats, some of enormous size, at least fifty miles from water. They sleep by day, and catch birds by night; they kill snakes and small lizards also. Snakes can undoubtedly live without water. Some varieties are always more numerous near rivers or swamps, simply because their food is more abundant where there is water. Perhaps the kangaroo must have water, but they can dispense with it for long periods. Even the dingo, which, like the kangaroo, always lies by day in the coolest shade he can find, and seeks his food by night, can certainly live without water for some days—the blood of his victims seeming sufficient for the time.

The existence of some animals in the dry back country can be inferred only from their burrows, as they are never out by day. At Hardie's Gypsum Palace Hotel there is an extensive deposit of gypsum, the solid masses of which are undermined by animals of considerable size, and whose burrows resemble those made by wombats—perhaps identical with those of South

Australia. The blacks speak of an animal they called Yelta, and another they called Beetu, both nocturnal in their habits. Travelling in the winter months, we saw but few snakes. We came upon some specimens of the large carpet snakes. They are not venomous, and are beautifully marked. There is a species of adder whose bite is quickly fatal. The blacks say they are always in pairs—"old man and old woman." They are of a straw colour, and about a foot long. It is remarkable that nearly all animals in the interior are infested with external parasites. Snakes are not exempted. In the joints between the scales ticks may often be found snugly fixed. If the ticks of the interior were as poisonous as those of the east coast of New South Wales, they would prove a very great, and in some cases a fatal, scourge to their hosts.

The only edible fruit I met with, on the area I was examining, was about the size and shape of a hen's egg. It grows on a climbing creeper. When plucked, a white juice like milk exudes from its stalk. When slightly roasted in hot ashes, it tastes like roasted green maize. Strictly speaking, it is a pod with an immense number of seeds, to each of which is attached a mass of long white silky fibres, designed, no doubt, to assist in the distribution of the seeds.

I had still eight hundred square miles to examine—the Rankin's Hill blocks, further to the north-east—but through want of water I could not get to them. I therefore went north-west to the Darling, gaining my first view of that river at the Messrs. Suttors Cultowa station. Mr. H. Suttors received me with true hospitality. We started to go up the river for about fifty miles, with the intention of going south-east to the Rankin's Hill blocks. At our first camp on the river my assistant gravely intimated to me that on the previous night he had had an offer of marriage! I enquired who had made him the offer, and if he had accepted. He said a real offer had been made to him at Cultowa station, and that he was going to consider the matter. How amusingly similar was the reply of the Gladstone Government when Victoria

offered them troops, to that of this poor bush wanderer when an unexpected offer of marriage was made to him! In the case of my assistant the offer was not repeated. But ever after he was like a man in dreamland; very irascible and totally useless. I did not meet with another to take his place, or I would have discharged him.

We went up the river to our intended point of departure for Rankin's Hill. My riding horse had latterly shown a tendency to shy at everything. Shying is by some ascribed to defective eyesight, and it is certainly made worse and confirmed by punishing a horse when he shies. Whether he had become frightened by unusual sights—as "role-y-poley" bushes rolling over the Darling Plains before a high wind; or a herd of wild pigs, which startled all our horses on the Buckambe station, had upset his nerves, I know not; but before leaving the river I put him under the pack. Every available water bag was filled, and secured on the top of the pack-saddle. He carried the load quietly enough for some miles, when he suddenly began to buck, and kept bucking for a long time. Unfortunately when he began, the cork of a water-bag was forced out by the concussion, and then every buck sent a shower of water upon his head. The whole scene was very laughable, but the poor animal was evidently greatly frightened, and as if he imagined we were playing a trick upon him he stopped bucking and galloped off towards the river. I followed, but I could not overtake him. Able to some extent to simulate a horse's neigh, I tried this device to stop his mad career. The effect was instantaneous. He not only stopped but answered, and came back to meet me, and never attempted to buck again. An observer of the actions and designs of the lower animals can perceive how nearly they resemble those of human beings. Our laughing, being of course unintelligible, could not give offence to our pack horse; but when water was dashed over his head and into his ears, he considered we were a bad lot playing mean tricks upon him, and resolved to cut our connection. When, however, he heard a friendly neigh, he perhaps thought he

had a friend among us that he should not abandon.

I could find no trace of water in the back country, and had to abandon the attempt to examine it from that direction. Travelling down the river, when opposite to Wilcannia, my assistant became so objectionable that I had to discharge him. In company with a young man, son of a station-owner on the lower Darling, on passing Tintinallage we were stopped by a managing dame at that station, and asked if we wanted a job. She had taken us for swagmen. At Albemarle I parted with my fellow traveller and journeyed back to Victoria alone. I crossed the Darling at Menindie. I found that town then a small place. It had been damaged in its prospects by the rise of Wilcannia, which had cut off from it the northern traffic. There is more timber about Menindie than at Wilcannia. There was a good deal of small timber to shelter the latter town when I first saw it, but it was cut down for firewood, leaving the township exposed to wind and sand. When any new settlement is made in Australia, the first Gothic act of the inhabitants is to destroy whatever timber may be growing; then, after some years, the thought begins to dawn upon them that some shelter from wind and sun would be desirable, and they begin to plant trees. Menindie seemed to have been originally well sheltered, and had not been denuded like Wilcannia.

I travelled down the right bank of the Darling to Tarcoola. Re-crossing there, I took the dry, lonely, and wild back-track to Euston. On arriving there I witnessed the absurdity of two neighbouring colonies trying to circumvent each other by taxes on stock crossing the Murray. A party of New South Wales drovers, returning after delivering fat cattle at Melbourne, had

with them about twenty stock horses, and the New South Wales customs officer made them pay a stock-tax of five shillings each, whereas I, a Victorian, had no tax to pay. From Euston I rode up the Murray to Swan Hill, where I sold my two horses and went on board "The Pride of the Murray" steamer, bound for Echuca. At all stations on the Darling and Murray the kindest hospitality was tendered. There is always, however, a marked difference in the kindness shown to a traveller on those stations where there are ladies. They almost invariably insist upon providing him with a parcel of sandwiches, if a long stage has to be made to reach another station.

Proceeding to Sydney, I applied for and obtained some of the blocks I had examined. Others, however, which I intended to secure, had just been applied for by the owners of stations on the Darling frontage. I thus learned that the proper course was first to apply for blocks, and examine them afterwards. All the blocks first taken up on behalf of a company in which I was a shareholder, had to be transferred to other parties. The company could not see that dry back country was worth reclaiming, as not a beast could be put on it without spending many thousands of pounds in artificially providing water. They had no suspicion of the effect of future legislation; the majority simply objected to the risk and the expense. When in Sydney I applied, on my own account, for a number of other blocks, chiefly far to the north-west of the Darling, and up the Warrego, near the boundary of Queensland. When they were granted, I started in the following year to examine them, with results to be mentioned on another occasion.

*(To be continued.)*

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## PLEASURE AND REVENGE.

Pleasure and revenge,  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision.

—*Shakspeare.*

EASTER TOUR OF THE MELBOURNE  
BICYCLE CLUB.

By FRED. J. EMPSON, M.B.C., V.C.U.

Never, in the annals of touring, did a happier assortment of genial souls wheel together than the party that constituted the late tour of the M.B.C. The representatives of the M.B.C. were Messrs. Burston (best of captains), Baird, Carter, Empson, Geddes, Harston, Skoglund, and Wragge; together with George Spicer, "that grand old hoss," captain of the Victoria B.C.; while Messrs. Cox and Gault, who recently arrived overland from Adelaide on their machines, completed the party.

In order to gain the recognised starting point for all western tours, Ballarat, train was taken in the evening, and, shortly before midnight, we tumbled out of the train on to the Ballarat platform, stiff and cramped. Of course those good fellows, Thompson, Shimmer, Ronaldson, and other prominent wheelmen of the B.B. and T.C. were awaiting our arrival, and soon escorted us to supper at Lester's Hotel, where our machines, that had gone up a few hours previously, were already stabled. Supper and a few toasts over, a prowl round was taken before we sought "Tired Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep!"

Early morning saw us ready for the fray, the Ballarat Club mustering some twenty strong to accompany us a few miles on our way. The road to Burrumbeet is one that, under usual circumstances, would tempt a mortal prone to adjectives of a doubtful character; but with the strong head wind of that morning, it was enough to tempt the proverbial parson. After a stiff plug at a pretty warm pace we rounded the end of Lake Burrumbeet and dropped into the little village of the same name, fourteen miles distant from Ballarat. Just before reaching the hostelry a small incident occurred that spoke volumes in praise of the straw hat over the small "polo." Rounding a corner the wind, which previously was dead ahead, was found to be on the starboard quarter;

the sudden effect resulted in the straw hat of one youth taking a trip seaward—or rather lakeward—for which he had to wade knee-deep before he could persuade the runaway to return, and only then by the aid of a clothes-prop. "Polo" scored one trick, and the cards were dealt round afresh. Several Beaufort riders were found at Burrumbeet, having come thus far to meet us and invite us to a dinner at Beaufort in our honour. The next stage of the journey was a pleasant one, save a few patches of sand, which caused a "cropper" or two now and again. Just before entering Beaufort (twenty-eight miles) we were met by the full strength of the local club, and "processioned" into the town to the number of forty-two, all told. After a parade round, our hospitable friends led us off like most willing lambs to the slaughter, which took the form of a banquet in the Shire Hall, presided over by Dr. Crocker, who, after the good things had been removed, in sundry and divers manners, proposed "Our Visitors," to which Captain Burston responded, and thanked the Beaufort cyclists for their kindness in entertaining the party in such a princely manner; and concluded by proposing the "Beaufort Club," whose numerical strength was equal to many clubs in far more pretentious places, while their hospitality was unapproachable. Dr. Crocker responded, and some songs followed before the visitors resumed saddles, and parted regretfully from such good company.

The next stage, to Buangor, fourteen and a half miles, was of good, bad, and indifferent nature. Here were found some members of the Ararat Club ready to run the last fourteen and a half miles with us to our destination.

After a few miles of bad road an improvement took place, and the last few miles was done in fair time, landing us at Leopold's Hotel, "a rare good 'un," where yet another dinner awaited us,

before which, however, we enjoyed a pleasant swim in the local baths, late—*entre nous*—a Baptist Church, from the beams of which now hangs gymnastic apparatus; the day's distance, with *détours*, totting up sixty-three miles.

A pleasant evening ended by bidding "good-bye" to Mr. Gault, who took train from here to Melbourne to catch an Adelaide steamer, everyone regretting the loss of so genial a companion. At break of day we cleared away from Ararat and ran down to Maroona (thirteen miles), where we struck off on to the Wickliffe-road, and after some few miles turned to the right, and by a seemingly circuitous route reached Glen Thompson (thirty-nine miles), whence, after a hasty snack, we ran on for another eleven miles, reaching Dunkeld for lunch, having made fifty miles since morning in five hours ten minutes. Nearing Dunkeld we obtained a magnificent view of the Sierras, of which Mounts Sturgeon and Abrupt stand out in the manner so aptly described by the "Vagabond" in the *Argus* of the 11th April. After a brief halt, we again pursued our way, and found twenty miles of good road, made and unmade, which we managed comfortably at nine miles an hour until nearing Hamilton, when, descending a long hill, there was a sudden dismount made by each and all, for ensconced in the furze bush by the wayside was observed a party of the Hamilton B.C., under command of "King" Farrol, armed with bottles of lager beer and tumblers, while one youth bristled with corkscrews and wire breakers.

In view of the pretty town of Hamilton, we lagged, we toasted, we sang and made merry generally, until again mounting, we ran into our destination, and landed at Coe's Victoria Hotel (seventy miles for the day). Dusty and tired we seek the "meretricious" shower bath, from which we emerge fresh and rosy. Shortly after we hear the rattle of hoofs and the rumble of wheels at the hotel door, and are soon informed that the Hamiltonians await us with drag and four, as we are to dine with them at the Wannon Falls, eleven and a half miles out. Stowing ourselves as close as herrings, the whip cracks, and away we fly. On our arrival

a visit was paid to the place where the Falls ought to be, but though the "show" is not open until later on in the season, "the boys" are satisfied with a climb down to the bed of the river amongst gigantic boulders and dead timber. Passing under the ledge of the precipice over which the rushing torrent thunders in the winter season, we found inscribed "Manchester," "Princes Albert and Victor," denoting the visits of the estimable duke and the boy princes. Remounting was even more difficult than anticipated, as the "shades of night were falling fast," and wax matches were our only torches. Gladly did we regain our comfortable quarters at the Wannon Hotel, where an excellent dinner was shortly after discussed.

Captain Burston, during the evening, proposed "Our Host, Captain Farrol," and spoke of the ever-ready hospitality that Captain Farrol extended to any cyclists visiting or touring in the vicinity of Hamilton. The hearty reception and lusty musical honours that ensued showed the thorough endorsement of the sentiments expressed. Captain Farrol suitably responded, mentioning that, as he had always thought that touring was the backbone of cycling, he was ready at all times to support his argument by extending any little hospitality that lay in his power in order to make cyclists enjoy their stay when visiting Hamilton. He only hoped that his long-wished-for combined tour of the various metropolitan clubs would take place before long. Other toasts and songs followed before the company again settled in the drag, and returned to Hamilton shortly before midnight. During the night the rain descended in torrents, and the morning broke with a very watery look. At eight o'clock a start was made. Messrs. Cox (who intended to continue on from there to Adelaide) and Farrol rode out with us as far as Hoch Kirch (*Anglice*, High Church) where we took a regretful leave of these two jolly good fellows, and continued on to Penshurst, nineteen miles. The road drying and improving, our next run was made to Caramut where we dined at Host Farmer's, whose liberality is a by-word amongst wheelmen. Crossing next to Hexham, we encountered good



road where we anticipated bad, and were agreeably surprised to find the road being made with the same care and skill that characterise those of the Mortlake shire. Passing through Hexham, nine and a half miles farther, we reached Mortlake, and then turned off to Terang.

To simply describe the road is to say that we rode the fourteen miles to Terang in 1 hr. 12 min., including two stoppages—one to converse with a parson, and the other to allow a pair of young horses to pass. Both took time. After dark we continued on to Camperdown, riding without lamps over a road that necessitated not a single dismount throughout the fourteen miles. In the starlight we caught a glimpse of Lake Gnotug, whose mirror-like surface reflected a myriad of stars. Soon after the lights of Camperdown were sighted, and the roof of Wiggins' comfortable hotel covered us for the night, after a day's ride of eighty-two miles.

Leaving Camperdown early next day we ran past Mount Leura, from whose summit we had surveyed the beauties of the surrounding country on a former occasion; next Stoneyford, from whence we obtain a wayside view of the extensive works of the Pomboineit Pastoral and Preserving Company; shortly after which we enter the "Stoney Rises," in which the undulations are such as to cause an impetus to be given going down the little short hills that is sufficient to send the bicycles flying up

the corresponding rises without the slightest exertion, while the scenery on either hand is of a lovely description. Pirron Yalloak was the first place we reached for refreshment, and then pressed on to Colac for breakfast, a late one, after a ride of twenty-nine miles. Part of the entertainment at Colac consisted of an aboriginal woman giving a portion of a "corroboree" dance in the backyard of the hotel. It was entertaining but brief, and though the dark one was named Alice, no concern will exist as to "Alice, where art thou?" in the future, as she was overpaid a hundredfold for her performance, and was no "delicious perfume on the morn-air," but rather the reverse.

Rounding Lake Colac we obtained a lovely view across the broad sheet of water that lends an additional beauty to an already picturesque town. After a hard plug we reached Winchelsea, twenty-three miles from Colac, and enjoyed a pleasant little lunch. Starting shortly after we passed through Lake Town and the Mount Moriac district, from whence some splendid views of the Otway Ranges were obtained.

Continuing on, Pettavel was passed, and soon after a bad stretch of road was traversed for a few miles, until the lights of Geelong were seen, the Barwon-bridge crossed, and the Victoria Hotel reached after seventy-five miles had been ridden, and the tour finished, which, including *détours*, reached a total of 300 miles in four days.

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## HOPE.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;  
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.  
 Joy has her tears, and transport has her death:  
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,  
 Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;  
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;  
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,  
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!  
 A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!  
 Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild and sweet!  
 'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below!

—Young.

## MARY MARSTON,\*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE MOONLIGHT.

It was a still frosty night, with a full moon. When she reached her chamber, Letty walked mechanically to the window, and there stood, with the candle in her hand, looking carelessly out, nor taking any pleasure in the great night. The window looked on an open grassy yard, where were a few large ricks of wheat shining yellow in the cold far-off moon. Between the moon and the earth hung a faint mist, which the thin clouds of her breath seemed to mingle with and augment. There lay her life—out of doors—dank and dull, all the summer faded from it—all its atmosphere a growing fog! She would never see Tom again! It was six weeks since she saw him last! He must have ceased to think of her by this time! And if he did think of her again, she would be far off, nobody knew where.

Something struck the window with a slight, sharp clang. It was winter, and there were no moths or other insects flying. What could it be? She put her face close to the pane, and looked out. There was a man in the shadow of one of the ricks! He had his hat off, and was beckoning to her. It could be nobody but Tom!

The thought sent to her heart a pang of mingled pleasure and pain. Clearly he wanted to speak to her! How gladly she would! but then would come again all the trouble of conscious deceit: how was she to bear that all over again! Still, if she was going to be turned out of the house so soon, what would it matter? If her aunt was going to compel her to be her own mistress, where was the harm if she began it a few days sooner? What

did it matter anyhow what she did? But she dared not speak to him! Mrs. Wardour's ears were as sharp as her eyes! The very sound of her own voice in the moonlight would terrify her. She opened the lattice softly, and gently shaking her head—she dared not shake it vigorously—was on the point of closing it again, when, making frantic signs of entreaty, the man stepped into the moonlight, and it was plainly Tom. It was too dreadful! He might be seen any moment! She shook her head again, in a way she meant, and he understood to mean, she dared not. He fell on his knees and laid his hands together like one praying. Her heart interpreted the gesture as indicating that he was in trouble, and that therefore he begged her to go to him; with sudden resolve she nodded acquiescence, and left the window.

Her room was in a little wing projecting from the back of the house, over the kitchen. The servants' rooms were in another part, but Letty forgot a tiny window in one of them, which looked also upon the ricks. There was a back stair to the kitchen, and in the kitchen a door to the farm-yard. She stole down the stair, and opened the door with absolute noiselessness. In a moment more she had stolen on tiptoe round the corner, and was creeping like a ghost among the ricks. Not even a rustle betrayed her as she came up to Tom from behind. He still knelt where she had left him, looking up to her window, which gleamed like a dead eye in the moonlight. She stood for a moment, afraid to move, lest she should startle him,

and he should call out, for the slightest noise about the place would bring Godfrey down. The next moment however, Tom, aware of her presence, sprang to his feet, and turning, bounded to her, and took her in his arms. Still possessed by the one terror of making a noise, she did not object even by a contrary motion, and when he took her hand to lead her away out of sight of the house, she yielded at once.

When they were safe in the field behind the hedge,—

"Why did you make me come down, Tom?" she whispered, half choked with fear, looking up in his face, which was radiant in the moonshine.

"Because I could not bear it one day longer," he answered. "All this time I have been breaking my heart to get a word with you, and never seeing you except at church, and there you would never even look at me. It is cruel of you, Letty. I know you could manage it if you liked, well enough. Why should you try me so?"

"Do speak a little lower, Tom: sound goes so far at night!—I didn't know you would want to see me like that," she answered, looking up in his face with a pleased smile.

"Didn't know!" repeated Tom. "I want nothing else, think of nothing else, dream of nothing else. Oh, the delight of having you here all alone to myself at last! You darling Letty?"

"But I must go directly, Tom. I have no business to be out of the house at this time of the night. If you hadn't made me think you were in some trouble, I daredn't have come."

"And ain't I in trouble enough—trouble that nothing but your coming could get me out of? To love your very shadow, and not be able to get a peep even of that, except in church, where all the time of the service I'm raging inside like a wild beast in a cage—ain't that trouble enough to make you come to me?"

Letty's heart leaped up. He loved her then! Love, real love, was what it meant! It was paradise! Anything might come that would! She would be afraid of nothing any more. They might say or do to her what they pleased—she did not care a straw if he loved her—really loved her! And he

did! he did! She was going to have him all to her own self, and nobody was to have any right to meddle with her more!

"I didn't know you loved me, Tom!" she said simply, with a little gasp.

"And I don't know yet whether you love me," returned Tom.

"Of course, if you love *me*," answered Letty, as if everybody must give back love for love.

Tom took her again in his arms, and Letty was in greater bliss than she had ever dreamed possible. From being a nobody in the world, she might now queen it to the top of her modest bent; from being looked down on by everybody, she had the whole earth under her feet; from being utterly friendless, she had the heart of Tom Helmer for her own! Yet even then, eluding the barriers of Tom's arms, shot to her heart, sharp as an arrow, the thought that she was forsaking Cousin Godfrey. She did not attempt to explain it to herself; she was in too great confusion, even if she had been capable of the necessary analysis. It came, probably, of what her aunt had told her concerning her cousin's opinion of Tom. Often and often since, she had said to herself that of course Cousin Godfrey was mistaken, and quite wrong in not liking Tom; she was sure he would like him if he knew him as she did!—and yet to act against his opinion, and that never uttered to herself, cost her this sharp pang, and not a few that followed! To soften it for the moment, however, came the vaguely, sadly reproachful feeling, that, seeing they were about to send her out into the world to earn her bread, they had no more any right to make such demands upon her loyalty to them, as should exclude the closest and only satisfying friend she had—one who would not turn her away, but wanted to have her for ever. That Godfrey knew nothing of his mother's design, she did not once suspect.

"Now, Tom, you have seen me, and spoken to me, and I must go," said Letty.

"Oh Letty!" cried Tom, reproachfully, "now when we understand each other? Would you leave me in the very moment of my supremest bliss?"

That would be a mockery, Letty. That is the way my dreams serve me always. But surely you are no dream! Perhaps I *am* dreaming, and shall wake to find myself alone! I never was so happy in my life, and you want to leave me all alone in the midnight, with the moon to comfort me! Do as you like, Letty!—I won't leave the place till the morning. I will go back to the rick-yard, and lie under your window all night."

The idea of Tom out on the cold ground, while she was warm in bed, was too much for Letty's childish heart. Had she known Tom better, she would not have been afraid: she would have known that he would indeed do as he had said—so far; that he would lie down under her window, and there remain, even to the very moment when he began to feel miserable, and a moment longer, but not more than two; that then he would get up, and, with a last look, start home for bed.

"I will stop a little while, Tom," she offered, "if you will promise to go home as soon as I leave you."

Tom promised.

They went wandering along the farm lanes, and Tom made love to her, as the phrase is—in his case, alas! a phrase only too correct. I do not say, or wish understood, that he did not love her—with such love as lay in the immediate power of his development; but being a sort of a poet, such as a man may be who loves the form of beauty, but not the indwelling power of it, that is, the truth, he *made* love to her—fashioned forms of love, and offered them to her; and she accepted them, and found the words of them very dear and very lovely. For neither had she got far enough, with all Godfrey's endeavours for her development, to love aright the ring of the true gold, and therefore was not able to distinguish the dull sound of the gilt brass Tom offered her. Poor fellow! it was all he had. But compassion itself can hardly urge that as a reason for accepting it for genuine. What rubbish most girls will take for poetry, and with it heap up impassably their door to the garden of delights! what French polish they will take for refinement! what merest French gallantry for love! what

French sentiment for passion! what commonest passion they will take for devotion! passion that has little to do with their beauty even, still less with the individuality of it, and nothing at all with their loveliness!

In justice to Tom I must add, however, that he also took not a little rubbish for poetry, much sentiment for pathos, and all passion for love. He was no intentional deceiver; he was so self-deceived, that, being himself a deception, he could be nothing but a deceiver—at once the most complete and the most pardonable, and perhaps the most dangerous of deceivers.

With all his fine talk of love, to which he now gave full flow, it was characteristic of him that, although he saw Letty without hat or cloak, just because he was himself warmly clad he never thought of her being cold, until the arm he had thrown round her waist felt her shiver. Thereupon he was kind, and would have insisted that she should go in and get a shawl, had she not positively refused to go in and come out again. Then he would have had her put on his coat, that she might be able to stay a little longer; but she prevailed on him to let her go. He brought her to the nearest point not within sight of any of the windows, and there leaving her, set out at a rapid pace for the inn where he had put up his mare.

When Tom was gone, and the bare night, a diffused conscience, all about her, Letty, with a strange fear at her heart, like one in a churchyard with the ghost-hour at hand, and feeling like "a guilty thing surprised," although she had done nothing wrong in its mere self, stole back to the door of the kitchen, longing for the shelter of her own room, as never exile for his fatherland.

She had left the door an inch ajar, that she might run the less risk of making a noise in opening it; but ere she reached it, the moon shining full upon it, she saw plainly, and her heart turned sick when she saw, that it was closed. Between cold and terror she shuddered from head to foot, and stood staring.

Recovering a little, she said to herself, some draught must have blown it to. If so, there was much danger that

the noise had been heard ; but in any case there was no time to lose. She glided swiftly to it. She lifted the latch softly—but, horror of horrors ! in vain. The door was locked. She was shut out. She must lie, or confess ! And what lie would serve ? Poor Letty ! And yet, for all her dismay, her terror, her despair that night, in her innocence she never once thought of the worst danger in which she stood !

The least perilous, where no safe way was left, would now have been to let the simple truth appear ; Letty ought immediately to have knocked at the door, and should that have proved unavailing, to have broken her aunt's window even, to gain hearing and admittance. But that was just the kind of action of which, truthful as was her nature, poor Letty, both by constitution and training, was incapable : human opposition, superior anger, condemnation, she dared not encounter. She sank, more than half-fainting, upon the door-step.

The moment she came to herself, apprehension changed into active dread, rushed into uncontrollable terror. She sprang to her feet, and, the worst thing she could do, fled like the wind after Tom—now indeed, she imagined, her only refuge ! She knew where he had put up his horse, and knew he could hardly take any other way than the foot-path to Testbridge. He could not be more than a few yards ahead of her, she thought. Presently she heard him whistling, she was sure, as he walked leisurely along, but she could not see him. The way was mostly between hedges until it reached the common ; there she would catch sight of him, for, notwithstanding the gauzy mist, the moon gave plenty of light. On she went swiftly, still fancying she heard in front of her his whistle, and even his step on the hard-frozen path. In her eager anxiety to overtake him, she felt neither the chilling air, nor the fears of the night and the loneliness. Dismay was behind her, and hope before her. On and on she ran. But when, with now failing breath, she reached the common, and saw it lie so bare and wide in the moonlight, with the little hut standing on its edge, like a ghastly lodge to nowhere, with gaping

black holes for door and window, then indeed the horror of her deserted condition, and the terrors of the night, began to crush their way into her soul. What might not be lurking in that ruin, ready to wake at the lightest rustle, and, at sight of a fleeing girl, start out in pursuit, and catch her by the hair that now streamed behind her ! And there was the hawthorn, so old and grotesquely contorted, always bringing to her mind a frightful German print at the head of a poem called "The Haunted Heath," in one of her cousin Godfrey's books ! It was like an old miser, decrepit with age, pursued and unable to run ! Miserable as was her real condition, it was rendered yet more pitiful by these terrors of the imagination. The distant howl of a dog which the moon would not let sleep, the muffled low of a cow from a shippoon, and a certain strange sound, coming again and again, which she could not account for, all turned to things unnatural, therefore frightful. Faintly, once or twice, she tried to persuade herself that it was only a horrible dream from which she would wake in safety ; but it would not do : it was, alas ! all too real—hard, killing fact ! Anyhow, dream or fact, there was no turning ; on to the end she must go. More frightful than all possible dangers, most frightful thing of all, was the old house she had left, standing silent in the mist, holding her room inside it, empty, the candle burning away in the face of the moon ! Across the common she glided like a swift wraith, and again into the shadow of the hedges.

There seems to be a hope as well as a courage born of despair : immortal, yet inconstant children of a death-doomed sire, both were now departing. If Tom had come this way, she must, she thought, have overtaken him long before now ! But perhaps she had fainted outright, and lain longer than she knew at the kitchen door ; and when she started to follow him, Tom was already at home ! Alas, alas ! she was lost utterly !

The footpath came to an end, and she was on the high road. There was the inn where Tom generally put up ! It was silent as the grave. The clang

of a horseshoe striking a stone came through the frosty air, from far along the road. Her heart sank into the depths of the infinite sea that encircles the soul, and, for the second time that night, Death passing by gave her an

alms of comfort, and she lay insensible on the border of the same highway along which Tom, on his bay mare, went singing home.

*(To be continued).*

## THE GARDENER.

By D. A. CRICHTON.

Most people derive pleasure from the possession of a garden, and there are but few who are altogether insensible to the beauties of flowers. The cultivation of plants is a delight to a large proportion of mankind engaged in every walk of life; from the wealthy nobleman or citizen, who spends large sums upon magnificent gardens and collections of plants, to the humble toiler, who cultivates an area of a few square yards. A garden adds materially to the attractions of a home in various ways, from the mansion to the cottage. Plants will help to beautify even the meanest looking dwelling, and their cultivation diffuses and infuses a spirit of contentment among most people. Those who cultivate plants with their own hands generally derive the greatest pleasure from the pursuit. Amateur cultivators find an unceasing source of gratification in tending and training their favourites till their growth is perfected. Pride in their productions is a strong feeling with this class of cultivators, and the pleasure they experience in showing to their friends specimens from "Our Garden" is ample repayment for their trouble. Gardening, while affording an unceasing source of pleasure to the amateur cultivator, is a comparatively inexpensive pursuit. The occupation is pleasant and healthgiving, and affords in spare hours a pleasant relief from other work. It is a pursuit that is within the reach of all, more or less, and it must be borne in mind that the pleasure to be obtained from plants does not depend upon their abundance, choiceness, or variety, but more from the sympathy the cultivator has with them. The

humble amateur will often derive as much pleasure from the cultivation of a few simple pot plants as the wealthy proprietor of a large collection of the rarest genera, species, and varieties.

In the flower garden the cultivator should endeavour to obtain the best possible results from the means at his command, and to have attractions throughout the year. Pleasure grounds in the first place should be planted with a due regard to their areas, and other local conditions. For gardens of limited extent the permanent plants, such as trees and shrubs, should as a rule be such as will not get too large. When an area of several acres is available a larger class of trees and shrubs may be used advantageously. The habit of growth, as also the character and colour of the foliage, should also receive due consideration in planting trees and shrubs, in order to arrange them with the best effect. Those who are about to lay out gardens, or plant trees and shrubs, should lose no time in getting on with the work. Evergreens may be planted as soon as possible, but deciduous trees should be left till July or August. In transplanting evergreens from the ground it is of the utmost importance that the roots are not exposed to the action of sun and wind during the operation, or the plants may be seriously injured. Roses should be planted as soon as possible, as an early start is an advantage. There are now an immense number of varieties in cultivation, and amateurs are often bewildered in making a selection, but no collection should be without such well-known and useful kinds as General Jacquiminot,

Gloire de Dijon, Marechal Niel, and Souvenir de la Malmaison, which yield flowers more or less throughout the year. These kinds—and others belonging to the Bourbon, China, Tea, and Hybrid Perpetual classes—should receive several light prunings during the year, in order to induce a continuous supply of good blooms. Herbaceous plants such as Phloxes, Campanulas, and Pentstemons should now be divided and replanted. Those general favourites—Primroses, Violets, Polyanthus, and Daisies—deserve a place in every garden, and no time should be lost in dividing and replanting them if necessary. Sowings of Stocks (*Antirrhinums*, *Dianthus Heddewiggi* and other kinds), *Campanulas*, *Lobelias* Sweet Williams, and Wallflowers, should be made at once. Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Ranunculi, Crocuses, Jonquils, and other spring flowering bulbs should be planted out without delay. Early flowering Cape bulbs belonging to the *Amaryllis*, *Babiana*, *Hippeastrum*, *Ixia*, *Pancratium*, *Scilla*, and *Gladiola* families, should also be planted. Hardy annuals may be sown in mild localities, but it would have been better to have put the seed in a few weeks earlier. Evergreen shrubs and trees should receive any necessary pruning to keep them shapely. Box and other live edgings ought to be planted at once, as the sooner the plants are started the better.

Cultivators of plants in pots should endeavour to keep up an attractive display throughout the year. Among winter blooming plants Chinese Primulas and Cyclamens stand in the foremost rank for conservatory and room decoration, their dense masses of brilliant flowers having a charming effect. They are not difficult to manage, only requiring an occasional re-potting and a moderate supply of water, with a little liquid manure once or twice a week, to bring them to perfection. The *Justicias*, winter blooming *Gesneras* and flowering *Begonias*, are also very attractive plants during the next few months for the conservatory, and should be included in every collection when the cultivator has the command of glass houses or frames. Fuchsias are everybody's favourites, and

most cultivators grow them. Plants of this family require steady and vigorous growth to bring them to perfection, and they must have several shifts before they reach the flowering stage, taking care to re-pot only when it is necessary. If a stock of plants has not already been provided, cuttings of desirable varieties should be put in at once. Among the large number of genera included in the Cactus family, none possess greater beauty than the *Epiphyllums*, whose brilliant flowers are produced in the greatest profusion, and last for a considerable time through the winter months. These plants may be grown easily upon their own roots, but they show to the best advantage when grown upon some upright growing species of Cactus. Delicate plants of the Cactus family should not be fully exposed to the heavy rains of winter, as they are liable to injury if kept too wet. *Pelargoniums* should be kept steadily growing, re-potting them when necessary. Plant houses and frames should be freely supplied with air when the weather is favourable, but it will be advisable to close them somewhat early in the afternoon before the atmosphere gets chilled. Plants growing in bush houses must not be densely shaded during the winter months, as light and a free supply of air are essential to their well-being. Cleanliness is absolutely necessary in cultivating plants in pots, and the various insect pests that are likely to be troublesome should be kept down by constant attention.

The amateur fruit cultivator should exercise care in the selection of kinds and varieties, and due consideration must be paid to the nature of the soil and climate and other local circumstances. There are varieties that will answer his purpose better than others, and it will be more satisfactory to grow such as will yield the best returns. Then, again, there are varieties which thrive well in some localities, while in others they are comparatively worthless. The preparation of the soil is also a matter of some importance in fruit growing, as if there is a lack of drainage or the land is very poor, it is impossible for trees to thrive. Old fruit trees often become exhausted prematurely, through the soil becoming

impoverished, whereas by supplying their wants in the shape of a good dressing of manure occasionally, they would remain thrifty for many years longer. The planting of Oranges, Lemons, Loquats and Guavas should be finished as soon as possible, and if it cannot be done within the next two or three weeks it will be advisable to wait till the spring. All evergreen plants bear shifting better when growth is active, and they will not feel the check caused by shifting them so much now as if the operation were delayed till the weather gets colder. Raspberries should be planted without delay, and old plantations ought to receive their winter dressing of manure. Strawberries should be planted out without further loss of time, as the sooner they are established the better. The plants are strong feeders, and require a good supply of nourishment to induce a strong growth up to the fruiting period. Currants and Gooseberries should be planted out at once in localities where they are likely to thrive. Some fruit trees, and more especially Pears, have a tendency when growing in rich soils to make an over luxuriant growth of wood, but produce very little fruit. In such cases root pruning often proves useful, and if practised for a season or two will generally cause the trees to bear freely. Root pruning may be done now, the best method being to make a trench half way round the tree, sufficiently deep to allow the main roots to be cut. The following season the other half of the tree should be treated in the same manner.

In cultivating vegetables those generally meet with the largest measure of success who make frequent sowings and plantings of such kinds as are

always in season. Care should be taken to obtain the best varieties of each kind, and to have each crop in suitable proportions. Cabbages and Cauliflowers should be planted for succession crops, and seed of each sown. In the colder districts Broccoli, Savoy, and Brussels Sprouts will be found useful crops for winter cultivation. Sowings of Carrots, Parsnips, red and white Beet, Spinach and Turnips may be made if necessary, but not in heavy soddened ground. Broad Beans should be got in without delay, and Peas may be sown in mild localities, but not in those liable to heavy frosts. Onions for a main crop should be sown, and the Potato and Tree varieties may be planted out in dry soils. As soon as the stems of Asparagus turn yellow they ought to be removed, and the beds should receive their annual dressing of manure. If required, fresh plantations should also be made. Rhubarb may be planted out in dry soils, but not in heavy or bad drained ground. Celery should be earthed up carefully as growth progresses, to blanch the stems, but the plants ought not to be covered up too much, and the soil must not be allowed to enter the hearts. The operation should also be performed when the plants are perfectly dry. Regular sowings of Lettuces, Radishes, and other salad plants, should be made every fortnight during the winter. Culinary herbs of all kinds may now be transplanted if necessary, and seed can be sown if it is intended to raise plants by this means. Cultivators should remember that those herbs that are valuable for their aromatic properties do not require very rich ground or much manure as an over luxuriant growth is injurious.

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## DOUBT.

The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is called  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.

—*Shakspeare.*



## THE ESSAYIST AND OBSERVER.

## THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

By AN EMIGRATION AGENT.

The question of obtaining a supply of domestic servants to meet the ever-increasing demand for this kind of labour is again occupying the attention of Victorian housewives, as, indeed, it is of those of all the colonies. Each day forces the conviction on the mind of the housekeeper that in no class of labour is there such a dearth of supply as in that known as the domestic or servant girl department. Only as recently as last month a public meeting was called in the Town Hall, Melbourne, to organise a society to secure from the United Kingdom a number of really first-class domestic servants. The object of the society was to work in conjunction with the Women's Emigration Society in London, and through the home branch to procure at regular intervals batches of domestic servants. The originator of the movement was the Hon. George Coppin, and in stating his proposals to the meeting he placed the primary objects of the society very fairly before his hearers. In one very important particular, however, the hon. gentleman was slightly astray, and he was supported in his unintentionally mistaken notions by several other speakers. It was clear from the general tenor of the various speakers' observations an impression existed that servants could be obtained in the old country at very low wages, varying, say, from £10 to £20 per annum, the latter figure being paid for cooks. It was just as well that at the meeting Mr. Frederick Humphries, the recently returned Emigration Agent for Tasmania, was present, for he soon disabused the Victorian ladies' minds of the idea that English servants could be obtained at the low rates quoted by the previous speakers. Having worked in England for the past two years in endeavouring to secure domestic servants for the

neighbouring colony of Tasmania, Mr. Humphries was in a position to state definitely the rate of wages paid there, and the amount expected by emigrants on arrival here. No greater fallacy obtains than to imagine that servants in the old country are now obtaining low wages. Anyone, like the writer, who has kept up an establishment in England, can testify to the very great difficulty which exists in securing really good servants. During the past decade things have changed so very materially at home that a first-class servant may be justly termed to be worth her weight in gold. The demand for good domestics in England is, just now, as keen as it is in Australia. Of course females can be secured, but it must be borne in mind that females—or to use the emigration agents' terms, single girls—and servants are not synonymous terms. Many reasons can be advanced for this dearth of really good servants. Foremost may be mentioned the new system of State education, by which girls who were originally intended for service have abandoned all idea of an occupation so menial after receiving a first-class education at a Board School. The British taxpayer contributes his three-pence, and even five-pence, in the pound towards the expense of educating the lower classes, and he pays for supporting Board Schools to which he could not send his own children, and one of the benefits he receives for this drain on his already overtaxed income is the impossibility of getting any decent servants to perform the household duties. In point of fact the middle and upper classes in Great Britain are annually contributing to reduce or limit the field from which the ordinary domestic servant is obtained. Another reason for the decreasing supply of domestics

is found in the fact that high wages are now earned at the sewing machine, and in the fancy goods warehouse. The girls employed in this work, of course, get greater freedom. They have their evenings to themselves, and they know exactly the number of hours they have to work. There is no special "Sunday out" with them, and no restrictions as to when they must be home at night. But putting aside altogether the reasons which cause this paucity of servants, we have to deal with the hard fact that they are scarce. The English servant girl is well aware of this, and she raises her tariff accordingly. It was the writer's business, when at home, to secure servants for Tasmania, and he had a practical experience of the high rate of wages obtaining. An ordinary general servant, for two or three in family, with no washing, asked £18 to £20 per annum; every other Sunday out; one whole day per month, with two days at Christmas and Whitsuntide. The general servant, who did washing, required £20 to £25, with beer, or the equivalent in money. A good cook commenced at £25 up to £40 per annum, with beer and fat money. Now, to the old colonists who remember England some twenty years back, when wages averaged about £10 to £15 per annum, the figures quoted above may appear exorbitant, but they are none the less accurate. But it must be borne in mind that these rates apply to servants in home service. The moment the emigration agent begins to talk about going out to Australia, then the rate increases. The servant girl at home does know something about the cost of clothing, the prospects of continual employment, and many other contingencies, of which, in the great *terra incognita*, as she regards the Antipodes, she is in the most profound ignorance. In England she has her parents to shelter her when "out of a place," and if no parents she at least has numerous friends. But in Australia she would be a stranger in a strange land. She calculates all this when asked to leave home, and hence it is that the emigration agent experiences such difficulty in securing first-class servants at a low rate of wage. At the initiatory meeting of the Victorian

Domestic Servants Emigration Society these facts were fairly placed before the meeting by Mr. Humphries, in order that there might be no misconception as to the rate of wages the importers of female labour would have to pay. Another very important matter for consideration by the proposed Society is this:—Great care must be taken in the selection by the home association of suitable girls—not only in connection with their ability as domestics, but especially with regard to their moral status. No one knows better than emigration agents the difficulty to be contended with in dealing with what is known as the "philanthropic movement," or, to put it plainly, with societies established to ship off the reformed character to Canada or Australia. It is far from the writer's intention to depreciate the efforts made by various female emigration societies at home to rescue the fallen, and place them once more on the path of virtue. The objects these societies have in view are most commendable, no doubt; but in numerous instances within the experience of the writer the most glaring attempts have been made to palm off as servants girls recently released from reformatories, and in many instances reclaimed from the streets. The kind-hearted clergyman has listened to the girl's tale of reform, accompanied of course by heartbreaking sobs, and then with the very best of intentions has promised to secure for her a situation in fresh fields, where she may repent over the follies of the past and lead a new life in the Sunny South. To do this, and to obtain the requisite testimonials as to character, some pious fibs have to be told. In some instances the emigration officer detects the fraud, but often, of course, he is thrown off his guard by the apparently genuine character of the applicants' references. On this point the newly formed Society in Victoria cannot be too particular when dealing with the parent Association. Better by far to be without servant girls than to introduce a class which would be utterly useless, and only help to swell the number of those unfortunates whom now such noble efforts are being made to reform. In conclusion, the writer can conscientiously

say that the few observations he has penned are not in any way intended to disparage the efforts of those who have initiated the Society to which reference has been made. They are

intended merely as advice on a matter with which he has been closely and practically associated during the past two years in the old country.

## MONTHLY NOTES.

### ART.

#### SYDNEY.

*By J. G. De Libra.*

Great dissatisfaction has been caused among the Art fraternity by the action of the trustees of the National Art Gallery with reference to the exhibition of the Art Society. As we mentioned last month, the trustees, on being appealed to, in the spring, to give some little encouragement to colonial art out of the public funds entrusted to them for the purchase of pictures, made known an offer to buy an oil-painting for the sum of £125, and a water-colour drawing for £75, from the present exhibition of the Society; provided such works were found upon the walls, worthy of being added to the National collection, and placed side by side with the European masterpieces of which it principally consists. When the exhibition opened, however, the trustees considered there were no such pictures there, and consequently declined to purchase for those sums. With that decision we entirely concur; but we consider, all the same, that they acted unwisely in several respects. In the first place, although they had received an invitation to a special private view, they did not come to any decision till three days before the exhibition was announced to close; and then their intention was only made known to the outside public through the personal efforts of the critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. Trivial as the whole matter is, when considered in itself, it should be borne in mind, that in a young community where art is struggling to find its feet, it assumed, in its way, somewhat of a National complexion; and it would hardly have been too much to expect that the trustees would take such steps as might enable them to place at least a memorandum of their description in the Vice-President's hands before he delivered his opening address.

But a still graver error of judgment was committed. Mr. James R. Fairfax, who is himself one of the trustees, had generously supplemented the official offer of that body by a private offer of his own to purchase a picture for the sum of £50, subject to his colleagues' advice, and present it to the Gallery. Mr. W. C. Pignenit's "Australian Mangrove,"

though not marked in the catalogue, was generally known to be priced at 60 guineas, *i.e.*, of course, £60—we all of us talk professionally about guineas, but we do not always get them. The trustees, however, decided to make the artist an offer of Mr. Fairfax's £50 for the picture, which we regret to say he accepted. Had the indignity of this proceeding occurred to any of the trustees—say to Mr. Fairfax himself—we are sure that gentleman would have at once sprung the other £10, in order to treat an artist in a becoming manner. But no! so utterly have the mass of the colony yet to learn what is due to professional men (who have nothing whatever to do with the haggling of trade and commerce); so absolutely have they to be made to understand that works of art figure in quite a different category from wool and tallow; that even their official representatives fall into the same spirit; and haggle, on behalf of a nation, for a paltry £10 over a picture, like an old apple-woman for coppers over a box of fruit. Still more of "Old Clo," to say nothing of self-satisfaction, savoured the overture to Mr. Julian R. Ashton, to acquire his "Margin of the Creek" for £40, the published price of the painting being £50. This gentleman, however, proved less squeezable than Mr. Pignenit, and the offer was at once declined. Such tentative haggling must not be confused with the favour by which more than one great artist has ceded us a work for the Gallery below its value. Rather, in such cases, have we to be grateful for something like a donation, out of a plethora of culture, towards the sustenance of a people half starved of civilisation, and barely capable of digesting the little that they have.

It has been very pertinently enquired, why the trustees, because they had offered to buy certain pictures from the exhibition, if they found them, should have felt themselves absolutely precluded from buying anything else? Had they made no offer at all, would they have been out of court as purchasers? "If I," we have heard it urged, "advertise for a particular kind of horse worth £100, and fail to meet with one that suits me, what is there to prevent my buying a decent animal of an inferior breed, or even a respectable

pony or a donkey?" It was, of course, for the trustees to act in their own unfettered discretion in the matter, but at the same time they are amenable to criticism, like all other public bodies. It has been agreed on all sides that the general average of work this year has been considerably higher than on former occasions, and there has been, on the whole, a commendable absence of the ghastly nightmares that have made each previous exhibition a thing to shudder at. And, as we have stated, we agree with the trustees that there was no oil painting worth £125, or water-colour drawing worth £75, in the room. The exhibition, however, was kept open a week longer than it otherwise would have been, to allow the public an opportunity of considering for themselves the verdict of the trustees; and we know that there are many who think with us, that there were at least some half-a-dozen pictures, any one or more of which might have been added to the National collection with advantage, at the artists' own prices. We have the best reasons for stating that the action of the trustees was not only difficult, but in all respects most conscientious; only we think they went upon a wrong tack. Indeed, they seem at the last moment to have thought so themselves, in spite of the *Sydney Morning Herald's* tame and impotent attempt at an *apologia pro sub culpa*; though in eating their own words through their offer to buy Mr. Ashton's picture at four-fifths of its price they not only showed a lack of apprehension of the inconsistency of their *non assumpsit* in making it, with the loose, unbusinesslike diction of the original offer, but evinced a spirit to remind one of the picture auction in the "School for Scandal," with Careless knocking down "Aunt Deborah" at £5 10s., and "The Mayor and Aldermen" at six guineas. The *Herald*, however, gloats characteristically over the Jewing business; and if it has any such thing as principle, must consider the greatest of all human humbugs to have been Tom Hood, when he wrote the "Song of the Shirt." The trustees appear to have asked themselves: "If we are disposed to spend £100 upon an oil, or £50 upon a water-colour, cannot we get something very much better for the money from London, Paris, Brussels, or Milan, than anything we see here?" Undoubtedly! but that is not the question. Or again:—"Supposing we buy that oil of A's or that water-colour of B's, what will our great-grand-children say, when they see A hung against a Vicat Cole, or B against a Carl Vacher?" Total misapprehension of the situation! Such questions should never arise at all. The position of the matter, as we take it, is this. The National Art Gallery, whatever splendour it may attain to, must always of necessity be local and colonial. It is not a question of money only. Could Port Jackson be turned into a lake of gold, no new gallery can anywhere compete with the glorious collections of the Vatican, the Farnese, the Uffizi, the Pinacothek, the Louvre, the galleries of Dresden or The Hague, or the priceless treasures that are scattered through the noble homes of England. Nor is it possible, in the very nature of

things, that we colonials can—at least for generations to come—even hope to rival the great modern painters of England, Belgium, France, or Italy. But is that a reason why we should be utterly snuffed out? why every æsthetic aspiration should be snubbed? Why each colony should not possess some permanent record in Painting (as in Architecture) to show her sisters what progress she is making; why our visitors and our own descendants should be left quite unenlightened as to what humble efforts are now beginning to be made to cast away a little of the coarse materialism that has hitherto clung to colonial life like a withering parasite, and the strivings, however puny, to change some particle of the earthy for the spiritual?

What we hold, and very strongly, should be done in Sydney is this. The present year of grace sees the commencement of a new Art Gallery itself. The edifice now in course of construction, the walls of which are nearly ready to roof in, will consist, it is true, of nothing more than an exceedingly ugly but very substantial "lock-up" for the pictures, as secure, apparently, as Darlinghurst itself; but so planned as to eventually become the nucleus of an art-temple worthy of the oldest city in a federated Australasia. Let purchases of European works continue as heretofore, so far as means allow, in the spirit of high class eclecticism which the trustees have persistently shown wise and creditable discretion in; but let also, during this present year, some two or three characteristic colonial paintings—not necessarily any that were in the Art Society's late exhibition, but the best recently painted works that can be found—be purchased by the trustees to form the commencement of a special collection of Colonial art, to be eventually exhibited, after regular annual additions, alongside of European art, but in an apartment of its own. The commencement, this very year, of such a collection would acquire a peculiar interest, as being coeval with that of the building to contain it; the close and permanent proximity of the best colonial productions with those of Europe would allow of careful comparison as to methods of handling, with the view of correcting faulty ones in future; the sight of an indigenous collection of paintings, growing year by year, alongside matchless masterpieces from the Old World, would be the best of all art-marshal's bâtons in the colonial art-soldier's knapsack; and if colonial art should ever be sought for at home, our children would bless our memories as much for the early records of it that we leave them, as for the photographs that we have taken of them in their bibs and tuckers, or if quite young enough, "mid nodings on."

Great grief, we believe too, exists in professional circles, at the underselling by the amateurs. The professionals have our warmest sympathy in the abstract, but what is to be done? Some of the best pictures are by amateurs, and some of the amateurs are office-bearers of the Society. Of course there are amateurs and amateurs, as there are artists and artists, professionals and professionals, and pictures and pictures. If Fitzdoodle, who accepts £1,000 a year for condescending to sit

in the Circumlocution Office some thirty-two hours a week, bar public holidays and leave of absence, thinks proper to restore his shattered energies after a week of herculean toil, by daubing the Gap or Broken Bay; if he produces something almost as slightly as a 5s. 6d. "oleo." in a lacquered frame, and is willing to part with it for a couple of guineas—and if an adoring public think its beauties past description, and that, as Thackeray said of George IV., "Heaven only is fitted to receive it"—well, what then? To confiscate Fitzdoodle's colour-box, and to forbid the purchase of his productions under pain of the "cat," would be a gross violation of the liberty of the subject. It is the same in every branch of art. What unspeakable rubbish is put upon the stage! What reams of crude and ill-adjusted sing-song issue from the music-shops! What tons of mawkish twaddle from the circulating libraries and the newspaper offices! So long as an omniscient and discerning public think geese are swans, and cuckoos nightingales, there is no hope for it but patience, industry, and self-respect.

[An account of the recent additions to the Gallery will appear in our next.—ED.]

#### MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

Some very successful attempts, in a new line, to collect money for church purposes, have been made here recently by two clergymen of the Church of England, the Revs. Dr. Torrance and H. Tucker. They were termed "Loan Art Exhibitions," the members and friends of the respective places of worship lending curios, paintings, etc. The public evidently appreciated the departure from the routine bazaar, with its wearisome appeals to take tickets for raffles, or purchase some useless article dignified most inappropriately with the term "artistic;" and a very general hope was expressed that similar exhibitions would for the future be held in aid of charitable and church matters.

Passing over some of the less remarkable exhibits, a few lines may, with justice, be given to the paintings on view there. Beginning with those at the Balacava Exhibition, a charming subject in oils was one by A. August, "A Sorrento Ferryman," which recalled sunny memories of beautiful Naples, and was full of life. The water-colours showed some by the ever-favourite E. W. Cooke, Richmond, Mather (who was well represented), the late H. Davis, etc., etc. A photo-chromolithograph of Old London Bridge in 1600 was worthy of examination, and would have been welcomed at the recent Shakspearean Festival held in our Town Hall. Two miniatures on ivory of Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette were amongst the exhibits, as were also some portraits of the Royal children (the Crown Princess of Prussia, the late Duchess of Hesse, and the Duke of Edinburgh) when about five and six years of age. Happy, English-looking, *real children*. Many a glance—more especially of those claiming the old country as their

home—rested with loving, loyal feeling upon those simple pictures. Two pen-and-ink drawings of Frith's well-known "Railway Station" and "Derby Day," by E. W. Law, attracted a good deal of notice.

The curios were numerous and diversified, being brought from India, New Zealand, America, Fiji, etc., and the porcelain was in many cases really valuable, the Meissen dating back over a hundred years.

The South Yarra works of art were well worth examining; indeed, as a whole, they surpassed those just mentioned, and pointed very satisfactorily to the conclusion that the love of art is daily growing in the community. The water-colour drawings alone repaid a visit to the Exhibition. Two scenes by Didden, from the grand old town of Rouen, at once attracted the attention; the subjects were "The Battergate," and the "Street of the Golden Key." They were wonderfully picturesque and rich in colour, and, with Weedon's fine "Ben Arrachar," a very good example of that artist's style; "Cornish Harvesting," by G. Mogford, and two of David Law's delightful bits, may be termed amongst the gems of the collection, though Marshall's "Woodland Scene" was full of delicate treatment, and a "Roman Beggar," by Cardinelli, showed all that artist's usual skill.

There were also a few good oil-paintings; Melby's works seem always worthy of mention, and his "Wreck in the North Sea" was no exception to the rule, and dreary though the subject be, it was one to which the visitor would probably return more than once. All lovers of children would find pleasure in renewing their acquaintance with Bauerle's favourite and well-known "Children Reposing," and few would pass by without noticing Munthe's "Wintry Sunset," the cold grey that appeared to envelope the whole scene, as though the very snow had caught the hue of the lowering sky, was finely rendered, and the painting stood out pre-eminent amongst those in oils; two cabinet-pictures entitled "A Golden Morning" and "Fishing Boats," were from the easel of James Webb; several figure-subjects were on view, amongst them, two sacred ones by Mr. Chester-Earles, President of the Victorian Academy of Arts. It seems a pity this latter gentleman confines himself so greatly to this class of works, for he seldom reaches to the sublime effect such themes should surely inspire; his figures have the appearance of posing for "tableaux-vivants" more than expressing the devotion and reverence that really belongs to their various characters.

The engravings (many of them proofs before letters) made a fine show, the names of Alma Tadema, E. Long, Millais, Landseer, Holman Hunt, etc., being found amongst the number of artists, whilst no less than six of the best of Gustave Doré's works were lent, the beautiful "Dream of Pilate's wife," perhaps attracting most attention. Some of the chromo-lithographs of the Arundel Society were also to be seen in this Exhibition, which also showed a collection of juvenile exhibits very creditable to the scholars of the Christ Church Sunday School.

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A volume on a subject likely to interest many is announced in the English literary journals. The title is "Some of Shakspeare's Female Characters," and the writer, Lady Martin, better known as the once famous and accomplished actress, Miss Helen Faucit. The book is dedicated by permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The volume will be illustrated with portraits, and issued in quarto size.

In the beginning of March the love letters of the poet Keats to Fanny Brawne were sold by Messrs. Sotherby, in London. The letters were thirty-five in number, and were eagerly bought. The first letter was knocked down for £18; another of three quarto pages brought £18 10s; one of four pages was sold at the high price of £27; other two letters brought £20 each. All were sold at high prices, the smallest sum realised, as stated in the London *Literary World* being £6 10s. for an undated letter, written from Wentworth-place.

A new department is to be added to the *North American Review*, including letters commenting upon articles which have appeared in the *Review*.

It is announced that the May number of the *Century Illustrated Magazine* will start with an edition of 250,000 copies. It will contain General M'Lellan's contribution to the War series of articles, which, during the past few months, have led to an extraordinary increase in the sale of the magazine.

Hundreds of readers who have profited by the writings of Dr. Samuel Cox, of Nottingham, the late editor of the well known monthly magazine, *The Expositor*, will be gratified to know that Mr. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, announces a new volume from Dr. Cox's pen. The book will be entitled "Exposition," and will consist of thirty original discourses on subjects of varying interest.

Colonel Burnaby, before his last expedition to the Soudan, had arranged certain of his papers and manuscripts with the idea of eventually writing his autobiography. The papers have been entrusted to Mr. R. R. Mann and Mr. J. Redding Ware, who will write a "Life" of the brave and adventurous Colonel. Messrs. Field and Tuer are to be the publishers.

The excellent series of little volumes published under the general title of "Men Worth Remembering," has been brought to a close. The thirteenth, and concluding volume, is on "Fletcher, of Madeley," the honoured friend of the Wesleys.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of New York, have just published a volume entitled "Paradise Found." The learned author, President Warren of the Boston University, endeavours to prove that the cradle of the human race was at the North Pole. This theory he strives to sustain with a surprising array of evidence. It is stated that Dr. Warren has given to this work the study of many years. No doubt a theory so novel will excite much interest among Biblical students and others, and the work will probably secure a large circulation.

A number of years ago a small volume was published entitled "Unspoken Sermons," the author was Dr. George Macdonald, the popular novelist, and the "unspoken sermons" excited much interest, and obtained a large circulation. Since their publication Dr. Macdonald has written much and become more widely known, and this will probably secure a large circulation of the second series of "Unspoken Sermons" just published by Messrs. Longmans, of London.

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The second volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, was published last month. The first volume has been favourably reviewed.

"The Founders of the American Republic" is the title of a new volume, by Charles Mackay, L.L.D. The volume contains biographical sketches of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and Madison.

A volume on a subject likely to interest many is announced in the English literary journals. The title is "Some of Shakspeare's Female Characters," and the writer, Lady Martin, better known as the once famous and accomplished actress, Miss Helen Faucit. The book is dedicated by permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The volume will be illustrated with portraits, and issued in quarto size.

In the beginning of March the love letters of the poet Keats to Fanny Brawne were sold by Messrs. Sotherby, in London. The letters were thirty-five in number, and were eagerly bought. The first letter was knocked down for £18; another of three quarto pages brought £18 10s; one of four pages was sold at the high price of £27; other two letters brought £20 each. All were sold at high prices, the smallest sum realised, as stated in the London *Literary World* being £6 10s. for an undated letter, written from Wentworth-place.

A new department is to be added to the *North American Review*, including letters commenting upon articles which have appeared in the *Review*.

It is announced that the May number of the *Century Illustrated Magazine* will start with an edition of 250,000 copies. It will contain General M'Lellan's contribution to the War series of articles, which, during the past few months, have led to an extraordinary increase in the sale of the magazine.

Hundreds of readers who have profited by the writings of Dr. Samuel Cox, of Nottingham, the late editor of the well known monthly magazine, *The Expositor*, will be gratified to know that Mr. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, announces a new volume from Dr. Cox's pen. The book will be entitled "Exposition," and will consist of thirty original discourses on subjects of varying interest.

Colonel Burnaby, before his last expedition to the Soudan, had arranged certain of his papers and manuscripts with the idea of eventually writing his autobiography. The papers have been entrusted to Mr. R. R. Mann and Mr. J. Redding Ware, who will write a "Life" of the brave and adventurous Colonel. Messrs. Field and Tuer are to be the publishers.

The excellent series of little volumes published under the general title of "Men Worth Remembering," has been brought to a close. The thirteenth, and concluding volume, is on "Fletcher, of Madeley," the honoured friend of the Wesleys.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of New York, have just published a volume entitled "Paradise Found." The learned author, President Warren of the Boston University, endeavours to prove that the cradle of the human race was at the North Pole. This theory he strives to sustain with a surprising array of evidence. It is stated that Dr. Warren has given to this work the study of many years. No doubt a theory so novel will excite much interest among Biblical students and others, and the work will probably secure a large circulation.

A number of years ago a small volume was published entitled "Unspoken Sermons," the author was Dr. George Macdonald, the popular novelist, and the "unspoken sermons" excited much interest, and obtained a large circulation. Since their publication Dr. Macdonald has written much and become more widely known, and this will probably secure a large circulation of the second series of "Unspoken Sermons" just published by Messrs. Longmans, of London.

Clergymen will be pleased to know that recently two additional volumes of "The

Pulpit Commentary" have been published, Jeremiah, Vol. II. completing the commentary on the writings of that prophet; and a volume on I. Chronicles. The first named is by the Rev. T. H. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., and the second by the Rev. Professor P. C. Barker, M.A. Both volumes are of great excellence, and worthy of a place in every minister's library. Eighteen volumes of this great work are already issued.

Mr. George Houghton, the author of the "Legends of St. Olaf's Kirk" and other poems, is writing a series of ballads based upon legends and traditions which were in currency in the days of the Revolution in old New York.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. have just published an English edition of the French work entitled "Louis Pasteur, his Life and Labours," by his son-in-law. The work, which is one of surpassing interest and value, has been translated from the French by Lady Claud Hamilton, and has been issued in a handsome volume by the well-known London publishers. The work gives an interesting and very full account of the great discoveries and experiments of the justly renowned French surgeon, whose patient labour and long-protracted studies produced such splendid results.

Messrs. Letts, Son and Co, of London, have recently issued a set of very finely engraved maps of the country round Khartoum. The maps are of various sizes. The map of the vicinity of Khartoum is on a large scale, and contains also a detailed plan of the town and its fortifications. Another map, of the Eastern Soudan, shows the approaches to Khartoum, both from the Nile and Suakim. The sites of all the recent battles are marked, as also the routes, wells, villages and names of tribes. Besides these valuable maps, the publishers have issued a Bird's Eye View of the Soudan, giving in perspective the whole course of the Nile up to Khartoum. The names of the various tribes are also given. These maps are published at a very moderate price, and are worthy of the attention of all who desire a thorough knowledge of the immense territory now engrossing so much attention.

Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co. announce a work in two volumes, entitled "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis," by Dr. Sophus Tromholt. The work is stated to be a narrative of a year's sojourn and travels in Lapland, Finland, and Russia. The volumes will be illustrated with 150 portraits, views, diagrams, etc., from the author's photographs and drawings.

The *North American Review* for March, among many other able articles, has one by Archdeacon Farrar on "Future Retribution," which is sure to excite interest. There is nothing in the article different from what the writer has before stated in his Westminster sermons, and in his large work written in reply to Dr. Pusey's volume on the subject. The most interesting article in the number is that on "Buddhist Charity," by Professor Max Müller.

The late Dr. Ezra Abbot's priceless library of about 4000 volumes has been offered to Harvard Divinity School at Cambridge, U.S.,

and £5,000 is asked from the friends of sound Biblical education to erect a fire-proof building for its reception.

The English monthly reviews for March—the latest to hand at the date of writing—are all of great interest. *The Nineteenth Century* has a great variety of instructive articles, one of which, on "The Political Situation of Europe," written by the Marchese Nobili-Vitelleschi, is worthy of special notice at the present time. The writer refers at considerable length to the policy of Russia and sets forth clearly the advance which Russia has made towards the East from two sides—the north and the west. In *The Contemporary Review* there are three articles of special interest and importance. The first is well fitted to calm those whose minds are agitated, amid the threatening aspects of the present, with fear as to the stability of the British power in the East; the second is an admirable review of the "Life of George Eliot;" and the third "On the Organisation of Democracy." The writers are quite at home on the subjects they discuss. *The Fortnightly Review* has an attractive table of contents. Omitting any notice of the political papers, general readers will find much to delight and instruct them in Mr. Harrison's article on "George Eliot's Life;" in the article on "Tasso," by Mr. H. S. Wilson, and in the very interesting article on "The Bank of England," by Mr. Henry May. These three valuable reviews will furnish abundance of intellectual food for a month to the most insatiable.

The three great American monthly magazines the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, and *Harper*, for March, are crowded with instructive and interesting articles. The *Century* opens with an article on a subject of widespread interest at the present time. The title is "The Land of the False Prophet." The writer, General Colston, an American officer, was recently on the general staff of the Egyptian army, and commanded two expeditions of exploration in the Soudan. He gives a full account of the country and its fierce tribes. The article is beautifully illustrated. There are many other articles on topics interesting and important, and instalments of three serial stories by W. D. Howells, Henry James, and Maurice Thompson. The *Atlantic* has several articles likely to interest many readers, among which may be specially named the third part of Kathleen O'Meara's "Madame Mohl, her salon and her friends." The three serial stories are continued by Mr. Craddock, Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett. There are many other excellent papers, numerous reviews and brief notices of new books. *Harper's Monthly* opens with a splendid paper by Professor Hewett on "The House of Orange." There are papers of profound interest, by Mr. John Fiske, the title of whose article is "Manifest Destiny," and Dr. A. L. Ranney, who writes at considerable length and with great clearness on "The Brain of Man." The illustrations are numerous, and many of them of rare excellence. The frontispiece, illustrating one of Wordsworth's miscellaneous sonnets, is a gem of the engraver's art.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

The Shaksperian Society, started by Professor Morris about a twelve month ago, celebrated its first anniversary at the Town Hall, Melbourne, on the 23rd of last month. A large number of visitors were in attendance, amongst them Sir Henry and Lady Loch. The hall was decorated in accordance with the character of the meeting held there—the organ being almost lost to view by a large and very beautiful painting, the work of Mr. George Gordon, it represented the church at the poet's birth-place, Stratford-on-Avon; and a singularly charming effect was given by the frame of trellis-work covered with graceful creepers, and the bank of fresh green in front of it, the latter having been obtained through the kindness of Mr. C. Ryan, at Mount Macedon, and another gentleman. Above the painting was a medallion-portrait of England's great dramatist, both being by the same skilled hand and offered as tributes to the memory of him whose birth and death were commemorated that night. The landscape was doubly interesting from the fact that it was made from an original sketch.

The President, Professor Morris, gave the opening address, and the second was spoken by the well-known actor, Mr. Hoskins. Several songs and glees by Shakspeare were rendered during the evening, and the instrumental portion of the entertainment was also in character with the other proceedings. During the course of the meeting, congratulatory telegrams were received from similar societies belonging to Sandhurst and Adelaide, and a successful meeting was well closed by a fine rendering of the march in "Midsummer Night's Dream," given by Mr. Lee, the city organist.

A show of crysanthemums was held recently by the Victorian Horticultural Improvement Society. It was a novelty in Melbourne, and the exhibits were very fine. Other flowers of the season were to be seen, but, like those sent in to the Camellia Show, were quite outnumbered by the one which gave its name to the exhibition. Several Japanese varieties were shown and much admired, indeed the beautiful tints that met the gaze on every side of the hall made it a very fair sight. Will the time ever come when our Melbourne florists will see plants in pots numbering over four hundred perfect blossoms, as is often to be remarked on those exhibited at the yearly show in Japan of that national flower?

Those interested in the Aquarium will be glad to learn that several additions have been made to it since our last notes upon the subject, and that the public interest seems

daily increasing in regard to the exhibits there. A plan has been mentioned in one of the leading papers, which is said to be most successful in keeping fish alive during transport. The method is a very simple one, consisting of packing them in damp grass after placing in their mouths a piece of bread soaked in brandy. If in any way effective, a good deal of the difficulty now felt in securing fish for the aquarium will be entirely obviated, and valuable specimens be received in good condition.

Members of the Church of England will appreciate the news that service will probably be held in St. Paul's Cathedral by the end of three years, as the entire ground-plan is to be continued by the advice of experts, who consider that the beauty of the building would be quite destroyed (from an architectural point of view) by erection at different periods. Of course all the chief ornamental parts will be completed at a much later day, but it is hoped to open the cathedral for Divine worship by the time mentioned.

The life of St. Paul is appropriately chosen to supply designs for the illustrated windows.

Dr. Beaney, M.L.C., has done many a kind deed in Melbourne, but that which marks his temporary departure from the colony is perhaps the one most calculated of any to confer a lasting benefit upon suffering humanity.

About fifty acres have been purchased by him at Riddell's Creek, upon which some ten cottages are to be erected, containing each the same number of consumptive patients. Sufficient space is allowed for pretty recreation and garden grounds, carefully laid out, the generous donor wisely considering that both will be invaluable to such of his poor *protégés* as are able to go out in the fresh air. The ventilation will be a matter of special attention, and the sleeping rooms arranged with as much regard as is possible to privacy for the patients; each bed to have a partition of eight feet high between it and the next one.

The situation chosen is thought by Dr. Beaney to surpass any other for those suffering from lung disease in any form.

Messrs. Evans and Birtwhistle are the architects for the work, and if kindly thoughts and blessings from those he seeks to benefit will render the journey of the giver a happy one, that of Dr. Beaney in the M.M.S. "Sydney" ought to be the pleasantest he has ever taken.

Riddell's Creek scenery is doubtless familiar to many of our readers, who have seen some of Mr. Mather's picturesque interpretations of it.



## CHESS.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP,

*Author of "Theory of the Chess Openings," "The Chess Player's Manual," etc.*

*Solutions of Problems, applications for the "International Chess Magazine," and all communications on Chess should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

## SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

## PROBLEM II.

(By F. Dubbe.)

- | WHITE.                                | BLACK.                     |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. K to K 3                           | 1. K to Kt 4               |
| 2. Q to Kt 3 ch                       | 2. K to R 4 or B 3         |
| 3. Q takes P mate.                    |                            |
|                                       | If 1. P takes Kt           |
| 2. K to B 4                           | 2. K takes Kt, or K to R 3 |
| 3. Q to R 8 mate.                     |                            |
|                                       | If 1. K to Kt 5            |
| 2. Q to Kt 3 ch                       | 2. K to R 4                |
| 3. Q takes P mate.                    |                            |
|                                       | If 1. P to Kt 4            |
| 2. Kt to R 6                          | 2. K takes either Kt       |
| 3. Q mates at R 2 or R 8 accordingly. |                            |

## PROBLEM III.

(By G. Chocholrish.)

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| 1. Q to Kt 6        | 1. K to B 5                             |
| 2. Q to K 3 ch      | 2. K to B 4                             |
| 3. Q mates.         |   |
|                     | If 1. K to K 4                          |
| 2. Kt to B 6 ch     | 2. K to Q 3                             |
| 3. P to B 5 mate.   |   |
|                     | If 2. K to B 4, or B 5, or K takes Kt   |
| 3. Q to B 2 mate.   | If 1. R takes R                         |
|                     | 2. K to K 4                             |
| 2. Q to B ch        |   |
| 3. Kt to B 7 mate.  | If 1. Kt to Q 4, or K 5, or K 7, or Q 8 |
|                     | 2. K to B 4                             |
| 2. Q takes P ch     |   |
| 3. Kt takes P mate. |   |

## THE AUSTRALASIAN ON CHESS.

In our February and March numbers we gave an analysis of the Danish Gambit, in which we showed that the capture of the third pawn by the second player, although strongly recommended by the *Australasian*, was *bad play*. We added that the move in question (4 ———) had long since been

P tk Kt P

condemned by the authorities, and we gave a long analysis by that eminent player and theorist M. Rosenthal, *proving that it involves the loss of the game*, besides quoting the authority of Messrs. Steinitz and Potter in support of our statement. The *Australasian*, of 11th April, refers to our remarks as follows: "The opening was the Danish Gambit, and Mr. Witton, as second player, declined the third pawn, whereon the annotator (of the

*Australasian*) remarks that most of the authorities agree that the third pawn can safely be captured. At this Mr. Gossip is highly indignant, and says there is no authority for such an absurd statement, etc."

Now we were *not* indignant, for we manifested no indignation; neither did we say "there was no authority for such an absurd statement," (see our back numbers). We would, however, recommend a study of the analysis of the Danish Gambit by Messrs. Steinitz and Potter in the *City of London Chess Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 1, page 16, and by M. Rosenthal in the *La Revue des Jcux*, to the annotators of the *Australasian*, inasmuch as they could not fail thereby to be enlightened on the subject. We would also refer them to last month's number of the *International Chess Magazine*, page 88, game 18, for further information. We are fully aware that the capture of the third pawn was recommended by the German *Handbuch* many years ago; but as the *Handbuch's* analysis was completely demolished by Rosenthal six years since, we were certainly startled at the *Australasian's* attempt to revive a bad defence. Steinitz, in his notes to the game above mentioned, merely observes that if the defence capture the third pawn, White will obtain a powerful attack in compensation for the two pawns sacrificed. *Humanum est errare*. Here Steinitz makes a mistake, for *three*—not two—pawns are sacrificed. Both Steinitz and Blackburne apparently ignore Rosenthal's laborious analyses; but neither of these gentlemen are, we believe, acquainted with the French language, and as Rosenthal's articles appeared in a Parisian paper, this *lapsus* on their part is excusable. Theory and play are separate branches of the science of chess. Great chess players are not infallible—in fact, some of the greatest players have been woefully ignorant of the theory of the openings. Mr. Fisher shelters himself under the *egis* of Mr. Blackburne—his editorial colleague—but that will not save him, and we defy Mr. Blackburne even to *find good reasons for his expressed opinions* on this point of theory. We regret to notice other misstatements in the *Australasian*, which we have not space to rectify in the present number. We maintain still that the capture of the third pawn in the Danish Gambit on the fourth move is not only inferior to 4 ——— or 4 ——— but that it

Kt KB 3 P B 7

exposes Black to a terrible attack, from which it is doubtful, to say the least, that he can extricate himself, and is consequently an inferior defence. We venture, therefore, to differ *toto calo* with Mr. Blackburne, and we emphatically deny his assertion "that most of the authorities agree that the third pawn CAN safely be captured."

## CHESS AT THE EXHIBITION.

The chess with living pieces at the Exhibition is, to our thinking, an utter failure. We attended on the opening day, Monday, 6th April, on which the performance was advertised in the papers, and found, after paying our shilling for admission, that no accommodation whatever for reporting on the play was provided for the representatives of the Chess press, and worse still—no game was played, the players merely walking round the chess-board, and not one of them venturing to set foot on the magic square. None of the leading Melbourne players conduct the play, and the games that have since been contested being played by nonentities, can have no possible interest for the chess players of this city, who naturally were conspicuous by their absence from the performance.

## "UN FINALE DEL DIAVOLO."

[TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.]  
(Continued).

The Doctor, who concealed nothing from her, in a brief and childish way related to her all that had occurred.

"Good Heavens, but that is the Devil!" she said, making the sign of the cross. The Doctor said nothing. He was not a devotee, but, by nature, was superstitious. From his boyhood the tales of hob-goblins, witches, and devils had rendered him timid, and he believed them. The same thoughts had occurred to him, but he had not dared to express them. How to exorcise him?

"Brother dearest, it must be the Devil. Have you seen his head?"

"No; he always kept his hat on."

"His hands?"

"No; he always wore gloves."

"Good Heavens! And to think you have to play a game with him!"

The Doctor, by a nod, intimated that he would.

"And that you will lose it?"

"I fear so."

And if you lose, you will have to obey his orders in everything?"

"Yes."

"Good God! you will lose your soul," she said, making twice the sign of the cross."

The Doctor also mechanically crossed himself.

"You have no religion. Father Isidoro says so. You are a lost soul. Holy Mary, what is to be done?"

"To-morrow morning I will go to Father Isidoro," she resumed, after a long silence.

Don Isidoro was a priest and her confessor—a good kind of man, but rather short-tempered. The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, as if to give himself a little courage, but he did not tell her not to go. He went upstairs to his bedroom, and sat down at the table with the chessboard. He placed up the few pieces in the position left in the evening, and set to work to study. He tries and retries, plays and plays over and over again, but sees no way of advancing the Pawn to Queen. 'Tis impossible, he thought, and he began

again to study. The hours passed away; he felt drowsy and stupid.

All at once the door of the bedroom was opened and the unknown player entered. This time he wore no hat, and two long horns were visible on his head. He wore no gloves, and his fingers were armed with terrible claws. The Doctor trembled with fright. He tried to scream out, but could not. The devil sat down in front of him, and looked at him fixedly for some time which the doctor could never exactly fix.

"Tis thy soul I want," he said finally. "Yes, it is thy soul." And saying this he stretched out his arm and seized him by the neck with his claws as if to strangle him.

The Doctor gave a scream, and . . . awoke. It was morning: he had gone to sleep with his head on the chess board. His limbs were numb with cold. He was wearied and faint as if he had walked twenty miles, his bones ached, he was feverish.

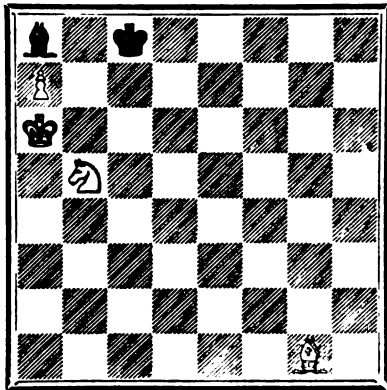
Somewhat reassured by the light of dawn, he opened the window and flung himself undressed as he was on the bed, and when his sister came into his room it was already late. "I have been to Don Isidoro's, and he has given me advice," and she displayed a small bottle full of holy water. "This evening you will present yourself at the time fixed. It would be dangerous not to keep your compact with the Devil. And you will play."

The Doctor regarded her without appearing to understand her.

"At the moment you think opportune you will pour the holy water on the chess board. The Devil will not be able then to touch the pieces and you will have won."

The Doctor understood. But in the course of the day the more he thought of his adventure the less he liked it. The evening seemed to come sooner than usual, but he could not muster up courage to go out. At last his sister pushed him out, not without having first put holy water in his pocket.

The foreigner had been waiting for him several minutes. The pieces were already set up in the position in which they had been left the previous night. Here is the position which is identical moreover with that given above.



White moves, and gives checkmate by force to the Black King on his own square.

The Doctor seated himself in silence: his adversary received him with his wonted smile. "Shall we resume?" said he. The Doctor assented. He was watching him all the time, and the strangest thoughts were passing through his mind.

"It is your move." The Doctor moved slowly. Little by little he became interested in the position. It appeared to him impossible for White to queen the pawn. He recollected his efforts the previous night. It was curious to see how he could never attain his object. Only the Devil could succeed.

They had made about twenty moves, and the position was a little changed, but the Doctor did not see clearly. At a certain point he was compelled to take a dangerous position. The foreigner, with an able manœuvre of his Knight, had acquired a decisive advantage. The Doctor now saw double the way to win.

He was losing the game, that was evident, and he would have to pay. To pay what? He did not well know. A sudden fear seized him, a feeling of self-reproach and hatred of his opponent, whom he saw there before him, smiling diabolically. He saw him with horns on his head, and claws ready to strangle him. His eyes began to grow dim. "Oh! by all the saints in Paradise, you shall not win this game," and he poured on the chess board the holy water, some drops of which splashed on the stranger's face.

"The Doctor has gone mad" was the general exclamation. The stranger looked at the Doctor in amazement. What diabolical thought was passing through his mind. Was he really insane?

A general silence succeeded this scene. The Doctor, confused, saw with surprise that the stranger did not move an inch, and was looking

calmly at him. "But with whom, then, am I playing?" he said, at last. "The Devil only could win when I don't win!"

A general peal of laughter greeted these words.

"Ah! Ah! You think I am the Devil. Really this is agreeable," said the stranger. "I am Johann Allgaier, of Vienna, and am here on business."

The supposed Devil was no other than the strongest player in Europe of that time.

"I have studied this ending," said the Austrian player for a long time. I took the opportunity in the first game to manage that it should occur naturally. I was sure that you would fall under the same hallucination as so many others have done.

In the second game I easily brought about the same position, and I wished to show you how the Pawn could be Queened although it was a very difficult matter. You have lost therefore not once, but twice. But," he continued, laughing, "you will suffer little loss from your two defeats. I limit myself merely to bind you to the obligation, whenever you play with a stranger, whom you do not know, to be satisfied with playing him on even terms rather than impose on him the condition of receiving odds which perhaps he could concede to you."

The Doctor received the lesson with good grace. But the pill was bitter. He would have preferred having had for his opponent the Devil rather than a player so much better than himself.

Dr. Obbligato is still remembered in the Café di Santa Margherita. I hold directly the particulars of this episode in chess life from that excellent man, one of his grandchildren.

Signed, C. SALVIOLI.







THE HON. ADYE DOUGLAS.

PREMIER OF TASMANIA.

FROM A PHOTO. BY BATCHELDER & CO.



# ONCE A MONTH.

No. VI.

JUNE 15, 1885.

VOL. II.

## GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALIANS.

No. VII.

THE HON. ADYE DOUGLAS,

PREMIER, AND CHIEF SECRETARY OF TASMANIA.

By GEORGE NIXON STEWART.

The present Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania is a veteran colonial statesman, the Nestor of the local legislature, being senior member in both branches, with the exception of a single contemporary, the Hon. Henry Butler, Speaker of the House of Assembly. The political career of Mr. Douglas runs back far anterior to the introduction of Constitutional Government in this beautiful island colony. Mr. Douglas is of Scotch descent, but was born in England, at Thorpe, near Norwich, on the 30th May, 1815. He arrived in Tasmania in January, 1839, and was admitted to the bar in the same year. In November of that year he visited Port Phillip, and was so much pleased with the appearance of the country, including the site of Melbourne, that he made arrangements at once to take stock over there and settle down as a squatter. He carried out his views in the February following, and remained in Victoria about two years, when, finding pastoral pursuits not profitable, he sold off and

returned to Tasmania. Then, as now, Mr. Douglas was noted as a man of energy, ability, capacity for work, and determination to do it with all his might. On his return to Tasmania he immediately re-commenced practice in Launceston, where he has continued a successful legal practitioner to the present time. Mr. Douglas was one of the prominent members of the anti-Transportation Association, a member of its committee, and a large subscriber to its funds. His legal practice, extensive and prosperous, is still ably conducted, chiefly now by his efficient partner, Mr. George T. Collins.

Mr. Douglas first represented Launceston in the old Legislative Council, of which Mr. Richard Dry (afterwards Sir Richard) was Speaker, when the Hons. Dr. Butler, T. D. Chapman, R. Q. Kermode, Knight, Anstey, Sharland, and Captain Langdon were also members of that Council. On the 8th September, 1856, Mr. Douglas was elected, with Colonel W. T. N. Champ and Mr. J. Warrington Rogers (now

Mr. Justice Rogers, of Victoria), to represent Launceston in the House of Assembly. Mr. Rogers (afterwards Solicitor-General of Tasmania) had the honour of being the bearer of Her Majesty's commission for the new Constitution of Tasmania, and the three members for Launceston were about the most popular men in the colony at that period. Mr. Douglas assisted materially in laying down the lines and the basis for the new Constitution, a work of extreme difficulty in the absence of precedent and personal experience. The most liberal-minded of his colleagues in either House were not disposed to trust too much to the wisdom and moderation of the people, but Mr. Douglas battled for as wide a scope of the franchise as was then attainable. Some of the most important measures in the Tasmanian code of legislation were introduced, discussed, and passed during the first two years of the operation of the new Constitution.

In 1857 Mr. Douglas paid a visit to England, and travelled over a considerable portion of the European Continent, part of the way in company with Sir Richard Dry. They thus had frequent opportunities of comparing notes, and in their subsequent career they each found the knowledge thus gained of great value. They noted the rapid changes and improvements effected, mainly by the construction and operation of the network of railways throughout Great Britain and Europe, then being rapidly extended. Both became staunch converts to the benefits accruing to a nation or a colony by the adoption and furtherance of a policy of progress, with railways as an important motive power.

After his return to Australia, and a tour in some of the continental colonies, Mr. Douglas, in 1859, resumed business with greater zest than ever. On the resignation of Mr. T. W. Field, member for Westbury, Mr. Douglas, at the earnest request of that constituency, succeeded him in the House of Assembly. He was elected on the anniversary of the Queen's Birthday in 1862, and from that period up to 1868 he, aided by Sir Richard Dry, Mr. Henry Dowling, Mr. Alex. Whyte, Mr. Wm. Ritchie, Mr. Wm. Hart, Mr.

James Robertson, Mr. W. T. Button, and a large number of similar intelligent, far-seeing, self-reliant men, battled without ceasing for some seven or eight years, in Parliament and out of it, in public buildings and in the open air, in favour of the construction of the first line of railway in the colony—the Launceston and Deloraine railway. This was a broad gauge line, forty-five miles in length. The Railway Bill was strongly opposed, and was at last only passed with conditions which the opponents considered could not, or at least hoped would not, be complied with. In February, 1868, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh formally turned the first sod of the line on the site of the Launceston station, though by that date considerable progress had been made in the work. Mr. Douglas continued to represent the district of Westbury up to the general election in August, 1871, when, the views he very candidly expressed not being in consonance with those of some of his leading constituents, he was elected instead for Norfolk Plains, on the 15th September. Dissolutions of Parliament were frequent about this period, and one of them occurred on the 20th August, 1872, though the Parliament was then only a year old. At the general election Mr. Douglas was elected, on the 21st September, for Fingal, which district he represented up to the date of his acceptance of office as Premier, on the 15th of August last. Up to that time, throughout his whole career, Mr. Douglas had steadily and determinedly refused to accept office in any capacity. He had been frequently importuned to join this or that Ministry, and had refused, partly because his extensive legal practice demanded his attention, but chiefly because he declined to join any party or faction. Such existed, and were so nearly balanced, that if the one attained office by ousting the other, that operation was certain to be repeated by the "outs" before long. It was therefore with great reluctance, and only on public grounds, that Mr. Douglas, at the request of His Excellency the Governor, undertook the task of forming a Ministry, when the Hon. W. R. Giblin retired

from the position of Premier in August last; as he had suffered severely from illness during the previous two years, and was only then recovering. His medical advisers considered that the responsibility and heavy labour involved in the work of forming a Ministry, and proceeding with that of the session, without interruption, would be too much for him. On the other hand great pressure, in and out of Parliament, was brought to bear on Mr. Douglas, urging him to replace Mr. Giblin. After long consideration he assented, though most unwillingly. He, however, immediately set to work with vigour, and with clear-headed determination which secured him the confidence and the support of Parliament and people. With the Premiership he undertook the duties of Chief Secretary, and resigning his seat in the Assembly for Fingal, he was without opposition elected to represent the district of South Esk (almost the same constituency) in the Legislative Council, the Hon. C. H. Leake resigning the seat in his favour.

Mr. Douglas represented Launceston in the Municipal Council from 1852 up to 1884, with but slight interruption when absent in Europe. He was Mayor of Launceston for five years, and though representing, in Parliament, country districts, for some twenty-three years past, he was throughout—whether in the Town Council or in Parliament—the best member Launceston ever had.

In Parliament and out of it he has always acted independently. He has attached himself to no party, submitted to no dictation, whether from those in

office or the opposition; exposing the aims of each when he considered them selfish, and not for the public welfare. In this way he wielded more power, and had more influence in debate, than any other member of either House. While his remarks in discussion were usually bright, cheerful, original, incisive, and frequently humorous, his sarcasm was scathing, but only when it was richly deserved. When defeated, he always submitted with a good grace for the time; but if the principle and the object were of importance, he persevered, and was usually successful in the end. He has proved himself throughout his career a dauntless man of progress. He has neither bowed to the behests of men in power nor pandered to the whining cry of "the poor man." He holds that in these colonies there are no poor men except the drunken and idle, or the sick and the invalid. The former class he would punish, the latter he would relieve and maintain. He has always practised what he preached, being himself a steady, regular worker, and glorying in the fact that he himself is simply "a working man."

Since Mr. Douglas accepted office and got into the full swing of work his health has improved, and although he has undergone an amount of fatigue which might try the full strength of a man in the prime of life, its only effect seems to be to benefit his health and increase his powers of endurance. It is to be hoped that Mr. Douglas will long benefit the country of his adoption by retaining the high position he now occupies so worthily.

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## PRUDENCE.

Let us

Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,  
As well as manly firmness.

'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,  
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,  
And execute her will, from a strong sense  
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid  
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us  
Often too far.

—Thomson

## EVERY DAY GIANTS.

The man in the household is not popularly an object of much solicitude on the part of the members of the family. There is an erroneous idea that he stays down town all day having a good time, that he is always smoking, or telling stories, or going out to see that mysterious other man, and that the hard dull routine of business is the last thing that he ever troubles himself about, and when he goes home at night his wife looks at him suspiciously, and says in a fretful voice :

"I *should* think you'd want to come home *sometimes*, John. Baby's sick, and Harry cut his finger, and the girl has gone to her cousin's funeral, and there's no fire in the range. O, dear ! If girls knew when they were well off, they'd never get married."

And John goes into the kitchen, whistles all the time he is making the fire, holds the baby and whistles till it goes to sleep, and is still whistling softly "Home, Sweet Home," when his wife calls out :

"For mercy's sake, John, do stop that whistling and come to supper. Oh ! my poor head !"

John goes to supper ; there is a whistle about "Home, Sweet Home," strangled in his throat, and it chokes him into silence ; he tries not to think of a sweet, serene face with an aureole of white hair that used to look at him with fond appreciative eyes until a few years ago, when the film of death blotted him out. His mother, who had always a kind word to welcome him with ; to whom he had taken all his foolish boyish hopes, his little tormenting cares, his frequent disappointments, whose eyes held a flame of love that lighted his path even yet—his mother !

"John, did you see about the boiler to-day ?"

"There ! I knew there was something I had forgotten, Nellie, but we were invoicing all day."

"Invoicing ! yes ! More likely having a game of something to pass away the time. But I suppose I can go down to-morrow and see about it. I haven't anything to do, women never do have, you know."

John doesn't say anything ; being a man he cannot talk back and preserve his own self-respect ; he hasn't the heart to whistle, and it would only make matters worse if he did. He would like to cry—yes, he would, just as he used to when he was a boy, face downward on his own little bed, with his mother's loving hand caressing his hair.

"Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all."

But he would look well crying now, wouldn't he ? So he smokes or reads the paper, helps undress the baby and wonders, as he looks at it, if life is indeed worth living.

There may not be any necessity for John's wife always meeting him with a smile and roses in her hair—though she was ready enough to do that when she was not his wife, but she has other duties now. But just because he is big and strong, and comes in with the home quickstep, there is no use of her nagging at him as if he were a mere calculating money-making machine, There is no little downy-cheeked, rosy-lipped baby that loves being petted any better than that same stalwart John ! He needs to be praised, too, and to feel that he is appreciated, and he doesn't want to wait until he has typhoid fever or pneumonia, either, in order to be of some consequence at home. The Indians believe in hardening their braves so that they can endure mortal pain and make no sign, but they are savages. It will not enervate the household John to send him from home with a kiss, and welcome him back with a smile, and, Nellie, don't you forget it !—*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE CROWN PRISONER.

BY P. MACMARSAIN.

Poaching, he said to you? yes of course ;  
None of them now will own to worse ;  
Poaching, or politics—once on a time  
They'd rather have bragged of a bigger crime.  
Desperate characters some of them too—  
Gave their employers enough to do ;  
Yet often you'd find, if you used them right,  
That the very worst weren't demons quite.

Once we'd a lot of them—dreadfully bad—  
The hardest to manage we ever had ;  
One sentenced for murder—the king of the crew—  
How he 'scaped the gallows we never knew ;  
Always sent back where he'd been before,  
Punishment only had hardened him more ;  
The boldest of all his mates fought shy  
Of his furious temper and wild-beast eye.  
But Fred, my brother, that managed the place,  
Had a way to get on with the hardest case ;  
He never bullied, nor stormed, nor swore,  
Wrought them in reason, and nothing more,  
Used them like men, but somehow, too,  
Made them feel that mutiny wouldn't do.

It happened our homicide friend one day  
Was sent out for firewood with the dray ;  
The wood was cut, and ready to load,  
Barely two miles along the road.  
We expected, of course, he'd come in soon,  
But he hadn't returned in the afternoon,  
So, thinking there must be something wrong,  
Fred himself went to see why he stayed so long.  
When he got to the place, Fred found the cart  
Loaded all right, and ready to start,  
And the man sitting there with his back to a tree,  
As mad with drink as a man could be.  
Some vagabond pal—there were plenty about—  
Had brought him the grog when he knew he was out.  
He got to his feet and began to curse,  
And Fred saw talking would make things worse,  
So he coolly looked in his face and said  
"You'd better get home, and go to bed ;  
It's no use speaking to you to-day ;  
Just come away home—I'll take in the dray."

In a white-hot rage, as pale as death,  
Muttering and swearing under his breath,  
He swaggered home, vowing vengeance deep,  
But he went to his hut, and got to sleep.

Well, Fred had a talk with him early next day,  
A long quiet talk, in his own quiet way;  
What passed between them we never knew,  
But the man was changed from that all through;  
Still no one could trust him—even the men  
Were always afraid he'd break 'out again.

We had struggled through a year of drought,  
When among our sheep the scab broke out,  
So bad, from the first our chance was small,  
And at last we had to destroy them all.  
'Twas a terrible time—we were quite perplexed,  
And the men themselves were sorry and vexed,  
But they slaved on straight, and never turned,  
Till the last unfortunate sheep was burned.

When all was over Fred went out,  
And called the men—they were all about—  
“My men,” he said, “you’ve behaved right well,  
And I feel it more than I can tell.  
When I send you in, I’ll make it clear  
In my report, how you’ve acted here.  
As you can’t go away in infected clothes,  
I’ve handed an order to Mr. Rose,  
To give you each from the store a suit,  
All that you want from head to foot,  
And a pound a-piece—when you go from this  
A little money won’t come amiss.”

We left when Fred had said his say,  
And home from the yards we had got half-way,  
When we heard behind a suspicious noise,  
First a general talk, then a loud, bold voice.  
We turned—that man was haranguing the lot;  
Then he and two others came off like a shot,  
And we waited to hear what was up—you see  
We couldn’t be sure what the matter might be.

“Well, Sir,” he began, and he looked to Fred,  
“We’ve just been talking of what you’ve said;  
If you please, we’ll be glad to have the clothes,  
To go anywhere else we must have those;  
But excuse me for saying it, Sir—we know  
This job has been ruin, or nearly so—  
And we don’t forget you’ve been good all round,  
So—thank you the same—*we can’t take that pound.*”

The others said nothing, but nodded assent;  
The three touched their hats, and away they went;  
And, you know, I have always believed since then  
That there’s something good in the worst of men.  
“Desperate hard to get at it,” you say?  
Well, to treat them like brutes isn’t quite the way!

## JACOBI'S WIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE WIFE.

"This won't do," said Jacobi to himself, as he regarded the physical distress of the man whom he had delighted in torturing. "He will slip out of my hands too soon if this goes on. Stay, I have a remedy."

He placed his hand reassuringly on Gilbert's arm.

"You need not be alarmed, sir," he said, smoothly. "What I know I can keep to myself, if you will but be reasonable. You are ill; I think I can alleviate your suffering."

The wretched Gilbert felt the change of tone rather than understood the words; but the throbbing heart was not easily to be soothed into quietness. He sat crouched in a heap upon the high-backed chair, one hand clutching the arm of his seat, the other still pressed to his side.

Jacobi turned to a small cupboard let into the wall, whence he took a little glass and a water-bottle. He then lighted a wax candle on the writing-table, and produced from some part of his person a very tiny flask. Out of this flask he poured a few drops of translucent yellow liquid into about a tablespoonful of water. This he proceeded to offer to Gilbert with scant ceremony.

The young man feebly tried to push the glass away. It was evident that he distrusted both medicine and physician. Jacobi laughed, a little sourly.

"Dios! I would not harm you," he said. "Drink; it will do you good. I shall not poison you."

Gilbert shuddered, but drank the potion thus offered him, without further resistance. Jacobi replaced the flask in his pocket, put the water-bottle and

glass back in their places, lighted a couple of tall candles that stood upon the mantelpiece, and blew out the wax-light on the table. Then he softly opened the doors leading into the drawing-room and billiard-room to make sure that nobody was listening, closed them again, and came back to Gilbert's side.

"Do you feel better now?"

The crouching attitude was changed. Gilbert was lying back, his face pale, but not contorted with pain; his breathing was freer, his hands relaxed.

"Yes," he said, faintly, his eyes closed as if he wished to keep out the sight of his enemy.

"I got that medicine from an Indian woman," said Jacobi, keeping his gaze warily fixed upon Gilbert's face. "It cost me something to purchase her secret. She taught me other things besides. But that is the most useful, perhaps. I sometimes think it would call a dying man back to life."

Gilbert sat up. The colour of his face was already natural, the fire was returning to his eye. But he did not speak; the power of utterance seemed for the time crushed out of him.

"And now," said Jacobi, suddenly dropping the artificial softness of voice which he had assumed during the last few minutes, "if you are well enough to talk business, we had better get it over before the ladies come home."

Gilbert turned in his chair and covered his face with one helpless, shaking hand. The man's coolness utterly unnerved him.

"Haven't you anything to say?" Jacobi asked, with harsh emphasis. "Well, I don't know, after all, which

is the greater booby, your brother or you. Don't you want to make your bargain while you can? Of course I shall not tell tales if you make it worth my while to hold my tongue. If you won't, I must go to those who will."

The man's insolence stung Gilbert into speech.

"To whom would you go?" he said, letting his hand drop.

"Oh, there are one or two persons who might be glad to buy my silence," said Jacobi, carelessly. "Your father now—or your wife—she has a nice fortune of her own, I understand——"

"Good God!" burst from Gilbert, with an agonised sob, which he could not quite suppress; "it would kill me if Merle knew! and it would kill her too!"

Jacobi smiled. He felt now that the game was in his own hands. He had hitherto not been sure whether Gilbert Vanborough might not prove more guiltless and less assailable in the matter than he had been led to expect by the half-remembered conversation between Nigel and Geoffrey in the tent; but he had now wrung an admission from Gilbert's lips which assured him both of his conscious guilt and of his anxiety to conceal it. Jacobi thought that he had played his cards well. He saw that in time he should learn the whole story.

"She might think you justified," he said. "She would not wish to see her husband suffer. Sooner your brother than you, surely!"

"You do not understand," said Gilbert, with his head buried in his hands. "She would not suppress the truth—she would have Geoffrey back at all costs. I should be disgraced—dishonoured in her eyes for ever."

Jacobi shrugged his shoulders in contempt. "But neither she nor Sir Wilfred would like the matter to be written about in your newspapers? You are a proud race, you English; you do not like to see bad stories about your noble families made public, and suppose I was to send a letter to the *Times* about it; would that do you any harm? A letter showing how the hospital—what was it? for incurable people—had been defrauded! That would not please Sir Wilfred, nor Mrs.

Gilbert Vanborough, nor Miss Clarice. I do not quite know how your brother Geoffrey would take it."

Gilbert uttered an inarticulate sound of pain. Jacobi went on reflectively.

"But what a howl there would be from the throats of your indignant truth-telling Englishmen! 'See,' they would say, 'here is a young, wealthy, high-born man, who lives at home in ease and comfort with a beautiful wife and a great many admiring friends; while his elder brother works on an *estancia* in the La Plata, and herds mules, and tames horses, and skins sheep. Why is there all this difference?' And when they are told that it is because the younger brother has allowed the elder to be accused and banished and disgraced in his stead, and has not said a word to clear him, what will the honest, truth-loving Englishmen say then? Will Mr. Gilbert Vanborough be a very popular personage in this country? Will be able to attend the great receptions and balls, and make acquaintance with fine fashionable people, and paint their pictures, as he did before? I do not well understand the customs of this country: but I should say—not."

No answer came from Gilbert; his face was still buried in his hands.

"And the young wife who trusts in her husband, and is so proud of him, what will she say? She will go home to her friends, perhaps, in the far north: and she will say that the English are a very false people. Then she will fret and pine in her lonely castle, and she will hear that the brothers have changed places—that Geoffrey is at home in his father's house, and that Gilbert has gone—who knows where? to South America, or to—the devil! And she will be sorry, or she will console herself—*quien sabe!* "And the culprit himself? He may not be put in prison, but surely he will have to wander away from home? The house will scarce hold the two brothers now. And if the father has refused to forgive the elder, he will far more refuse to forgive the younger, whose crime has been greater and baser than anything he had imagined, 'for,' he will say, 'treachery is blacker than robbery, and cowardice the worst shame of all.'"



The man had certainly a singular command of language, a singular oratorical power over the mind of a hearer. His words flowed without an effort; their effect was only deepened by a slight foreign accent and the occasional gesticulation which he permitted himself; his voice, though subdued, was artfully modulated, and expressive of every shade of emotion. It would seem that he had either once been capable of feeling the intense repugnance to evil which his words expressed, or that he was so marvellous an actor that he could clothe in fitting and eloquent language the very sentiments to which one might have supposed that his life would have rendered him an utter stranger.

And his address produced all the effect which he had hoped it would have. Long before he had finished, Gilbert's frame was shaking with the sobs which he was far too weak to control—sobs so violent that Jacobi was obliged to pause, with a strange, slight smile, until he had become more calm. Then the Spaniard uttered a few more words which seemed to sum up all that he had implied before.

"This," he said, "would be hard for Gilbert Vanborough to endure."

Gilbert could not speak. The gasping sensation was returning.

"And what," said Jacobi, slowly, "what would you give me to save you from all that? to hold you safe in your home, amidst the love and esteem of wife, friends, relations—with the exception of one relation, who is far away, and whose esteem does not particularly matter? What do you offer, Mr. Gilbert Vanborough? Come, you have a good deal to lose; buy your character of me, and be sure you set a good price upon it."

A spasm of laughter crossed the man's sallow face. He was genuinely amused by his own jest.

"Anything—anything. Name your own terms—what will you take?" said Gilbert, looking up with hollow, pain-stricken eyes. "I can bear anything rather than exposure."

The very lavishness of this offer made Jacobi pause. As he had succeeded so well, he must be careful not to destroy his chances of gain in the

future. He paused, eyeing Gilbert carefully before he answered.

"I do not want much. You must let me live here unmolested, and not injure me with your father."

"That is easily promised."

"And you will not interfere with my actions—without informing me first?"

"How am I to know what you mean?" said Gilbert, recovering himself a little.

"You do not promise? Well, I can see what Mrs. Vanborough will say."

"Good heavens! no. I will promise what you like. I will not interfere with you in any way."

"Good. And you had better give a regular sum for current expenses," said Jacobi, waxing masterful in tone as he saw that Gilbert was entirely subjugated. "I am pinched for money. I want money now. I want a hundred pounds."

"I have not so much at hand. I am no richer than I used to be."

"You have married a rich wife. You are living on her money to some extent, I suppose. Get it from her."

"I think I can contrive to get it," said Gilbert, in a low voice.

The fact was that Merle had placed the management of her money entirely in his hands. She would accept unquestioningly any arrangement or explanation that he thought fit to give her.

"Dios! that is well," said Jacobi, almost in a good-natured tone. "You will give me the money to-morrow, then? I must have it quickly. And so long as it lasts, and other things go well, we are good friends, and can afford to dispense with the fine *caballero* in Buenos Ayres. I am not hard-hearted; I do not wish to distress the pretty little wife."

"You hound!" said Gilbert, between his teeth. "Leave her out of the question, will you?"

"What! proving rebellious already? Be careful, señor," said Jacobi, with a sudden change of tone. "I will not be insulted. Neither blood nor gold will erase the memory of an affront." Then, dropping the magniloquent tone, and speaking almost in a whisper—"Are you so anxious to bring your brother home?"

But a glimpse of Gilbert's haggard, passionate face warned him not to go too far, even in dealing with this weak and pleasure-loving nature. He went on more quietly.

"I do not wish to distress *you*, then, I will say. Pardon me if I was too familiar. And the hundred pounds will be ready for me to-morrow?"

"Yes—yes—if——"

"No 'ifs,'" said Jacobi, with a dark and sinister look. "Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Gilbert, despairingly. "Yes."

"And do not run any risk again in obtaining it," said Jacobi, with a sneer. "You have Mrs. Vanborough's funds at your disposal, I suppose. I cannot think why, with such prospects, you ran the risk in the first instance."

"Nor I. Nor I."

"Why did you not go to the Jews?"

"It was no use. I had been too often."

"What, with your prospects of marriage?"

"I thought I had no chance at that time."

"And your father?"

"He had refused to pay anything more. It was a mad thing to do," said Gilbert, rousing himself to give a weary account of his motives, "but I thought I ran little risk at the time. I was to sell a picture in a few weeks or months, and thought I could then easily send the amount I had subtracted. I did not know that the hospital published a half-yearly account. It was that that ruined all. I never meant to lay the blame on Geoffrey."

Jacobi smiled to himself rather cynically. Gilbert's ineffectual remorse seemed to him as weak as it was fruitless, and excited no emotion but that of contempt in his mind.

"It is too late to alter things now—except in the way that you do not like," he said. "I shall expect the hundred pounds to-morrow. And now I will leave you, Mr. Gilbert Vanborough, as I hear the carriage wheels. You will be now more civil to me perhaps than you have been before?"

And with these words he opened the door into the billiard-room, and so passed out into the corridor. He went softly through the long passages that

led to the hall, and was ready at the door when the carriage drove up, to help out the ladies, to greet Sir Wilfred, and to remark deferentially upon the beauty of the night.

"Has Mr. Vanborough gone to bed?" Sir Wilfred questioned him.

"He was in the library a short time ago; I think he has perhaps gone upstairs," said Jacobi, as he followed the party into the drawing-room, where a certain chilliness in the air made a bright fire acceptable, and where tea was awaiting the new-comers.

Merle, in her pale blue silken draperies and soft white cloak lined with fur, went at once to the library door. But the room was empty; Gilbert had gone. Clarice, in a wonderful garment of black and crimson and gold, silently poured out the tea, which Mr. Jacobi carried to Mrs. Vanborough and Sir Wilfred. Then she ensconced herself in a low easy-chair before the fire, and looked at the dancing flames with a pale and weary countenance.

"I hope Miss Vanborough has had an agreeable evening," Jacobi said, with his most insinuating smile. His eyes seemed to gloat over her slow dainty movements, her graceful ways, her delicately refined features, with almost insulting admiration. But no consciousness of his gaze reddened her pale cheek as she replied, without glancing at him—

"Thank you, not very."

"Gilbert must have gone to bed early," said Merle. "Did you see Mr. Vanborough, Mr. Jacobi? I hope he seemed better."

"I thought him rather unwell, madame," said Jacobi, who permitted himself the use of this title to Mrs. Gilbert Vanborough, with an instinct that Sir Wilfred liked it on account of its apparent formality. "He was very weary, and retired some little time ago."

"If you are anxious about him, Merle," said Sir Wilfred, kindly, "we can have Doctor X. down to-morrow from London."

"I hope he will be better to-morrow, thank you," said Merle, as she turned to bid him good-night. "You are always so kind, Sir Wilfred."

He kissed her with more affection than he was accustomed to show his

own children, and in his own mind contrasted her frankness and warmth very favourably with the gentle coldness with which Clarice presented her cheek for his parting kiss.

Merle found Gilbert, as she thought, asleep, and moved very quietly about her room for fear of disturbing him. But presently she was almost certain that she heard a sound, and, thinking that he had called her, she bent over him to see whether he slept or no. And then she found that he was wide awake.

With her long golden hair hanging loose over her white dressing-gown, and her sweet face grown earnest and tender with her anxious love for him, to his feverish eyes she presented the very ideal of a guardian angel. He looked at her piteously, but did not speak.

"My darling," she said to him, struck with the haggard gaze, "you are in pain."

"Yes," he said, hoarsely. "A little."

Curiously enough, the very moderation of his answer, in combination with his wan face and anguished eyes, struck her with dismay. But she spoke with her usual calm gentleness; a manner which she seemed to have learnt since her marriage-day.

"I will get your medicine. You have not taken it?"

"No."

She measured out the dose and gave it to him. But he would not let her go; she set the glass down upon a table beside the bed, and surrendered her hand to his clasp. He often had sick whims and fancies, which she was very careful, if possible, to indulge. She stood in this way for some minutes before speaking.

"Won't you try to sleep, Gilbert?"

He did not answer her immediately, and when he spoke she almost fancied that his mind was wandering.

"Merle," he said, "do you love me?"

"Love you? My husband—my love!"

The murmured words seemed to satisfy him. He carried her hand to his lips, kissed it, and let her go.

But in the depths of midnight darkness he spoke to her again, suddenly, from a silence which she had taken for sleep.

"Merle, if I were poor—disgraced—in trouble and sorrow—would you love me still?"

"A thousand times more, Gilbert, if that were possible."

"Supposing that I were"—he brought out the words with a terrible effort—"like—like Geoffrey—"

"Dear, I should love you all the same. But that can never happen, Gilbert; so why should we distress ourselves?"

He was silent, and she could not refrain from adding, after a little pause—

"Not that I could ever quite believe what Sir Wilfred says about Geoffrey, dear. I cannot think that he would be dishonest."

She said the word in a low tone, almost as if fearing to take it into her lips. Noticing this reluctance, he gave a slight groan. She interpreted it in her own way.

"I wonder if Geoffrey knows what a trouble it is to you, Gilbert. I don't think that you even quite believe him guilty. Will you forgive my thinking so after all you have said?"

"Forgive you? Oh, yes," he said, with a great sigh. "And, Merle, I—I like to hear you say you think him innocent. Did I say differently before?"

"Why, yes, Gilbert," she said, simply.

"You told me I was not to mention his name again. But, to-night, you know, you mentioned it yourself. Have you heard anything new about him that makes you believe him innocent?"

"No," said Gilbert, drearily, "nothing new."

Merle knew that some change of feeling must have taken place, the reason of which was a mystery to her; but she did not like to trouble him with questions. She remained silent, therefore, until he broke out with one of those passionately tender speeches, which she had scarcely heard since the first few weeks of her married life, and which brought a sweet dew of happiness to her eyes in the darkness.

"My darling! What should I be if I had not you to love me? If I lost you, Merle, I should break my heart. Don't change to me—don't grow cold and hard to me, for pity's sake."

"I think I shall die first," she answered.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE COMPANION

Sir Wilfred was sitting as usual in his study, one morning about twelve o'clock, when his daughter entered. She so seldom repaired to this room that he was somewhat surprised to see her. He rose, however, on her entrance, and would have placed a chair for her in his gravely courteous manner had she not spoken with more haste and vehemence than she generally showed.

"Please read this letter, papa. You will see there what Nigel says."

"Has he been insolent enough to write to you?"

"He has not written; I wish he had. He has sent me a message—through Geoffrey."

Sir Wilfred looked steadily at his daughter.

"Do you understand that your correspondence with Captain Vanborough must cease if it is made the vehicle of clandestine messages between you and Mr. Tremaine?"

"The message is not a clandestine one; he tells me to show it to you. But, oh, papa, you could never be so cruel as to prevent me from writing to Geoffrey?"

"I trust I am never cruel," said her father, coldly. "And, once for all, let me warn you, Clarice, that I will have no more messages sent between you and Tremaine. I shall soon cease to trust you if I hear of any more of them. Is this the letter? Leave it and go."

The fire died out of Clarice's cheeks and eyes.

"Leave it?" she echoed, looking wistfully at the letter that she had placed in her father's hands.

"Leave it and go," he repeated. "I will give it back to you if I see fit."

His harsh manner always ended by frightening Clarice into passive obedience. She went away slowly with downcast eyes and hanging head, and when she was fairly gone Sir Wilfred took up the letter.

He read it through from beginning to end. It was chiefly filled with ordinary news, and not until the close did Sir Wilfred come upon the following words:—

"Keep up your heart, little girl. Things must come right to you in course

of time. I have a message from Nigel which I shall give you word for word. He says: 'Tell her to trust me. All will go well if she does that. She must not think that I could ever love anyone but her, that I could ever change. If she loves me and trusts me as I love and trust her, she will be my wife yet, though all the world were against us.' He adds that you must show this letter to Sir Wilfred, as he will not do or say anything in an underhand manner. As to the letters, he says that he cannot see any necessity for returning them unless you wish him to do so. If you of your own free will write for them, he will send them. But, as you are to be his wife in the long run, he says he does not exactly see why he should give up the letters which he prizes next to yourself."

Nigel's calm audacity, reassuring enough to Clarice, was calculated to anger Sir Wilfred. "Insolent puppy!" he said to himself with a darkening brow. He went on to the next few words—

"He will stay out with me for a few months longer under these circumstances. He says he shall bring you plenty of opossum skins, and asks if you would like a prairie dog, or any other interesting animal."

Certainly Nigel was not taking the separation as final by any manner of means. But perhaps he knew that an apparent assurance of success was the best way of keeping Clarice firm and true.

Sir Wilfred dashed the letter down upon the table in a rage. He muttered angry words to himself, rose and walked to and fro in the room, wondering how best to silence this undaunted lover's lips, how best to bring Clarice "to reason." He resolved that she should at any rate not see Geoffrey's letter again. He would keep it himself for future reference. He unlocked his desk, touched the spring of a secret drawer, and placed the letter side by side with two or three papers which were labelled with Geoffrey Vanborough's name; then closed and locked his desk again. He pulled a sheet of paper towards him and began to write. He was then conscious that his anger and agitation had produced a

curious physical effect upon him. A strange ringing in his ears, a cold numbness of sensation seemed to overpower him. And then he knew nothing more.

He was found by Jacobi later in the day in a state of insensibility. Dr. Ambrose was immediately summoned, and after some examination pronounced it to be a paralytic stroke, chiefly affecting the right side and arm. He lay for some days in a dangerous state, and then began slowly to recover.

"He would never be the man that he was," said the doctor; but there was every possibility that he might still enjoy some years of comparative comfort and health. His right hand would, however, be of little more use to him.

Sir Wilfred in his illness manifested an extreme dislike to Clarice's presence. It was found advisable to remove her entirely from his room, where Merle, who was still in the house, proved a much more efficient nurse. But for night-work, and in the following days when Sir Wilfred was so far recovered that Gilbert removed his wife, rather against her will, to London, the person who nursed the sick man with the greatest care and skill was the secretary, Constantine Jacobi. He was never weary, never impatient; and he was clever in executing contrivances for the invalid's comfort as well as in (very cautiously) displaying an amount of medical knowledge which won for him Sir Wilfred's surprise and admiration, and Dr. Ambrose's profound dislike and distrust. He was invaluable also as an accountant, a writer of letters, and manager of Sir Wilfred's business affairs; and as his probity and conscientiousness seemed to equal his ability, Sir Wilfred grew to lean upon him and confide in him to an unexampled extent.

The baronet was perhaps unconsciously influenced by the fact that Jacobi had one day announced to him in private that he was now a man of independent means, as a relation had recently died and bequeathed to him a legacy of four hundred pounds a year. "It is not a large sum in your eyes," said Jacobi, smiling delicately, "but it is a fortune to me. It enables me to work for my benefactor without

the need of pecuniary recompense. Allow me, sir, to serve you without the question of money being raised between us. You were good to me in my distress; let me repay you by my devotion, now that I am free to pass my life as I will."

Sir Wilfred naturally refused to accept Jacobi's services without paying for them; but he was touched, as he said afterwards, by this proof of the man's gratitude and unselfishness. He rather increased than reduced his secretary's salary, and highly approved of Jacobi's expressed determination to send the greater part of the money thus gained as a contribution to the building of a college for poor students at Salamanca. He even began to think how he could recognise the value of Jacobi's companionship and services in a codicil to the will which he had made since Geoffrey's departure for South America.

Dr. Ambrose suspected, though he did not breathe his suspicions to Clarice, some approaching softening of Sir Wilfred Vanborough's brain; and if he had known all that passed between Sir Wilfred and Jacobi when they were closeted for hours together, he would have been convinced that the softening process was already going on. Jacobi's next step was to prove—to Sir Wilfred's satisfaction at least—that he was the descendant of a noble Spanish house, and that the pride of his ancestors matched Sir Wilfred's own. He produced letters, certificates, family relics, in abundance, and Sir Wilfred accepted them with the supine credulity of a weakened mind anxious to escape the trouble of examining for itself.

Jacobi's personal appearance was improved by his residence at Charnwood. He dressed well, and avoided the gaudy jewellery to which his taste inclined; and he was clever in imitating the manners, the accent, and the tone of the people with whom he associated. Any lapse into vulgarity or ignorance of the ways of English society was put down to the fact of his foreign birth; and as he had fine eyes, delicate features and hands, a sweet tenor voice, and a supple manner, he made his way by degrees into other company than that of the Vanboroughs. When it was reported that he was not only Sir Wilfred's

secretary, but a man of good birth, respectable fortune, and varied accomplishments, people in the neighbourhood ceased to look upon him with contempt, and left off wondering why Sir Wilfred employed him. They might dislike him—Jacobi was too deferential, too oily in manner for English tastes; but they left off calling him a "foreign adventurer," and only suggested that Sir Wilfred ought to provide his daughter with a chaperon.

Jacobi was rather of the same opinion so long as he had the choosing of the chaperon.

Clarice was out driving one day, when she met two of Nigel's sisters on the road. They looked at her shyly, and seemed inclined not to speak, but she could not bear to pass them by without a word, stopped her ponies, and held out her hand. Their coldness disappeared as if by magic; they were only too ready to tell her the latest news of Nigel, and to assure her, in their eager, girlish way, that he would never, never forget her, and that they were sure that she would never forget him, too. The interview lasted only a quarter of an hour, but it was watched by a spectator of whose presence Clarice was quite unconscious. Mr. Jacobi was on the other side of the park paling which bordered one side of the road down which she was driving from the village. And when the girls had separated he returned to the house with a frown upon his olive face. He was shut up for some hours with Sir Wilfred that day. By this time the old man had confided to him all the particulars (as he knew them) of Geoffrey's banishment from England, of Nigel's attempt to win Clarice for himself, and of Clarice's infatuation for him. Jacobi had sympathised with him, and artfully played upon his feelings with respect to Nigel Tremaine so as to increase his determination to allow no intercourse between the members of his household and the family at Beechhurst.

Clarice mentioned, quietly enough, at dessert, that she had seen and spoken to Emmie and Fanny Tremaine, but she received no answer from her father. He tried to look severe and dignified, but there was a nervous twitching of his features, a tremulousness of limb,

which betokened some great stirring of emotion. Jacobi sat close beside him to assist him in the management of his food, which he could not now cut up for himself, and Clarice caught a look from his eyes directed to her father which rather puzzled her. It seemed to warn him not to betray his feelings in the presence of his daughter. Something in the look offended her, and she rose from her seat rather earlier than usual, and passed through the folding doors into the great drawing-room, where she sat, as usual, alone.

Two or three weeks passed quietly. Mr. Jacobi went to London three or four times; Sir Wilfred had one or two mysterious lady visitors, who had interviews with him in his study, and were invited to lunch, where Clarice thought they looked at her in a hard, appraising manner, which made her uncomfortable. Once Dr. Ambrose met her on the stairs and said, in a half-laughing tone, "Oh, oh, Miss Clarice, so you are going to be kept in order, are you?" She did not know what he meant, and was rather offended by his tone, and so passed on with a mere murmur of acquiescence, and wondered what was happening. She thought, however, that she would not ask for explanations of things which concerned her so little, and at last her father gave her the explanation of his own accord.

He did not often come down now until nearly noon, and Clarice had formed the habit of breakfasting in her own sitting-room, so as to avoid any contact with Jacobi. It was with some surprise, therefore, that she received a summons to the study one morning about ten o'clock.

Sir Wilfred was seated in his arm-chair with a letter in his hand, and Jacobi was standing at his elbow.

Clarice kissed her father dutifully, bowed slightly to Jacobi, and took a seat opposite Sir Wilfred—not the seat that the secretary moved forward for her.

"You sent for me, papa?" she said.

"I did, Clarice. I wish to inform you of a change in the domestic arrangements of the house which your conduct has rendered necessary."

"My conduct?" said Clarice, with a slightly curling lip.

"Your conduct. You disregard my wishes systematically with respect to the Tremaine family. I told you before that I would have no intercourse with them. I told you also that I should begin to distrust you if I found that you maintained your acquaintance with them."

This was not quite what Sir Wilfred had said, but Clarice could not stop to say no. She answered quickly, "When I met them on the road, I told you I had spoken to them."

"Yes," said Sir Wilfred, with emphasis, "*Once*."

"I met them only once."

"You had better listen to me than speak yourself," said her father, in a cutting tone. Then he hesitated a little, as he often did now when anything disturbed him. "I—I feel that I am less able than—I used to be to take care of you. You have no female relation of sufficient age and authority to be a useful companion to you. I think, therefore, of providing you with such a companion and friend."

"I want no companion," said Clarice. "I can have Joan Darenth to stay with me when I am lonely."

"Joan Darenth is not a proper friend for you," said Sir Wilfred, irritably. "No, you must have—a lady of a certain age and position, who will look after household affairs—there is a great deal of waste going on, it appears to me—and walk with you, sit with you, and so on. In short, I think of engaging such a lady to be your companion, and I desire that when she comes you will treat her with—with—due respect and consideration."

"Engage a companion! Oh, papa, I never wanted a companion at all."

Clarice was too much disheartened and depressed to flash out into a fit of passion, of which, to tell the truth, Sir Wilfred had been slightly afraid, and which he had kept Jacobi in the room to witness, if not to control.

"Your wants have nothing to do with the matter. Mrs. Danvers is coming this evening, and I expect you to receive her suitably. I have given orders about her room."

"What room is she to have?" said Clarice, in a dull tone of defeat. It was no use protesting now.

"The blue room; the one next yours. And you will remember, Clarice, that she is invested with my authority, and that I expect you to submit to it."

"Authority—over me?" said the girl, slowly.

A strange light was stealing into her eyes; the colour was rising into her cheeks.

"Complete authority," said her father, in a decisive tone. "It is time that some was exercised over you by somebody."

Then Clarice's indignation broke out; not at all loudly or expansively, but in even a lower tone than usual, and with a flash of the eye that made Jacobi admire her more than he had ever done before. She rose to her feet as she spoke, and drew herself up to her full height.

"I was not aware," she said, "that I required the exertion of any special authority over me. I obey *you* in everything, but I think I have a right to protest against the infliction of a companion who is to overlook my conduct. I do not think I have deserved this treatment from you, papa."

"My dear young lady," said Jacobi, interposing for the first time, "pray remember Sir Wilfred's state of health. He should not be disturbed by needless opposition. I am sure you will find Mrs. Danvers a most agreeable person."

Clarice turned her face haughtily away from him. "I do not wish to disturb you, papa. I shall do what you tell me, of course. But I thought I was too old to have that sort of governess-person forced upon me, and you cannot expect me to like it."

"Well, well, Clarice," said Sir Wilfred, rather helplessly, "you will get used to it in time. You will find Mrs. Danvers a very well-informed person, and—and—one—" he looked to Jacobi for assistance in the conclusion of his sentence.

"One," said Jacobi, softly, as he opened the door for Clarice, "who will thenceforward relieve you of the necessity of taking lonely walks and drives, in which you might meet with undesirable acquaintances."

He bowed as she swept past without a glance at him, but he knew by the

faint quiver of her mouth, the flicker of her eyelids, that his shaft had gone home, and he closed the door upon her with a smile.

Clarice shut herself up in her own room, where she paced the floor for some time with unwonted energy, and ended by giving way to a passion of tears, which effectually prevented her from appearing downstairs again until the evening. At six o'clock she watched the departure of the carriage to Charnwood Station, and concluded that it had gone to meet Mrs. Danvers, this new companion of her solitude. In half-an-hour she heard it returning; but this time she would not look out of the window. She would have quite enough of Mrs. Danvers, probably, in the future; there was no use in anticipating evil. Then she heard the sound of footsteps and of boxes being carried into the room next hers; she could even catch the sweep of silken garments past her door. With a sudden fear lest she should be called upon to receive and entertain this Mrs. Danvers, she hastily began to unfasten her dress and let down her cloud of hair about her shoulders. But no summons came. At seven o'clock her maid, Patience, entered with a face that showed she had something to communicate. But she dared not begin the subject without an opening from Clarice; for it was by this time well known in the servants' hall that the lady who had just arrived was not an ordinary visitor, but a person who was to be set over the household, and over Miss Vanborough herself, and that Miss Vanborough was not likely to submit to such authority without a struggle.

"Has Mrs. Danvers come?" Clarice asked at length, in a cold indifferent tone. Patience was brushing her hair, and she knew that her face was hidden.

"Yes, miss. You've not seen her yet, miss, have you?"

"No."

"She's very haughty in her manner," said Patience, in a tone of awe. "At least, she's very silent like, and as if she didn't much care for anything or anybody. But her eyes go through you like needles. And she wears spectacles too."

"Is she—young?" said Clarice.

"Oh, no, miss. I should think she was forty or fifty if she was a day. And she wears little curls over her forehead, which I don't think quite suitable for anyone at her time of life."

"That will do," said her young mistress, coldly; "you need not tell me any more." And Patience felt that she had in some way offended Miss Clarice, and therefore held her peace.

The girl did not look nervous or ill at ease as she entered the drawing-room with slow, graceful movements and haughtily posed head; but in reality she was both. She was dressed in black with silver ornaments, and her pale face was singularly calm and impassive. The impression given to one or two beholders that evening was that she was too frail and too passionless to give much trouble to the persons who sought to govern her.

Mrs. Danvers was a thin, tall woman, with one shoulder higher than the other, and a rather awkward gait. Her features were good, but spoiled by a bad complexion. Her eyes were dark and piercing, and, as Patience had remarked, they were partially concealed by spectacles. The "curls over her forehead" descended almost to her eyebrows, and were of a golden tint. She was handsomely dressed in a long trailing robe, of soft texture and an indefinite bluish green colour, decidedly pleasant to the eye. Sir Wilfred looked at her with approval. She was exactly the sort of low-voiced, quiet-mannered, lady-like person whom he had required for Clarice; and he was grateful to Jacobi for finding and selecting her.

He gave her his arm when dinner was announced, and left Clarice to follow with Jacobi. It was with complete self-possession that Miss Vanborough feigned not to see his offered arm, and passed into the dining-room alone, leaving him to follow as he chose. But Jacobi only smiled with entire sweetness, slightly shrugged his shoulders, and entered the dining-room behind her.

The evening passed off quietly. Sir Wilfred was very courteous and more talkative than usual. Mrs. Danvers was rather silent, but her manner, if



cold and a little formal, was unexceptionable in its refinement. Her movements were not without dignity and grace too, in spite of the malformation of shoulder and halting gait. For Gilbert's sake Sir Wilfred was always tolerant of lameness.

Clarice sat back in an easy chair, letting a fan slip through her fingers now and then in a lazy, languid way, but never uttering a word. Jacobi was particularly pleasant and agreeable, as if in imitation of his patron.

Clarice went to bed early; too early for anyone else to think of retiring. Mrs. Danvers, Sir Wilfred, and Jacobi had an hour's more conversation before separating for the night. Nothing was said concerning Mrs. Danvers' position; that was a subject which Sir Wilfred thought might well be left until the morrow.

For a few moments Sir Wilfred was summoned out of the room on business. Then Jacobi, who had been looking at an album on a table close to Mrs. Danvers, turned to her with a quick, stealthy movement.

"You see your work?" he said to her, below his breath.

"Yes," she answered, with a slight smile, "I do."

"The girl wants keeping down."

"I see she does."

There was a pause. Then she lifted her face a little and looked at him steadily. "You did not tell me

what you meant to do with her—ultimately?"

Jacobi looked round at the door and window to see that everything was safe before he answered. Then he approached his mouth close to her ear, and whispered his reply—"Marry her."

She was silent for a moment.

"Did you not expect that? What else should I do?" he said, rather nervously. "You promised—you are bound to help me."

"Oh, yes," she said, quietly. "I am ready to help you."

"You'll have your reward, you know."

"When?" she asked.

"When I succeed. On the day of my marriage."

"And my salary regularly before then," she said, reflectively.

"Of course, of course. And a hundred down on my wedding day."

"Three hundred," she answered. "I could set the girl against you, if I chose."

"You won't do that—you dare not."

"Three hundred," she repeated; and more if I require it."

"Women are so grasping," he grumbled, as if to himself. "Well, I shall be able to afford it then. But you will help me?"

"Am I not here to help you?"

And then Sir Wilfred re-entered the drawing-room.

(*To be continued.*)

## ENDURANCE.

Nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,  
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

—Bryant.

## SOUNDS AND SANDFLIES.

By J. H.

Novel as were the many discoveries of Captain Cook, nothing among them was more wondrous than the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand. Since the creation of the world—for countless ages—have these embowered haunts of beauty been hidden from man's eyes. If it be thought that there is nothing new under the sun, let the believer in that dull doctrine go see these Sounds. The sight of them would give a new sensation to the used-up Sir Charles Coldstream, and would probably have satisfied that ancient being—who has so many modern descendants—that pined for a new pleasure.

When all things were made, and, on survey, pronounced to be very good, nothing was made more for beauty, and for beauty only, than were these West Coast Sounds. Of utility they have none, and in that aspect are for the delight of a poetic age more than for this utilitarian present one. Like the Sleeping Beauty, have these strangely embowered nooks remained in seclusion since their creation. Cook's amazement will be equally experienced by all who follow him on this track. Great will be the astonishment how that he—grand discoverer as he was—ever discovered these Sounds. From the sea side they are encased from all eyes by frowning walls of dangerous rock. The cautious mariner would give to such a coast plenty of sea room—fearing outlying shoals and reefs; and yet, without a near approach from seaward, the well-hidden entrances to these wondrous bays could not have been found.

On the land side man's approach has been more thwarted, even ten times more so, than it has to seaward. Mountains heaped upon mountains, all of an impracticable kind, wall in for ever, from all access that way, these Sounds of the West Coast. "Chaos is come again!" will be the exclamation of him who from the top of one of these sterile mounds of granite looks upon the countless number of the like

which lie before and to both sides of his vantage ground. The unfinished end of that creation when all things were chaotic—"without form and void"—will seemingly have been discovered by those who attempt, vainly, to go far inland from a West Coast Sound. That Cook discovered, explored, and correctly mapped out the dozen or so of Sounds hereabout was, however, but as a recreation to himself and crew. In these secure bays he refitted his vessel; and found more than one herb growing there, good as a cure for the scurvy, from which many of his men suffered. Let me sketch what I saw of Dusky Sound, one in the number of these bits of wonderland, on a lately made visit.

Turning the points of rock which Cook christened "Five Fingers," the vessel threads its way among a network of pretty islets to a bay of brightest beauty, to which the great navigator gave the queer name of Dusky Sound. It was possibly cloudy, dusky, and rainy weather, and so for days together, as is often the case on this coast, when Cook stayed there. Seen in "the prime of summer time"—in the glory of sunshine and the sheen of blue skies—nothing in the way of names can well seem more of a misnomer. Fair indeed it all looks on the bright January morning, when we thus see Dusky Sound, while white patches of fleecy clouds are yet taking a late sleep on the sides of its surrounding hills and the loftier bare granite mountains at their backs. Its bright waters run up from their rocky seaward entrance for twenty miles inland, studded with islets of surpassing prettiness all the way onward to the Sound's head at Supper Cove.

Count of these islets is soon lost in the attention demanded by surrounding scenery. Indeed, any petty chronicling is not to one's liking here, and as out of place as would have been the taking of an inventory by Sinbad in the Valley

of Diamonds. Nevertheless I find notes of such names given to these toy-like islands as Anchor, Petrel, Parrot, Pigeon, Cooper's, Front, Seal, Indian, Norman, and Useless—the last being about as appropriate to their distinctive character as any of the others.

Rocky protuberances above the water appeared here and there, deep as were the waters surrounding them. They were seemingly the tops of buried mountains, tall as were those visible in the distance on either side. Hills clothed with ferns, palms, and birch, from the water's edge to their summits, walled us in, showing never a foot of level landing place save one little ravine, for all the way up of our two hours' exploration. Behind these pleasant, picturesque hills, of all heights and forms, rose steep, sterile mountains, of frowning appearance. In the rear of these were mountains heaped upon mountains, and then nought but mountains and mountains again far as the eye could scan. All the immense masses of granite, strewn about in such multitude, were alike awe-striking in their utter barrenness and desolation.

Landed for awhile upon the hill sides, we scramble about among the ferns and palms, sinking knee deep in the decayed vegetation, which here clings to its stony substratum as does lichen to the rock. Here we meet with a strange fowl called the kakapo, and a wood hen, which seem quite undisturbed by our presence. In the language of Selkirk, "their tameness was shocking to see," in the cool, unconcerned way in which they treated the novel sight of such lords of creation as we were. Scrambling upwards was only to be done by aid of the stems of the ferns and palms, the roots of which we found had not in all cases got a sufficient hold to support our weight. In that case I came down more than once—crushing a quite heedless kakapo at one time beneath me.

Arrived at the hilltop the sight obtainable thence proved worth all the trouble taken. Below, to one side, lay the placid waters and floating islets of the beautifully embowered bay, with our vessel upon its surface, as all of man's work that was hereabout visible. Turning thence and looking inland, the

sight was one to "give us pause" indeed. It was as standing on the confines of creation, or as looking at the beginning of the world, of which the mountainous blocks of granite so scattered about might be the building material. The meaning of the phrase "the eternal hills" could here be well realized. These primeval rocks had stood as now seen for all time, and would, undisturbed by man and man's doings, so continue until the end of all things earthly.

At the one little ravine, before mentioned, which lay between two steep hills, we could, having now rejoined the vessel, discern from the steamer's deck a little patch of a clearing and two roughly-made wooden huts. As the first sign of a habitation in the extraordinary out-of-the-way place into which we had now entered, the sight of them was novel and welcome. The steamer's progress now suddenly stopped, and a boat was let down for landing purposes. We found that it was here that a Robinson Crusoe fellow-passenger was to be landed, and that in this solitude he had for two years dwelt, and would continue to dwell. "Seeing a friend home" to such a home as this had great attractions for some of us, and so added more than himself to the number of the landing boat's passengers. Such a chance of an hour with Robinson Crusoe "at home" does not come twice in a lifetime, and before its attraction even the dread of the sandflies and the certainty of the punishment promised by them was for the time forgotten.

Truth is stranger than fiction, we all know, and yet personal inspection was necessary to convince one that a civilized being, in the prime of life and of very presentable appearance, would willingly so isolate himself as this man had done and was doing. For long time together he would see no human being, have no companion save his dog, and hear no sound save the moaning of the wind over the mountains above and the souging of the waters at their feet. The talk we had with him on board was not satisfactory in the way of information. He had fought against enquiries, and was averse to conversation it seemed—in fear that it might lead to

questions. "Don't cross-examine me now," was in his mouth even if one put a small question to him as to the probable state of the weather for the day. He had evidently found the charms of solitude, and preferred to reign here to "dwelling in midst of alarms," whatever Selkirk might have thought about it. As he made no objection, however, to a visit to his huts, some of us followed him thither, and took stock of the ways of a life beyond the reach of rates and taxes.

It was when seen all very Robinson Crusoeish, even to the sight of a parrot standing on a shelf, and several dried ones hanging around. A stretcher and an opossum-skin rug made bedstead and bed enough, and the shelving that was about held most of one man's wants, if man really "wants but little here below." The dog that was here supplied the place of Man Friday, and would, our Crusoe said, fetch in a kakopo, or a wood-hen, from the neighbouring bush whenever desired to do so. There would then only remain the plucking of the feathers and the cooking to do. With the change of a kakopo boiled one day and roasted the next, and a wood-hen served similarly, with the variety of a stew for the intervening day, and fish for the day following, the prospect, gastronomically viewed, looked well enough. Quite as good, or better, was it than the mutton and damper and damper and mutton with which our earlier gold-diggers had to solace themselves in bygone days. A neighbouring cascade supplied all his water wants, and a patch of planted vegetables pointed to no need in that way. In a corner of one hut there was a little store of books, and not of an ill-judged selection for a hermit. Newspapers of long past dates were in another corner, the last number of the *Australasian* being some six months old.

We said: "When we leave you here how long do you expect it will be before you see human beings again?"

He answered: "The Government steamer 'Stella' is supposed to visit around the Coast periodically, but makes lapses in such calls, or comes when I am away among the hills prospecting!"

"You are prospecting then?—that explains much!"

"Yes! I discovered copper higher up this Sound on the other side, some years back, and a vein of lithographic stone at a later date in another direction, but neither of them yet pay to work. Up this mount here I have found asbestos with which I may perhaps have better fortune—come up and see the place—here is a specimen of it!"

"Oh! you have now explained the mystery of your living here! The sight of the specimen of asbestos will do, and do much better than scaling that mount, a thing seeming fit only for goats' feet. There's the steamer's whistle sounding, and we must go. If you will come in your own boat back with us, you shall have later dated *Australasians* than those in the corner!"

"Thanks! but I brought the later dates with me—you'll call again next time you come this way!"

"Oh, yes, certainly! but don't wait for us. Good-bye!"

With which pleasantries we left him to what seemed to us as a purgatorial and penal time of it in this awful solitude. Man is certainly, we thought, an adaptable creature to circumstances.

We saw afterwards in an Otago newspaper that our hardy pioneer and prospector had made complaint in head quarters of the remissness in the visits of the Government boat, of which he had told us. We tell thus of his whereabouts and doings free from all fear of injuring his prospects—so few, if any, would care to follow him in his way of life. He will never be "crowded out" in such quarters.

Captain Cook records very favourably of the healthy nature of life in Dusky Sound. He says that those of his crew sick of scurvy and other ailments here quickly recovered. It was in his search for vegetable aid to that end that he discovered the native spinach and its beneficial use. He ascribes to that, and to the climate, and the excellent water of the cascades, the quick cures here worked, to which no doubt the change of scene from rough ocean to the placidity and picturesqueness of the Sound much contributed—the mind so helps to heal the body.





Supper Cove. Dusky Sound N.Z. *Age 42/.*



Leaving the Crusoe settlement we steamed along on our course upwards, passing the site of the copper-lode-find that our prospector had mentioned, and onwards to where we were to turn back from Supper Cove, at the head of the Sound. A short stay there was improved by putting out the boats for those eager to land on the little patch of shore to be seen at this cove. A platform of stunted rock that rose from the water was, in digging language, rushed by photographers and sketchers, who had chafed at the good views on the way up which the steamer's progress had prevented them putting on paper. That "once bit twice shy" has some truth in it was seen in many now remaining on board, not so eager as they had been in two preceding Sounds to rush upon shore. The fishing parties and those botanising and seeking specimens geological might go their ways and be happy—if they had close-grained skin to help to that condition in their encounter with the sharp biting sandflies.

For this was the third day of the Sounds, and the sandfly bites of Preservation Inlet had now begun—with those of thin or irritable cuticles—to develop and to form bumps and pimples all over hands, wrists, faces, foreheads, and necks. The irritation and that necessity for scratching—which there was no resisting—produced quite a feverish feeling and some sickly peevishness to the sufferers, who had another sleepless night before them, and no hope of bettering themselves the next day. It was now voted that the mosquitos' doings were harmless compared with those of this sandfly, which seemed to leave an irritant poison in the pores of the skin. Our many doctor passengers were all appealed to, as also the ship's officers, on the subject. As many different remedies were recommended as there are for rheumatism, and with like result. While one was bathing hands, neck, and face, in vinegar, or other acid, another was using an alkali, and a third was rubbing in salt and cold tea, as a medicating mixture.

"Soda is the thing," said one doctor, while another would have it that ammonia was the perfect cure. Some, so

recommended, rubbed carbolic acid so much about themselves that there was much doubt if a sandfly, or any living thing, could stand the strong smell they exhaled. One medico had brought a bottle of specific, prepared expressly as an antidote, which was doled out in thimblefuls, and eagerly sought for and applied, but all to no purpose. Essence of rosemary and other like tinctures quite perfumed the ship, which smelt of a chemist's shop with a touch of the perfumer's, ere the day was over. Of course there were thick-skinned people who withstood the sandfly as they withstand the mosquito, and sea-sickness, and vertigo, and other common ills of humanity. There always are such folks, and they are too often as senseless inside as they are non-sensitive without. They have their use in the world, these people, and are sent into it for purposes well understood, but not necessary now to specify.

The remorseful thought would come that all this irritation of the skin, and consequently the temper also, might easily have been avoided. Kid gloves were useless in these wet places, as one wetting spoiled them for all wearing next day. Thread gloves with gauntlet tops, to be had for a trifle at any draper's, would have been all that was necessary for the hands and wrists, while a quarter-yard of mosquito curtain thrown over the head and tucked under the coat collar, would have sufficiently protected face and neck, and so set the sandflies and their torture at defiance. No one had thought, however, of bringing such protectors. Appeal was made to the post captain on board as one who had brought a previous excursion party here. We asked of him, "Did your people on the 'Hawea' get served like this?"

"Yes; worse than that, some of them had their eyes nearly bunged up for a day or two, and their hands swollen up so that they could barely hold knife and fork at dinner!"

This was pleasant news indeed, but only to those of Mark Tapleyish minds, and much of Mark's mental character was necessary to what, in French phrase, would be termed "the situation." The philosophic advice not to scratch our itching skins was out of the question to

comply with. It was either that or constantly plunging the hands in cold water, that gave even temporary relief. The reaction which ensued made matters no better, and indeed much worse—the supposed remedy increasing the complaint. A wit of our company remarked that we should all have been “happy as sand-boys but for the sand-flies.”

Sandflies are, again, as much of a misnomer as is the name of “Dusky” to this Sound. There are no sands in the Sounds from end to end of any of them. Deep water runs to the rocky sides all round. These rocky sides run downwards in their sheer steepness for depths unfathomed in many places. The fly itself is a small black insect less in size than a mosquito. It heralds its approach by no sound whatever, and sticks, limpet-like, wherever it alights. No brushing off with the hand will remove it. It must be picked off with the fingers, as it should be, and not, as it is most generally, dealt with in that way of “smashing,” which Gordon proposed for the Mahdi. In the excitement of fishing, or seeking for fern specimens and strange birds on the hill sides, the presence of the little tormentor would be overlooked, while it was upon wrist, neck or nose, busily raising a mound to its memory.

Getting our passengers aboard again, after a two hours’ time of it on shore at the cove, our vessel retraces its way down the Sound. Passing into Acheron Passage, between narrow walls of lofty rocks, we skirt Resolution Island on our way to the intended anchorage ground for the night in Wet Jacket Arm. All eyes are directed, ere we turn into this passage, for a last look upon Mount Solitary—a stupendous mountain pile, snow-covered at the top, and the land-mark of Dusky Sound. Its situation as seen between two green covered mounts had made it a pet subject for our artists, sketchers, and photographers.

The Acheron Passage that we have now entered upon would in the length of its dark windings and deep water between lofty rocky walls take us again out to sea, but we have to turn up an arm of it midway to come to our place

of stay for the night. Two things notable are related of this long and dark looking passage—named after H.M.S. exploration vessel of that title, which resurveyed these Sounds. One is that Vancouver, the famous navigator, ran in here for shelter in his ship the *Discovery*, and here in safety and seclusion waited the abatement of the heavy gale outside. The other is the sadder tale that in one of the bays of Resolution Island, to our port side, are to be seen at low tides the remains that there lie of a wrecked vessel. Nothing is known of her name or aught else of her save that the word “London” has been deciphered on one part of her planking. It is legendary that this wreck is fifty years old, and that skeletons of her crew have been found in the bush of the shores around. The theory is that she ran in here for shelter in a shattered state, and here foundered—her people escaping into the bush of the steep hills adjacent. Whether they there died of old age, or more probably from privations, will never be known. Life must, however, have had but little attraction with so many unsupplied wants as they would have to endure, and death in whatever shape it came had probably little of terror for those so wretchedly situated.

A strange curio has been brought on board by one of our number. It is one joint of the vertebrae of a whale, all sides of which have been overgrown with moss and lichens, and the central hollow filled with prettily growing ferns. The whole affair looked quite artistic and might have served as a centre piece, and a fine one too, to any modern dinner table. A pretty pink berry—the “Snowberry,” our naturalists call it—has been found ashore here—sprigs of which are eagerly sought for hat and button-hole ornaments. A kiwi has also been found—a little tailless and wingless bird otherwise known as the apteryx, and not now often found elsewhere in the New Zealand islands. Another ornithological contribution to our stock appears in the tui-tui, a bird something of the size of a minah but darker in colour. We are altogether getting materials enough for a small museum, and our company are developing character daily.



All up and down the Sound that we have passed through, and this Acheron passage also, we have been awakening the echoes from the surrounding shores. Every sound from guns, steam whistle, and fog-horn, is repeated again and again among the distant mountains, at first loudly and hoarsely, and then softer and finer as it dies away in the distance. In some spots these echo effects so produced were of curious character, and made us wish muchly to hear them repeated.

Wet Jacket Arm afforded good anchorage in a snug cove surrounded by rocky walls that seemed only to need roofing in to make of the place a cathedral on the grandest scale. The dropping of the anchor was followed by the letting down of the boats, and the usual rush for the shore. One of our artists ominously carried a kettle and provisions with him, as if to provide for whatever might happen. We wished him well through it with those companions of his solitude—the sandflies—the thoughts of which were now never a moment absent from our minds. They had marked many of us quite small-pox like, the pustules being very disfiguring, and the irritation daily increasing. The thick-skinned ones among us suffered less than the sensitive ones—as the thick-headed feel always less than the sensible.

There were none with us but were glad that they had seen Dusky Sound, and of the fine weather that we had

been favoured with for a survey of its many, many claims to admiration. It had been a great treat for those to whom nature's beauties are a feast, and her most picturesque wonders a satisfying pursuit. To such the sight of this novelty of nature—this Dusky Sound—would be, as a thing of beauty, a joy for ever. That which had been to-day seen would remain in the mind's picture gallery—to be seen always there at will.

It is Sunday, and the strains of the harmonium playing sacred music in the saloon are echoed from the rocky sides of the Sound in a very impressive way. We are in one of nature's open air cathedrals, in which are preached those "sermons in stones" whereof Shakspeare tells us. In that sort, with the solemnity of the silent hills that so shut us in from the world, we might be thought to be a backwoods meeting of revivalists—all but the preacher, whom we could here well spare for a while. The dread silence of the scene becomes more impressive as the shades of evening close around us. The clouds roll down to sleep in the hollows of the mountains, and we no longer see the sides of the surrounding hills. We had intruded into one of nature's solitudes, into what was never meant for man's habitation, which never can be his dwelling place, and we had a half sort of that feeling well known in experience to all intruders.

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## BAD FORTUNE MORE EASILY BORNE THAN GOOD.

With such unshaken temper of the soul  
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,  
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity  
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest ;  
But, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,  
And loses all her firmness.

—Rowe.

## DORA MACDONALD.

By "MINA."

## CHAPTER I.

I was eighteen—almost a woman in years I thought, though in feeling I was free and unfettered as a child. I was lying on the grass enjoying the cool breeze which, however, failed to calm the angry thoughts that ran so rapidly through my brain. My hat lay at my feet; my ungloved hands, exposed to the sun, were ruthlessly pulling up the clover around me. In utter disregard of my attire—for I had taken no little interest in my appearance that afternoon—I lay, angry, flushed, and heated. I had just left the presence of my sister-in-law, with whom I was no favourite, and who took every opportunity to annoy me. What was Marion, I thought, that she should so wantonly trample on all my feelings? She was only my brother's wife, and had never cared for me. Had she not come between Jack and me? Jack, my only brother, who had loved me so much before she came across his path, and who seemed to have no time for me now, no loving words and caresses, as he had before. "I will not bear it any longer, I will run away," I said aloud, "and if anything happens to me, Marion will have to bear the blame."

Marion Halcombe had met my brother some two years previous to the day on which my story commences. She was tall, graceful, and some would say beautiful, but I knew she was false and wicked at heart, and that my brother was not the one she had loved. I also knew that what she did love and worship was money, and for that she would have sold her soul.

That afternoon she had taunted me about my appearance. "Why could I not have more dignity, be more like a woman instead of a mere school-girl?" I was not tall and majestic as she was, but of middle height, and slight, with an abundance of soft golden hair, which

fell in rings all round my head. I did not then know that Marion was jealous of me, but I knew that she never allowed an opportunity of wounding me in some way to pass. "Jack is ashamed of you," she said, "and will have you here no longer, if you cannot act more as becomes his sister." My face flushed, my pride and love were both up in arms. "Jack never said that," I retorted, "but you are trying to take all his love from me, and I wish I had never seen you." I did not stay to hear her answer. I saw the contemptuous curl of her lip, and the uplifting of her eyebrows, as I dashed out of the house and flung myself on the ground. What should I do? I could not lead this life any longer; I had been shown in so many thousand ways I was not wanted, that I would go away, somewhere, anywhere. Dear old Jack! he would miss me, he must do so; he could not have lost all the love he used to have for me—and here, hot, scalding tears came to my relief, and, for a while, I gave way to them passionately.

I must go back in my story, and explain how I came to be living with my sister-in-law. Jack and I were orphans. Jack was nine years my senior, and with my mother's dying words I had been consigned to his care. I was his pet and plaything; he would not have me sent to school, as many of our friends desired, but had me educated at home, and took the greatest interest in my progress. We were left well off; that is, Jack was, for everything was left to him, and I had no care or thought for the future till Marion Halcombe was brought home as my brother's wife. He had given me but little warning, and I was dumb with astonishment, for I had foolishly thought I was all in all to him. At first indignation was the strongest feeling, then

pity; for I thought Jack would soon find out his mistake. If Marion Halcombe was beautiful, was she not also false and cold? Instinctively my nature had told me this. I soon saw, when she came to live with us at the "Rookery," that I was an obstacle in her path which she was resolved to remove, though in what way she could not see clearly. I could have borne all her slights in silence, had not my brother's love seemed to cool, and this I could not bear—Jack was my idol; I had known no other love since I was a child.

On the evening of the day when my story commences, I had resolved to leave the dear old home in which my happiest days had been passed, and where both my parents had died. I turned over a scheme which had lately entered into my head. The shadows lengthened, the dew fell heavily, but, heedless, I dreamt on. My scheme was to get my own living, to find a situation of some kind, if only any one would have me. How would it be if they should think of me as Marion thought? And her words, "hoydenish and unladylike" rang in my ears. At any rate I would try, I decided. So I jumped up, and giving myself a good shake, turned quickly round, to find myself in Jack's arms, for he had been watching me. Beside him stood his wife, calm, cold, and scornful, as she viewed my pretty dress hanging in damp, crumpled folds around me. "Most people would have the sense to keep out of grass-fields on a wet evening," she remarked, cuttingly. "I daresay sense will come with years," I remarked. Age was a sore point with Marion, for though she was a beautiful, well-preserved woman, looking about twenty-six years of age, she was, in fact, considerably over thirty. I waited for no reply, but rushed up to my room, satisfied with my home-thrust. Once within its shelter, I changed my damp garments, and endeavoured to make myself presentable. I looked at myself in the mirror, and saw reflected a girl with a fair complexion, dark blue eyes, and golden hair. I looked at myself with interest, wondering what my employers would think, if I should be

successful in finding any. I had never realized till then that I was pretty; I had never had any compliments from Jack, and I had never been to school, so I had escaped such flattery as I might have had. Anyway, this evening I thought I would make myself look as plain as I could, and as proper, to please Marion; so I seized my brush and used it vigorously. I could not refrain from laughter as I saw my curly locks brushed smoothly down on either side my face. This had, however, the desired effect, for I certainly looked plainer, and two or three years older, almost sedate enough to please Marion. Demurely I entered the parlour, and took my place beside Jack; he said nothing, but I saw a glance of mirth in his eyes.

Day after day I searched the newspapers for something suitable, and was at last rewarded. A Mrs. Hetherington, of Park Hall, Derby, wanted a companion to her invalid daughter, one who was proficient in music, and able to sing nicely. This would just suit me, as music was my forte: Jack had often praised my voice; so I wrote, giving references to two elderly ladies, who had been my instructors. I waited for a reply, which came about a week after. Miss Dora Macdonald, I was informed, would be received by Mrs. Hetherington as companion to her daughter, the references, etc., being satisfactory. Meantime, before the day arrived, I lingered about my brother as much as I could, paying him every little attention in my power; it might be long before I saw him again.

The morning came for my journey; the coachman, who was in my secret, drove me early to the train, and I left a note (over which I had shed many tears) on my dressing-table for Jack.

## CHAPTER II.

"Derby! Derby!" rang in my ears; and I roused myself, for I had been so lost in thought, that the hours had passed unheeded. How lonely I felt as I stood on the platform, surrounded by strangers! I had not, however, long to wait, for a man in livery approached, and touching his hat said, "For Park Hall, Miss?" I replied in the affirmative, and soon found myself in an open

carriage seated opposite to Mrs. Hetherington. She greeted me with warmth, and instinctively I felt that she was a woman to be liked and respected. She did not say much during the drive. When we arrived at the Hall, I saw that the gardens around were beautiful, and the scenery perfectly lovely. It only remained for me to meet the daughter, which I did on the following morning. Never had I seen a more lovely face. She seemed to like me in a very few days, and I felt so much sympathy for her, and liking for her mother, that I was soon sufficiently content with my lot.

I had received a letter from Jack, so loving and kind, yet withal so troubled at my having taken such a step without his knowledge, that I felt somewhat guilty, and wrote immediately asking his forgiveness, promising to take care of myself for his sake. Marion was not well, he wrote, and they were going abroad in a few months, but he would endeavour to run up and see me before their departure.

Some weeks passed, and I became quite accustomed to my new home. My duties were light and pleasant, and there was no variation in our peaceful life till Margaret Hetherington's brother came home; then he frequently would sit with us, giving us long and interesting accounts of his travels. He was a tall manly fellow, of about thirty years of age, his face bronzed with constant exposure to the sun and air.

As the weeks passed on, I was thrown much in his way, and from his many acts of kindness and attention I learned to watch for his coming, and often when Margaret spoke I was so deep in thought that I answered her quite confusedly. I felt angry and annoyed with myself, and resolved to shake off all these feelings, and be my old self again.

"Will you take this letter to Reginald, he is in the study?" Margaret said to me one morning. I took the letter, and going to the study door rapped lightly. "Come in," said Mr. Hetherington, and I entered timidly, for I was a little afraid of this tall, stately man. "Thank you, Miss Macdonald," he said; "perhaps my sister will spare you to come for a ride to-day; the horses are ready,

and the change may do you good." My delight was great. If there was one amusement for which I cared it was riding; and that afternoon, having done everything we could to make Margaret happy and comfortable, we set out. The weather was lovely. I soon forgot my shyness, and felt quite at home with Mr. Hetherington. Never had I enjoyed myself more, and nowhere was there a happier girl that evening, for I knew that if eyes could speak I was loved by one, noble, good, and kind.

"May I speak to you?" said a voice behind me, as with a shawl thrown round my shoulders, I had run out for a few minutes into the garden after dinner. Turning round, I saw Margaret's brother. "Dora," he said, "I watched you come out here, and I followed you, for I must ask you a question to-night, and have an answer, which will make or mar my future life. I would not have asked you yet, but I am going away to-morrow for some weeks, and before I go, must learn my fate. Dora, can you love me, dear child? I am much older, and I fear too grave for you, but I love you earnestly and truly, and will endeavour in every way to make you a good husband; nothing but death shall ever make me cease to love you." I dared not look up, lest he should see the emotion quivering in my face. "Dora," he continued earnestly, "have you not seen that I love you—love you for your own true self? I could not love you better, darling." I looked up then, and all feelings of resistance fled. He raised my crimsoned drooping face, and the first love-impassioned kiss that had ever been placed on my lips sealed the compact. "But your mother," I said, as we returned, "will she be satisfied to welcome as a daughter, one who has been living as companion in her house?" "My mother," said Reginald, "is one of the noblest of women; my happiness is her sole desire, and she has a sufficiently high opinion of me to know that I would never select for my wife, one unworthy to be her daughter." Then I said "Good Night" to him, and ran up to my own room to try and realize my great happiness.

Three months passed away rapidly, and one bright spring morning I was

made "the happiest bride that e'er the sun shone on." Jack gave his consent to my marriage, and sent me most costly presents from Italy, as Marion was still ill, and he could not be present at the wedding. Reginald is the most devoted of husbands, and I

feel now that I have a mother and sister of my own, so kindly did Mrs. Hetherington and her daughter welcome me.

But my history is ended ; for I no longer figure in society as "Dora Macdonald."

## "MIZPAH."

By T. L. GRACE DUMAS.

"May He watch in shadow and sunshine,  
Our Father—both thine and mine,  
And lighten the sorrow of absence,  
With His hope and peace Divine."

'Twas this wish you whispered, my darling,  
As you dried my falling tears,  
That fell for our severed futures—  
For the long and lonely years.

You passed to the world's hard warfare,  
The noisy battle and strife ;  
And I to my rest in the shadow,  
The calm of a peaceful life.

But your footsteps wandered onward  
To a far off land and new,  
Where no grief can destroy your visions,  
A land where our dreams come true.

And mine the unending struggle,  
The burden of toil and care ;  
While you are at rest in the shadow,  
I am at work in the glare.

And still I can say "it is better,"  
Nor grudge you your rest on high,  
Though the heart you loved aches sorely,  
Under yon impervious sky.

I know—through the toil and sorrow,  
Through the silence, dread and chill—  
That the One who safely keepeth,  
Is watching between us still.

For across the hush of the twilight,  
The hour we both loved best,  
Come visions as fair as the sunset  
That flushes the golden west.

Sweet teachings of trust and patience,  
High hopes in holier things ;  
Calm thoughts that bring peace to my spirit  
Like the touch of angels' wings.

## THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

By THE EDITOR.

The document known as the "Will" of the Tsar who founded the existing Russian Empire has from time to time attracted attention, especially when Russia has attempted some of her customary aggressions. Its peculiarity consists in its containing a code of instructions to his successors, as to a certain policy which he had initiated, and which he recommended them to carry on to perfection. The correspondence between these instructions and the actual movements and successes of Russia is so remarkable as to warrant the general conviction that, modified to suit changes in the proportions and relations of the European powers, the Will is still the programme accepted by the successive Tsars. Temporary departures from the line laid down in it have resulted from the personal dispositions of some of the Emperors, or from their relations with other States. But on every such occasion there has been on the part of the Autocrat who departed from it, or at farthest on the part of his successor, a speedy return to the course of action which it prescribes.

At the present time it may interest our readers to be presented with the instructions contained in this remarkable document. They will perceive how in the past Russia has acted on them; and they may conclude that now, and in the future, her history will repeat itself.

The preamble sets forth the object which Peter had in view:—

In the name of the Holy Indivisible Trinity, we Peter, to all our successors greeting, etc.

The great God, who always enlightened us by His divine wisdom, allows me now to behold in the Russian nation the people chosen by Providence to govern the whole of Europe. Most of the European nations have already arrived at a state of extreme old age, and they must needs be regenerated by a new and youthful people, when the time for the latter shall have come.

The following are the maxims prescribed, to be observed in order to the

accomplishment of Russia's supposed destiny:—

1. The Russian nation is constantly to be kept in a state of war, and the warlike spirit of the Russian nation kept up.

2. Distinguished generals belonging to the most civilised nations of Europe are to be called to Russia, in time of war, and the very first artizans and men of letters in time of peace.

3. Russia is on all possible occasions to intermeddle in European differences and affairs of all kinds; in particular, however, she is to do so in those which concern Germany, on account of the proximity and more direct interest which is to be attached to that country.

4. Poland is to be divided. This object in view will be effected by encouraging in that country party rivalries, and by constantly keeping up a state of internal discord. The most influential of the nobility are to be won over with gold; their influence in the country, and at the elections of the kings, is to be maintained; and every opportunity is to be eagerly laid hold of which affords a pretext to march Russian troops into the kingdom of Poland. In the event of the neighbouring powers raising difficulties, the country should be divided; and whatever share of the spoil it may be found necessary to grant to them may always be resumed hereafter, whenever a proper opportunity offers for the purpose.

5. It is expedient to take as much territory as possible from Sweden; it must be separated from Denmark; and a feeling of jealousy is constantly to be kept up between those two countries.

6. The consorts of the Russian princes are always to be chosen from amongst the German princesses, in order to multiply the family connections.

7. The alliance with England, for commercial reasons, is to be preferred to all other alliances. England requires our produce for its navy; and it might moreover be made subservient to aid in the development of the maritime strength of Russia.

8. It is necessary that the Russian empire should be continually extended towards the north, along the Baltic; and towards the south, along the shores of the Black Sea.

9. It is expedient to draw as near as possible to Constantinople, and to the East Indies. Whoever rules in these two countries is the true sovereign of the world. Wars are in consequence continually to be waged, or caused to be waged, against Turkey and Persia; great colonies are to be established along the Euxine, in order in time to get the whole Black Sea into the Russian power. The same policy is to be followed with regard to the shores of the Baltic—two objects indispensable for the success of the above project.

10. The Greeks, united and schismatical, who are spread over Hungary, Turkey, and Southern Poland, must be gained by favours to be bestowed on them, for it is expedient to win their sympathies for Russia. They must look up to us as their central point and their chief support. A generally preponderating influence is to be created by joining the principle of autocracy to a sort of spiritual supremacy combined and united in the person of the Tsar. The Greeks will then be the friends of Russia, and our enemies will be theirs.

11. When Sweden is weakened, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, and the Euxine and the Baltic guarded by Russian fleets, then secret proposals are first to be addressed to the French Court, and hereafter to the Court of Vienna, offering them to share with Russia the kingdom of the world. If one of these two great powers consents, from vanity or from flattered ambition, to entertain the proposal, then it must be made use of to suppress the other, and to annihilate all other powers; an undertaking that cannot fail of success, for by that time Russia will already be in possession of the whole of the East, and the major part of Europe.

12. Should, however, the impossible become true, and both powers unite in resisting the offer thus made, then it is expedient to incite them to strife with one another, and in this manner to exhaust their strength. Then Russian armies will first inundate Germany, then France, and in this way Europe will and must be conquered.

In the time of Peter the Great, the chief powers in Europe were France and Germany—the latter being the representative of the Holy Roman Empire, and claiming a suzerainty over the German States. It had not yet assumed, or been obliged to assume, the place and the name of the Empire of Austria, although the northern states had become nearly or altogether independent. France was still the France of Louis le Grand, formidable in its power and imposing in its pretensions. Prussia was only growing into the stature of a kingdom. Sweden had aimed at greater influence in European affairs than she was able to exercise. Holland had gained an importance which she was unable to maintain; and England, with her clashing factions and unsettled succession, her uncertain policy, and her commercial spirit, evidently appeared to Peter as likely to give little trouble. The other kingdoms and states were of still smaller consequence. The American United States were not then in existence; India was still the Empire of the Great Mogul, and the

English there were represented by a few mercantile factories, rivalled by French and Dutch and Portuguese settlements of a like description.

In every respect Peter the Great was an extraordinary man. Like the country over which he reigned, with its variety of climate and people, he embodied in himself the most startling contrasts. With a powerful physique, yet subject to epilepsy, and weakened and ultimately destroyed by excess of both labour and sensuality; with a clear intellect and an indomitable will, yet a victim of vice and a slave to passion; hating war on account of its cruelty and bloodshed, yet relentless towards political and domestic enemies, and eager to fight for his neighbours' lands; he justifies, to the eye that observes him as a monarch and a man, the antithesis of Carlyle—"the strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoidic savagery the world at any time had."

Looking on Europe and the world as Peter saw them, we can perceive the shrewdness and effectiveness of his plan for attaining universal empire. The success with which so much of it has been accomplished proves the genius of the man who framed it. What he prescribed to his successors, he himself had begun. Already he had been successful against Sweden, Poland, and Turkey. Every succeeding Tsar and Tsarina, who has been capable of occupying the throne, has perceived the cleverness of the scheme, and according to circumstances has acted on its principles. Let our readers look at the articles in succession, and they will be convinced of this. The first, second, and third, are an integral portion of Russia's settled policy; and so also is the sixth. The seventh, which contains an allusion—almost a covert sneer—to the commercial proclivities of England, exhibits the principle of Russia's conduct in regard to ourselves, and the belief, not expressed but understood, that England can be manipulated—a belief which is evidently still held and acted on by Russian statesmen, notwithstanding their surprise in 1854. Article eighth has been studiously carried out, and the operations recommended in articles

fifth and ninth have accordingly been undertaken. Sweden has been deprived of territory; Poland has been divided; the Greeks in Southern Europe have been brought under Russian influences. Persia has been attacked and plundered. These words read like fulfilled prophecy, rather than mere instruction: "*It is expedient to draw as near as possible to Constantinople, and to the East Indies.*" Whoever rules in these two countries is the true sovereign of the world."

That Russia has been ever persistently attempting to draw near to Constantinople, is what no man in his senses can doubt; that she has actually drawn nearer than in Peter's days, is an accomplished fact. That she has ever been drawing nearer and nearer to India, and doing this of set purpose, is what only those can disbelieve who disbelieve their eyesight. Now nothing stops her way but Afghanistan with its uncertain boundary, which she has been attempting to certify for the time by the certainty of armed occupation. If she finds farther progress at present too dangerous, she will just wait a little, and watch for another opportunity. Holy Russia, like many other pretenders to sanctity, professes an imperturbable temper. She never gets angry with those whom she tries to injure or to cheat. The saying of Count Nesselrode describes her to a hair's-breadth. "*La Russie ne boude pas, elle se recueille*;" which may be freely but fully Englished thus:—"Russia never sulks; she just draws back, and tries again."

Let England once be entangled in warlike struggles which will give her quite enough to do, or let Russia find an occasion of playing off against her the game which the Will recommends as against France and Germany, she may expect that the opportunity of turning into fact the recommendation of article ninth will not be neglected. Peter the Great would not fight, except in defence, or for the acquisition of territory—never even in the former case, if he could possibly avoid it—always in the latter case if he could see his way to success. The Russian Government of to-day, and of all the days, is animated by the spirit of the founder

of the Empire; otherwise that empire had not been what it is. Those who believe this, and who act on the belief—those who expect of Russia the very worst of which empires, bent on aggrandisement, are capable—will not find themselves deceived. Those who, in the face of history, imagine that Russia is everything grand, and noble, and knightly—that she has an evangelical respect for the tenth commandment—that Tsarism is out of date, and the Will of Peter the Great a dead letter—will find themselves deceived miserably—and for ever.

In the preamble to his Will, which we have given above, the Tsar Peter founds the pretensions of Russia to universal empire, solely on the fitness of things and the condition of Europe. Whether he thought it unnecessary, or out of place in a document intended for the initiated, he makes no mention of a certain claim of right which his predecessors, and till of late his successors too, boldly put forth. This claim—whatever genealogists and heralds may think of it, or however chary the latest Emperors may have been of flaunting it before the eyes of Europe—has been very serviceable in convincing the Russian populace that the Hospodar should reign in Constantinople. Silent on the subject as the Imperial family have become, there is no saying how far they may be persuaded of its genuineness. Catherine II., one of the ablest of Russia's rulers, openly asserted it, and justified on the ground of it her attacks on the Turkish Empire.

The founder of what may be called the first Russian Empire, Ivan, surnamed the Great, the third of his name among the Grand Dukes of Moscow, was most successful in extending and consolidating his dominions, and in establishing his sovereign power. For this end, besides diplomacy and war, he had recourse to marriage; and the father of his first wife, who had been his greatest enemy, acknowledged him as lord paramount over his extensive principality. Finding himself, after several years, a widower, he looked for a second wife farther a-field. Nothing but a most peculiar ambition could have suggested his choice, which fell on a Greek Princess, the daughter of an



exile, resident at Rome under the protection of the Pope.\* But this lady's father was Thomas Palæologus, the brother and heir of the last Byzantine Emperor. The marriage took place in 1472. By this marriage, in the words of Rambaud, in his *History of Russia*, "Ivan III. was the heir of the Emperors of Byzantium, and the Roman Cæsars. He took for the arms of Russia the two-headed eagle, which is still to be found in the *Palais à facettes* of the Kremlin. Moscow succeeded to Byzantium, as Byzantium had succeeded to Rome." Speaking of this transaction, Wallace says:—"The Grand Prince of Moscow and of all Russia became the protector of the Greek Church, and in some sort the successor of the Byzantine Tsars. To strengthen this claim he married a member of the Imperial family, and his successors went farther in the same direction, by assuming the title of Tsar, and inventing a fable about their great ancestor Rurik being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus."

Here is a double claim to the heirship of the Old Roman Empire, both in the East and the West, founded on descent from Augustus, and on inheritance from the heiress of the Palæologi.

\* This exile and his family were coquetting with the Pope on the subject of joining the Western Church, with a view to his help in regaining the Empire. The Pope furthered the marriage, expecting that it might bring Ivan into the same communion. But, while yet in Rome, the princess, whose name was Zoë, was formally received into the Greek Church, and, according to a common usage, was afterwards designated by the name of Sophia. Both names appear in history; in which circumstance there is no real contradiction.

As an additional element in the case, the family surname of ROMANOFF has also been paraded. Though it was derived from another source than that of a connection with Rome—at least according to the testimony of history—its sound and its possible interpretation have been serviceable in somewhat sustaining the idea of such a connection. Although, as has been said, the claim in question has of late been unmentioned, it has never been withdrawn; and it falls in too well with the policy and the history of Russia, up to the present hour, to permit the belief that it has been forgotten. The assumption of the double-headed eagle of the Roman Empire\*; the further assumption of the title of *Imperator* by Peter the Great, the word *Tsar*, happening also to mean "king," not being considered sufficiently expressive; these assumptions are as well understood and as firmly maintained as they were when they were made at first. Some may consider these matters small and sentimental; but, as the Premier of Victoria observed on a late occasion, the world is largely ruled by sentiment; and all the more readily, when it rests on the traditional belief of a powerful dynasty, whose family pride is concerned in maintaining it.

\* Austria also displays the double-headed eagle, on the same principle of representing the Roman Empire; Napoleon assumed the eagle, as having re-established the Western Empire of Charlemagne; and the eagle of Prussia may be considered as an early indication of the far-seeing policy of the Hohenzollerns in the direction of another Empire of Germany. The eagle of America is of another species—a bald-headed specimen—like certain national virtues "indigenous to the sile," and in no wise related to the eagle of Rome.

## GOOD BREEDING.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence.  
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;  
The last result of an accomplished mind,  
With outward grace, the body's virtue, joined.

—Young.

## BY SEA AND LAKE.

By R. A.

## CHAPTER X.

## SALLY TROUBLED.

Geraldine, as we know, had not the slightest intention of becoming Tottie's sister-in-law. She was merely amusing herself—what she would have called “keeping her hand in”—at Ted's expense. She had occasion to be dissatisfied with the turn of affairs. Will neglected, or to speak more correctly, was indifferent to her, and with the natural perversity of womankind, she felt for him an unbounded admiration, whilst despising Ted.

Her story of Arthur Reid, told to Will on the previous day, had produced an effect altogether opposite to what she had anticipated, and even intended it to have. In relating to him the pseudo love affair of a year ago her idea had been to see him for a short time *au désespoir*—then turning to her for comfort—later on, realizing the super-excellence of her beauty, and her character, as compared with that of Sally, and ending by declaring his passion for her. She saw herself triumphing, and Sally miserable. She never arrived at a conclusion—whether or not she would marry Will—so far, she had been unable to see beyond his proposal.

The smile with which she had regarded Sally and him, as they stood together below the pier, had been one of amusement. *She* pulled the string, and these puppets danced. But, with her peculiar aptitude for interfering with Geraldine's pleasures, Tottie had drawn her away at what the former considered a critical moment; for which action Geraldine, who had no idea of being placed *hors de combat*, meditated a revenge upon Tottie. Revenge, however slight, was ever a gratification

to her, and she was all the more determined to carry it out when an opportunity arrived, because Will, instead of being *au désespoir*, as according to her pre-arranged programme he should have been, was, on the contrary, extremely lively this morning—in the best of spirits in fact; and about Sally there was nothing whatsoever of gloominess apparent.

Tottie had all but spoiled her game, and Geraldine was aware it was so. But with the address of one long accustomed to await and to profit by opportunities, she set herself with quiet patience to make up for lost time. An adept in the art of pleasing, when she chose to take the trouble, confident of her powers in this respect, she said to herself that here was her chance. Here was such an opportunity as she had been hoping for since the return of the young men to the Hall; to ride home alone with Will, keep him as long as possible apart from Sally, let him see her to-night in a toilette that would make perfection of her, compel him to an acknowledgment of her superiority over all other women by one look of admiration, and the day would be won, the game would be hers. After that it would be all easy enough.

There was no doubt Geraldine was fascinating; but, as Tottie said, she must be continually before you. One must be for ever watching the turn of the head, the play of the beautiful lips, the movements of the white hand and arm, and looking into the soft depths of the brown eyes, or their attractive power was gone, unremembered; if one were allowed to rest for a moment, to think of others, the charm was broken.

But this time Geraldine intended there should be no rest, no hesitation;—she chatted and smiled and kept up a running fire of conversation with Will and Ted, in her low distinct voice, with a pure enunciation that was the finest thing in the world to hear; and beside the gay, brilliant butterfly, Sally showed to less and less advantage.

It was fully an hour before Geraldine appeared in the least inclined to consider the homeward journey. When she did, it was with Will's assistance she swung herself into her saddle, and once mounted she turned to him with a laugh, suggesting that he and she should try whose horse was fleetest.

"Time us, Ted—will you, please? We have a straight road before us for three quarters of a mile," she said. "You will be able to keep us in sight for that distance."

Her smiling request flattered Ted, who sprang on to his horse and drew forth his watch, only too happy at the thought of rendering her some service and thereby showing his devotion. Yet he almost hoped no one remarked his eagerness; but to Tottie, if to no other, it was very evident.

"All of us will require to go home at a rattling pace," she said, "else there will be no time to rest before dinner. And as we shall be expected to dance a half dozen or so of hours after it, I, for one, would like to get back early."

"Well, you must keep out of our way, so as to give us a fair chance," said Geraldine. She looked over her shoulder at Tottie, who laughed.

"To end well one must begin well, Miss Geraldine, and to do either you will have to wait until this cart goes by," said she, sighting a country cart in the distance, jogging its slow way towards them.

"I don't think it's absolutely necessary to wait; do you, Mr. Clifford? It is Brooks' cart, I am sure, and those old creatures will be a month at least in getting here. Let us start. Ready?"

Geraldine did not know at all whose the cart was, but she saw clearly enough that so long as it remained before them it was impossible that three horses could race with safety down that road. To wait was to permit of Tottie's joining them; so she cried "Ready?" and

Will, ignorant of her tactics, answered "Yes." He looked over to smile at Sally as she touched the ponies with her whip, but her eyes were fixed steadily before her. The ponies sprang forward half a second after the horses, going at a quick trot, and keeping on at a steady pace; and Sally saw, when Geraldine and Will arrived at the end of the road, the latter turn his horse sharply round as if to come back. But Geraldine, showing a decided inclination to continue the route, he was obliged to advance too. "Must you go back at once?" she enquired, in a mildly insinuating tone that made him feel like a fool, at the same time that it irritated him. "Let us gallop along this lane, and come back by the fields and meet them. There's a short cut here," she added, pointing to the right. And as they disappeared from view, Ted shut his watch, and returned it to his pocket without having looked at it.

"Get up," he growled, jerking the rein, and Fido—it was Tim's horse he rode—unaccustomed to masterful ways, set off at a smart gallop, in which Mab and Roger joined, and the phaeton was soon left far in the rear.

The arrival of Geraldine and Ted appeared to have damped the exuberant spirits of the party; there was no joyous laughter from Tottie, there were no smiles from Lena, and Sally was the only one who talked. She chatted away to Mrs. Peters on various subjects she thought would interest her, carefully avoiding everything personal. She dreaded a renewal of the morning's conversation; and, when the others were gone ahead, she endeavoured to keep upon topics that would allow of no room for discussing the proceedings of the riding-party.

But it was of Geraldine, and not of Dr. Smith, Mrs. Peters now wished to speak, and Sally would have found it about as easy to stem a torrent single-handed as to stay Mrs. Peters' tongue. No sooner had the girl got safely away from the subject at one point, than her companion broke forth at another.

"Is that Geraldine's head I see there, across there, my dear?" Mrs. Peters was pointing to something amongst the trees, about half a mile away on the rising ground.

"No—oh, no—it's a scare-crow," said Sally. "Dobbs deals in very original scare-crows. That is his field. The one on the other side of the lane belongs to a man named Grey—a queer creature who won't work his land and won't let it to anyone else to work it. Mr. Joyce told Auntie one day that he ought to be forced to sell or do something with it. They say he's rich and very eccentric. He lives somewhere near Hastings—at least I think that's what Mr. Joyce said—at any rate it's in an old house that's falling about his ears for want of repair."

"Joyce," said Mrs. Peters, musingly. "That's the man you get your extra butter and milk from?"

"Yes; but you've been to the farm?"

"Never, my dear."

"Not once in all the times you've stayed here?"

"Not once all the times I've stayed here, I haven't."

"We must go over there one of these days then."

"It's there the Heriots get their butter too, ain't it now? Your aunt told me she thought Geraldine owed her pretty complexion to Joyce's farm, the butter and the milk's so good. She's a lovely girl is Geraldine, but I don't know if I was a young fellow that it's her I'd fall in love with."

"Shouldn't you?" said Sally, turning uneasily in her seat to look back, at the same time checking the ponies. "Where's Fritz, Mrs. Peters? Did you see him? Ah here—"

"Why there, at your side to be sure, my dear."

"So he is. Come along, old fellow; I thought you were lost. I should be sorry to lose my dog, though there's really not much fear of that now. He knows every lane and turning, almost as well as I."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Peters, indifferently, and then she caught sight of the riders away in front. "Ah! there they are all together now. No! Where's Tottie? Geraldine keeps alongside of Mr. Clifford steady enough. She means to stop there all the way home it seems; the girl's a reg'lar flirt! But where can Tottie be?" she continued, her eyes roving over field and lane in search of

the missing figure. "Gone on in front, I daresay. That Geraldine's a clever one! If I was Mr. Clifford now, I'd be careful how I—Oh!—Oh law!—Sally!"

Could such a thing as the metamorphosis of herself into Geraldine's cavalier have been possible just then, Mrs. Peters had rather rejoiced at the change than otherwise; beneficial, in saving her from sundry bumps and bruises, it might also have revealed to the world those careful intentions of her's which were irretrievably lost in exclamations of surprise, fear, and appeal.

Two severe thumps, which threw her forward in her seat, sternly reminded her of the fact that she was still Mrs. Peters in reality, whatever she might be in imagination; and that necessity behoved she should look to the well-being of her *propre personne*, which was in imminent danger of a speedy ejection into the muddy lane. She put out her hand and clung to the side of the vehicle, not a moment too soon, for the ponies were careering madly along at a rate that alarmed Mrs. Peters not a little. Impatient at the turn the conversation had taken, Sally inadvertently jerked the rein too hard, the consequence being rebellion on the part of the spirited little animals, which obeyed her no longer, and kept on at a wild gallop in spite of her every effort to pull them in. The chaise swayed from side to side, bumped heavily in and out of holes in the roadway, turned corners recklessly, and every moment gave such signs of upsetting, that Sally, expecting to be thrown out headlong, became afraid too. Mrs. Peters, speechless with terror, could hardly retain her hold. In this way they went on down two lanes, clearing the corners without accident in a most miraculous manner, and then, by a sudden turn, the ponies went off in a direction quite opposite to the one Sally intended them to take, and by ways and means of their own succeeded in approaching the highroad. Sally was now really terrified, and more than once had thoughts of jumping out; so long as they remained in the lanes there was some hope of safety—in the road there was absolutely none, for it was all down hill. What was to

become of them she did not know. She pinched together her bloodless lips, set her teeth hard and pulled—in vain. The effort that weakened her seemed to give but renewed strength to the ponies; they made steadily for the open road.

Meanwhile Tottie, who was returning to meet the chaise and had taken a short cut through Mr. Grey's property, saw it, in the distance, coming quietly along as she dipped into a hollow; when she rose again to the higher ground she missed it; she looked about her in amazement. At last her ear caught the sound of hoofs, hurriedly beating the ground, in the lane to her right; she swung her horse round, thinking they had come the half-mile in a marvellously short time. Riding quickly towards the lane, she saw with horror the runaway ponies disappearing at the other end. There was no possibility of getting into the lane but by the way she had come. She went back, riding hard, and keeping on the higher ground to get glimpses of the phaeton now and then over hedge-rows and between trees, to make sure of the way it was taking. She gained upon it at length by clearing a gate and striking to the left. It had arrived in the last lane, and was but a very short distance from the corner.

Sally, exhausted with pulling, unable longer to contend with the infuriated ponies, had given up in despair, and stupified, had almost lost her hold on the reins, when she heard a voice immediately above her which brought her to her senses. "To the right! pull! pull, Sally!" it cried in agonised tones. "For mercy's sake, pull with all your might!" It was Tottie, on the higher ground, keeping up with the chaise. She saw, what Sally could not see, a cart coming from the opposite direction, also near the corner, and carelessly driven by a boy, who would have neither the wit or the courage, most probably, to do more than stare when he saw the chaise bearing down upon him. A couple of minutes, and they must meet! With that flash, with which a vivid imagination can depict the most horrible scenes in one moment of danger, Tottie saw all that would happen, and Sally lying white

and still on the ground. There was no time for explanation, barely time for action, and Tottie, after calling to her sister, awaited not the issue of her words, but rode on, clearing the low fence into the Lenley Road like one in a dream, and arriving as Sally, in her nervousness hardly knowing right from left, had used her little remaining strength in one supreme effort. The ponies staggered, halted, swerved to the right, and came to a standstill through sheer inability to move, one of the front wheels having become imbedded in the soft earth beneath the hedge, and the cart passed over the ground where a second earlier the chaise had been. Sally realized the whole danger then, and was conscious that Tottie had saved them from what without her aid must inevitably have proved a fatal accident; her nerveless hands dropped on her lap, and she sank back in her seat with a death-like face. Mrs. Peters had quickly got out as soon as the phaeton stopped. Sally came to herself to find Lena and Tottie bending over her, her head resting on the latter's shoulder. Will, who was at Tottie's side, was the first to address her; "are you hurt, dear?" he said.

She tried to smile, but it was a very weak attempt; her eyes closed, and she lay still again for a few minutes. When she re-opened them, Tottie kissed her, and asked if she thought she could stand for a little—Ted and Will were going to drag the wheel out, and then they would drive her home. "Are you hurt anywhere?" she continued, when she saw that Sally moved unwillingly.

"No—only shaken," was the hesitating reply, as she burst into tears.

"That'll do her good, it will," said Mrs. Peters, in a whisper. "It's a relief after a deal of agitation to cry—and I know the good of it, I do. A good cry often saves a bad illness, my dear—let your sister cry; it'll maybe save her from low fever, or worse."

It was some time before Sally was able to take her seat in the phaeton, owing to the difficulty of extricating the wheel. But that was done at last, and then a fresh difficulty arose. Mrs. Peters would not re-enter the vehicle; "not if she was to be paid for it would she sit behind them ponies again;" and

more time was spent over persuading her than the extrication of the wheel had taken. She yielded, however, at last, though it *was* only in despair of otherwise reaching home, for Tottie informed her she would have to undertake a solitary walk of two and a half miles if she would not drive; so she got in, but sat with her back to the ponies, and kept her eyes shut all the time. Geraldine, who had not dismounted, but had been making her own observations, manifested a great desire to drive, as soon as she saw Will preparing to take the unoccupied seat beside Sally. "Are you going to drive, Mr. Clifford? Do allow me. I should like it of all things."

"No," said Lena, shortly, and very decidedly—it was clear something had annoyed her. "It's not safe. You can drive another day. Come, Tottie, are you ready?"

So it fell out that Geraldine ended her ride, as she had begun it, in Ted's company; little to her satisfaction, but much to his. An hour or two of quiet rest, lying on the bed in her aunt's room, set Sally to rights. The girl smiled, and faintly remonstrated, when Mrs. Reid suggested it, but was none the less grateful for the kindly care of the gentle grey-haired woman who, forbidding every one the room, seated herself beside the bed, and read aloud until she was sure Sally had fallen asleep; and who then stole downstairs in order to keep the house as quiet as possible, that her niece might continue to sleep undisturbed. There was no doubt the girl was dearer to her aunt than any other—niece or nephew—and that the present anxiety for Sally blinded her to the fact that there was one in the house who required attention, quite as much, if not more than she. This fact, passing unnoticed by all, save Mrs. Peters, at the time, was afterwards remembered, and that good lady blamed herself for allowing her thought to go unexpressed when its utterance might have spared them days and weeks of sad distress: but who was to know? who could foretell all that was to accrue from that morning's excitement?

When Sally awoke it was to find Lena standing at the foot of the bed, and some one, not her aunt, seated

near her. It was Dr. Smith. He had come up to dine at the Hall, and to let them know that it was impossible he could be with them during the early part of the evening, if at all, as his presence was necessary in the village. From Lena he heard of the accident in all its particulars, and then he thought he might just as well take a look at Sally. That young lady apparently did not appreciate his kindness, enquiring for her aunt, who was not present, and demanding rather rudely, as he felt her pulse, what all this fuss was about. "I'm not a baby. I don't want any doctoring. I was only tired."

"Only tired! Yes, that is exactly what produces half the ailments in life, young lady—over-fatigue, over-excitement, and what *you* require at present is thorough change of air," said Dr. Smith.

"I don't need anything of the kind. What I need is to be left alone and not doctored. What's the use of you feeling my pulse," the girl said, drawing her hand away. "It doesn't do me any good."

The doctor smiled.

"Don't be so ridiculous, Sally," said her sister. "Dr. Smith surely knows best."

"I shall tell Mrs. Reid you require change of air, and that a trip to the Continent would be the best possible thing for you," said he.

"Your telling her won't make any difference, for I will not go. I am quite well here."

"There are two opinions about that."

"Of course," said Sally, sitting up and looking at him. "But mine will outweigh yours with Auntie any day."

"Don't be too sure," said the doctor, with one of his peculiar smiles. "You may find yourself in Germany before you're a fortnight older, if I will it so."

"Your will cannot affect me," said Sally, disdainfully. "There is no present necessity for my leaving home; therefore I decline to go. It is no use saying anything more about it," she added, as the doctor opened his lips to address her further.

"Sally, how absurd! If John says you are to go for a change, of course you will go," said Lena.

In spite of her annoyance at being thus intruded upon by the doctor, Sally smiled. It always amused her to hear Lena speak of "John;" evidently she considered her *fiancé* more capable as "John" than Dr. Smith; and, when the pair had departed, instead of going directly to her room to dress, as she ought to have done, considering the bell rang some minutes previously, Sally threw herself back upon the bed, and lay thinking of the two who had just left her. Beneath all Lena's coldness, and the stern serenity that a fashionable mannerism produced, there was much that was loveable, and on rare occasions we know she could thaw sufficiently to return, with all the warmth of genuine affection, her sister's demonstrative matutinal embrace. Dr. Smith, on the other hand, possessed not a single redeeming quality, in Sally's eyes at least; and it seemed to her the more impolite she was to him, so much the more did his attitude towards herself gain in determined gentleness, in grave carefulness! Why did not, why *would* not the man hate her? Nothing she said or did made any difference. He met her most serious anger with a smile, when she would have given her right hand to have induced a frown. He treated her always as a child, to be petted and made much of—it was intolerable—and Sally's eyes flashed as she called to mind his courteous way of replying to her usually impertinent remarks. Clearly, it was useless attempting to make him angry; it was like beating her hands against a stone wall, producing no other result than injury to herself. She had arrived at that conclusion at last; she sighed despairingly; she felt how determined Dr. Smith could be on certain points, and her soul was filled with bitterness, for might he not be equally so on certain others? There are few women who would not have felt pity for the girl just then, for they are few who have not, at one time or other of their existence, passed through that nightmare stage, when life is become obnoxious, owing to the persistent attentions of some abhorred individual; when morbid fancies fill the brain and one comes to believe that that particular person is all-power-

ful. Some such notion had Sally with regard to the doctor—he could do anything. What was to prevent him parting Will and herself? Nothing, she was sure, did he once take the idea into his head; and having convinced herself of this she became unhappy, more unhappy than if she had known that the idea was already there.

Then a new thought came to perplex her. It was evident, from a remark Tottie had let drop, that Ted was setting his affections upon Geraldine. Now, Sally would have laughed at all this two days ago and been ready to declare that there was nothing at all in it, for was she not on almost every occasion Ted's companion? And would not she have been the first to notice, to interest herself in, an affair of the kind? But to-day she remembered that Dr. Smith knew of it—had, in fact, been an eye-witness to some lover-like scene—therefore, there must be truth in it. And when she saw them together in the evening, doubt fled.

Her first feeling was one of sorrow for her brother—she knew that Geraldine would not marry him; her next, of anger against this girl, who did her best to win hearts, and afterwards flung them aside as so much waste paper. Sally would never have owned even to herself that Geraldine was capable of such a proceeding unless she had touched rather near home in getting up a flirtation with Ted; and one could easily see that his whole heart was in the matter, but that the deadly chill of self interest, which surrounded hers, kept it as unmoved as a pond when the wind plays upon its frozen surface.

More than Ted hovered around her that night; she looked queenly; all eyes seemed naturally to turn to her. And her image so impressed itself upon Sally's mind, that in thinking of her in the after years this was the picture which most often presented itself—perhaps, because those that followed were looked at through a blurred foreground of tears; or it might have been that she felt that henceforth there must be a difference in her feelings towards Geraldine; or that she was conscious with a certain unconsciousness that they were soon to drift apart. No

matter how or why it was ; for the last time in her life Sally looked with genuine admiration upon her friend. And we must see her for the nonce as Sally saw her ; beautiful exceedingly in her white silk, with amber velvet fastening the pendant at her throat, and a diamond arrow sparkling in her hair. She leaned forward—now drooping her long-lashed lids, that the dark fringe might heighten the pure beauty of her complexion—now raising them to look up at Will and Ted, who stood before her. Sally's heart beat faster ; she too was fascinated, and a strange yearning to kiss those warmly coloured lips came over her when Geraldine laid her head carelessly against the cushioned back of her chair. She could not turn her eyes away ; what had Geraldine done to herself to make even Lena and Tottie, with their elegant carriage and high-bred air, appear to lack half their usual graces ? It was marvellous how every one was drawn to her ; even Mrs. Reid, who valued beauty according to its worth, and was commonly more in love with Sally's sweet expression than charmed with the clear-cut features and superb figures of her more fortunate nieces and neighbour, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

And Geraldine, you may be sure, made the most of all this admiration. Ted sang for her, Will played, and Mr. Blake, poor man, did his best to pay his shy homage to the divinity by making stuttering remarks in her ear. There was only one man present who looked upon her unmoved, and that was her cousin Tom. Now it happened that long ago, quite in their boy and girl days, Geraldine had made up her mind that, could she get no one better, Tom would suit her very well for a husband. You see she had very far back realized the importance of a good match. His father was a baronet, and in the natural course of events he would step into his father's shoes. But with the return of Will, who was infinitely more prepossessing, the idea faded almost away into the forgotten land, being revived again only when she noted her cousin's devoted attention to Tottie. At the moment they greeted one another, when his face paled while hers grew scarlet, it was obvious that

the love-affairs at the Hall would not be long in becoming even in number, if they were not so already. But they had need to beware, with those watchful jealous brown eyes upon them. Geraldine must have *all* and not a share only of admiration.

While the company circled about her, Sally sat aside with Mrs. Peters, wondering. It always fell to her lot to entertain Mrs. Peters. She was not unhappy, although troubled ; troubled on Ted's account, wondering on Will's. Did either of them know what he was doing ? Ted frowned sometimes when his friend addressed Geraldine—the frowns were like the first ripples upon a calm sea that presage a storm, each one continuing longer than the last. Will became conscious of the danger in time to avert it, and went over to Sally to ask for the promised dances, but she had played so much that others might dance that she was tired before the second was fairly over ; and Will took her into the garden, catching up one of the light shawls, which were always to be found about the hall in an evening, to throw over her shoulders.

"Well, and what's the matter with you to-night ? Are you tired still ?" he enquired, as they passed down the steps.

"No," said Sally, in a tone that belied her words. "I'm grieved about Ted."

"What about Ted ? You spend one half your life in grieving over what is to happen to that brother of yours. I wish you'd leave him to take care of himself, and think a little more about me. All your thoughts are for him. I don't believe you ever think at all about me," said Will, half laughing.

There was no answering smile on Sally's face ; she only moved closer to him and laid her head against his arm. "My love ! my love !" she said low and earnestly ; "I think of you day and night. I am always thinking of you. But I am never afraid for you—you are so strong and true ; but Ted, there is something about him that frightens me sometimes. I don't know what it is exactly. Now, to-night, he didn't like you talking to Geraldine."

"And he was quite right," said Will, heartily. "I ought not to have been



there. I should have been somewhere else," he added, fondly pressing the hand that rested on his arm. "But she's a real witch; there's no mistake about her. I don't like girls like that.—By the bye," he said, wishing to change the conversation, "I was going to ask you—have you and Smith quarrelled?"

"No," said Sally.

"Well, what's up then? All dinner time you kept looking at him whenever I spoke to you, and then, when he made some remark to you, you answered him quite sharply."

"We never have been great friends."

"Not great friends, perhaps; but neither were you his sworn enemy. You certainly addressed him to-night as if he were an enemy. What harm has he ever done you?"

"I don't know, but I hate him," said Sally, with her customary vehemence of expression.

"Why? you foolish girl! Why should you hate him? Is it because he is going to marry Lena, and you don't consider him good enough for her, that you dislike him?"

"I can't tell you. I only know that I hate him."

"Nonsense! I don't believe you ever hated anyone in all your life."

"But I do, I do. I hate and detest him with all my heart."

"But why?" said Will, anxiously. "Tell me."

Sally hesitated a moment, and then she said, as if she were half ashamed of making such a reply, "Because I'm afraid of him."

"Afraid!" said Will, bending forward to look into her face. "Afraid, Sally! What have you to fear? I confess I don't particularly like the fellow. It seems to me he's got a will of his own; but I don't know that there's any cause to fear him, unless, by Jove! you've thwarted him in some way—*then* you'd require to look out."

Sally sighed. "I wish," she said, when the conversation took this turn, "Lena would break with him."

"It's too late for that now. Besides there's no reason why she shouldn't marry him, is there? She cares for him, doesn't she?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"Then I can't see what she'd gain by breaking off her engagement. They're fond of one another, and he has, or will have, a good position. Why should you wish things to be different? I daresay it is a bit hard to have a brother-in-law you don't altogether admire; but at any rate you won't see much of him. Besides," Will added, with a pleasant laugh, "I shall soon claim the right to take care of you altogether, and then we can take a trip abroad if you would like to be still further away from him. But," he continued more seriously, "I'd like awfully to know what makes you afraid of Smith."

They had wandered round about the lawns, and were turning into the avenue, when a step upon the gravel startled Sally. "There!" she exclaimed in a terrified whisper, clinging to Will.

"You silly girl! It is only Dr. Smith come back. That desperate drive has made you nervous." He slipped his arm round her shoulders as he spoke, and drew her towards him.

The doctor passed on apparently without noticing them. But Sally was not satisfied.

Everyone knows what it is to have a day of worries now and again, when one slight mischance, such as the slipping through one's fingers of the comb with which one expects to comb one's hair in the morning, is succeeded by innumerable vexatious troubles, and from dawn till sunset things go awry, to an extent that makes one inclined to retire to bed until to-morrow come, hoping it will bring something better. Just such a day had this been to Sally, and she felt thankful it was over, as she toiled up the stairs with her candle. But fate had provided a very substantial annoyance as a sort of epilogue to the day's entertainment, in the very room where she expected to rest. It came in the form of a little sisterly advice from Lena—the last, she informed Sally, that she should give her.

"I hope," she said, "you will listen to what I am saying, and think about it afterwards—seriously too. It is time some one took you in hand, and tried to prevent you from spoiling your life with silly dreams. Of course it is Auntie's place to talk to you, but she

never notices anything; or, if she should happen to, thinks it all right. In fact, I am rather inclined to think she encourages this piece of foolishness—"

Thus far Sally had listened in silence. Knowing Lena so well—she never allowed herself to be hurried over what she had to say—it was wiser not to interrupt, unless she wished a repetition of what had gone before. But she felt irritated to-night; and Lena's calmness induced a further irritation, especially as she had a faint inkling of the reason for the "advice" which was to come.

"I wish you'd say right out what you've got to say, Lena, and not beat about the bush in this fashion. To tell you the truth, I'm rather tired of sisterly advice, it never does me any good."

"That is your own fault. I have at last arrived at the conclusion that it is useless attempting to advise you."

"Then why don't you give it up? I shouldn't be sorry, I assure you," said Sally, in her quick way.

"Because," said Lena, severely, "I wish to do you good; but of course if you keep that notion that you're perfect in your head, it's waste of breath advising."

"If you'd condescend, for once, to hurry your advice, whatever it may be, I'd feel thankful. I want to go to bed," said Sally, opening her wardrobe. "You must admit I've had a tiring day."

There was silence. Sally had turned her back on her sister, but she knew Lena was standing, with folded hands and curled upper lip, disdainfully regarding her every movement, and she could not prevent an internal trembling at thought of what might probably follow. Such is the force of habit! She had grown up in awe of Lena, and to her life's end she would never wholly overcome it.

"Sally," Lena at length began, coldly, and Sally turned towards her, "if I were you I would not make it quite so plain to Mr. Clifford that I was in love with him."

The girl gazed at her sister in utter amazement for a second; a short laugh broke from her—"Is that your advice?"—then a sudden proud look came into

her eyes and played about the corners of her lips. "Who interfered when—"

"You are going to say when John paid his attentions to me. That was a different matter; he received little, I may say *no* encouragement, until he had spoken. Mr. Clifford has not spoken."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sally, feeling how nearly her secret had escaped from her own lips.

"I think it doubtful," continued Lena, without noticing the interruption, "if he ever will speak. I hope you understand me. You are making yourself quite ridiculous. Several times to-day I have observed your looks and manner towards Mr. Clifford—in particular, when we were awaiting Geraldine and Ted at the inn; and I do hope, for the sake of your sisters, whom, of course, he must think necessarily resemble you, you will cease—to use a common-place term—to throw yourself at his head; for that it really what you are doing. A man cannot be in love with two girls at the same time, and it being very plain to everyone that he has a special admiration for Geraldine, the sooner you get quit of your foolish fancy the better. That is my advice, and I hope you will follow it."

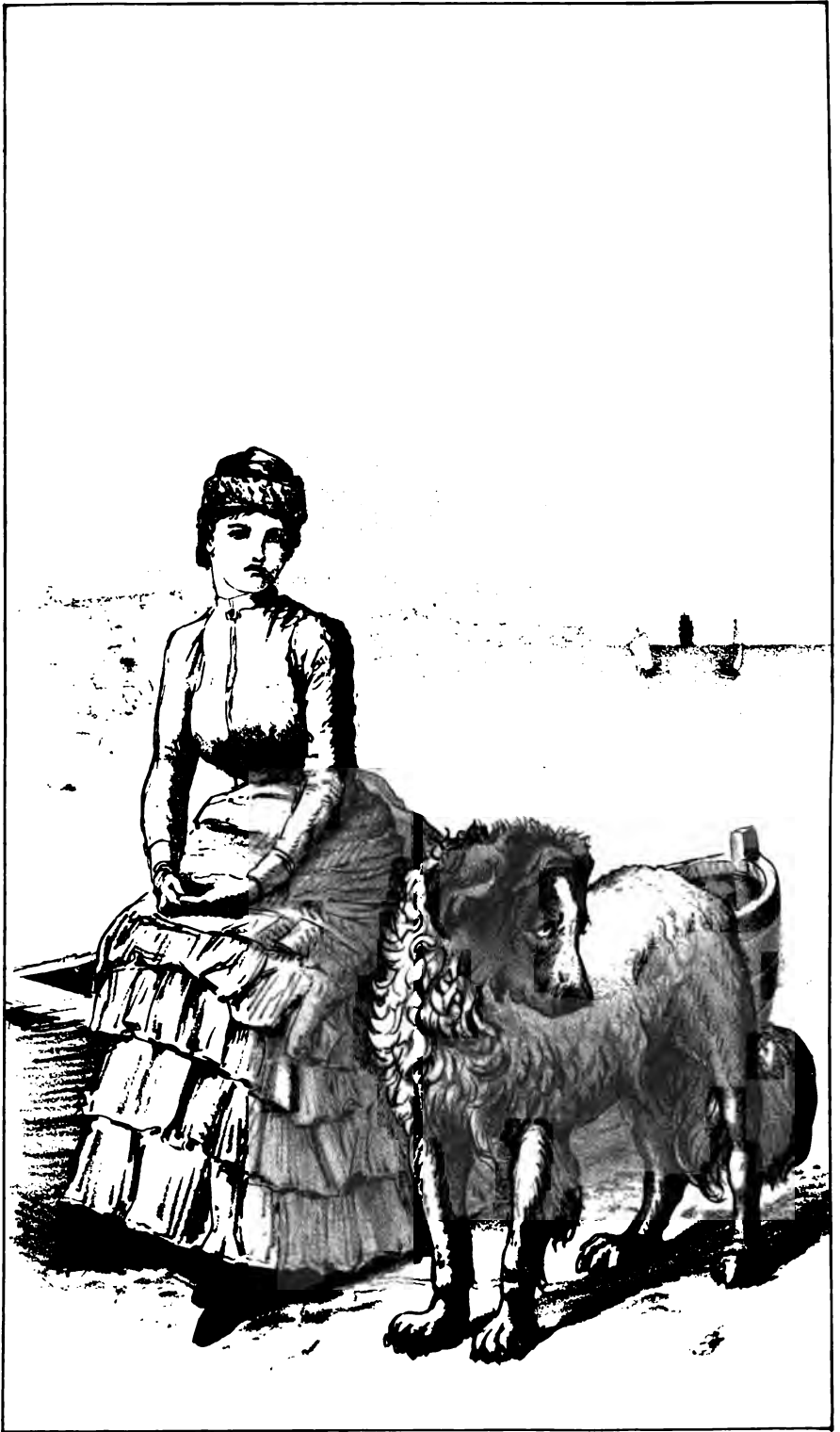
Lena did not wait to see the effect of her words. She put her hand upon the door, but Sally was too quick for her; with a swift movement she leant her back against it, keeping it closed, and caught the handle for support. She was shaking from head to foot, but she succeeded in steadying her voice before she enquired, "Did you make that discovery—or did Dr. Smith?"

Lena looked astonished, but she spoke as collectedly as usual. "We have both observed it," she said.

"Thank you," said Sally, haughtily, opening the door to allow her sister to pass; and when she was gone Sally stood gazing vacantly before her. Every particle of colour had forsaken her face. Was this true? Could she be deceiving herself? Was it, after all, Geraldine that Will really loved?—Could it be?—Ah no! no! no!—Let every bitterness in life be hers, but not *that*.

She sank into a chair, and, obedient to that first impulse of nature when sorrow touches us, covered her face





"She had taken refuge there." Page 441.

with her hands to shut out the light. She remained for a long time in this position, but at last she rose and began wearily to undress, wishing that both Lena and Dr. Smith were gone—for ever.

But she was destined to see more of the doctor before his departure.

Three days later she and Will—for she made no difference in her manner towards her *fiancé*, despite Lena's advice—were out at the stable feeding the dogs, when Tottie came hurrying towards them with the information that "John" was inside and wanted to see Sally. "He has brought the new doctor to introduce him to Auntie."

"And what's he like?" said Sally, hoping to keep Tottie off the subject of going into the house. She had made up her mind not to venture indoors so long as the present visitors remained.

"Tall."

"Good."

"And dark."

"I shan't like him," said Sally.

"Why not?" said Tottie. "He's a relation or connection of John's. Hill—Dr. Hill is his name, and he's to be best man."

"What nonsense—Will's to be best man."

"No, he's not; it's Dr. Hill. And John wished to introduce him specially to you. You'd better come, they're not going to stay long."

Sally quietly tossed some more scraps to the dogs, but did not advance one step nearer the house.

"Are you coming, Sally?" said Tottie, impatiently.

Sally shook her head.

"Then Will must come—it will seem so odd if neither of you put in an appearance."

"Will can please himself; but I mean to remain where I am."

"But why?" Tottie quite sympathised with Sally; could quite understand her not wishing to go indoors without Will; but she did not expect Sally still to hang back when Will went.

They had to search for Sally when the two doctors were gone, and Tottie found her—sitting on the edge of the boat, which was drawn up upon the beach, with her arm round Fritz's neck.

She had taken refuge there, afraid that if she remained in the garden, and Dr. Smith proposed to look for her, he would find her out.

"Here you are! I've been hunting everywhere for you. Down at the boat-house!" Tottie shouted back, as she came towards Sally, and a moment afterwards Will appeared.

"This," she continued, taking a small white package from her pocket, and dropping it into her sister's lap, "is your present. John asked me to give it to you, and hoped you would like it."

Fritz eyed the packet concernedly for a moment, and then made a snap at it and caught it between his teeth. Sally smiled.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty dog!" said Tottie. "Give it up, sir. Give it here." But Fritz went bounding off, shaking his head until the wrappings gave way and a leather case fell out. He let the paper fly away then, and pounced upon the case.

"Oh Sally! Sally, why don't you stop him?" cried Tottie; "he'll spoil your locket. He'll smash the whole thing to bits."

Will had gone after the dog too, but Fritz evaded them both.

"Come here, Fritz. Come here, good doggie."

"How can you call him good when he has crushed up all your present, Sally, and lost the note too? There was a note, for I saw it as the paper gave way."

Fritz looked at Sally to make sure she was in earnest, and having convinced himself trotted gravely up to her, and put the case in her outstretched hand.

"If he were my dog I'd thrash him, I know. Destructive creature! Look if he's hurt it," said Tottie.

Sally opened the case; there, in most beautiful diamonds, were her initials on the face of the locket; she turned it over slowly in her hand, and beheld in tiny rubies Dr. Smith's upon the back. A smile of contempt passed over her face, and she leant forward and tossed the jewelled keepsake into the water, saying as she did so, "There! I don't want his presents."

(To be continued.)

## OLD ENGLISH OPERA.\*

BY J. G. DE LIBRA.

## I.—FROM 1656 TO 1695.

“—Pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry,  
Married to immortal verse;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.”—L’ALLEGRO.

Few things within the realm of Art have seen such strange vicissitudes as English opera. Founded generations ago, it is only within years almost fewer than one’s fingers that it can be said to have attained, thanks principally to Mr. Carl Rosa, to a real, vital, and independent existence of its own. But considering the recognition and appreciation that some of the recent compositions of our countrymen are now commanding, not only in the United Kingdom, but upon the Continent of Europe, a brief sketch of the long noviciate of English opera may not be uninteresting.

There have always been some who have attempted to argue that the English are not a musical people. No assertion can be more devoid of foundation, and it is less warranted than ever at the present day. In every age of English history music has been popular; it has formed a prominent feature alike of religious rites, public festivals and amusements, and domestic recreations. It is not necessary for our present purpose to trace its early development from the days of the Celtic bards, through those of the Saxon harpers and gleemen of King Alfred (himself a skilled musician), of the introduction of Christianity, and of the more romantic style and *joyeuse science* of the Norman minstrels. Suffice

it that even before the Reformation, the rise and progress of the true English school of music had commenced, as exemplified in that of the Anglican Church, which has been handed down for more than three centuries without intermission, and through a long line of illustrious and gifted composers, in various styles of writing besides the ecclesiastical, extending to the instant year of grace. The accomplished, if tyrannical, Henry VIII. displayed no mean proficiency in music, and all his children inherited their father’s gift. Elizabeth, in particular, was not only extremely fond of music, but performed herself upon the virginals, and was able (says Camden) “to sing, and play the lute right sweetly and prettily.” The influence of the great Italian composers of the sixteenth century—Constantius Festa, Costanzo Porta, Palestrina (one of the greatest contrapuntists that ever lived), Luca Marenzio, and others—had made itself directly felt. Shakespeare had glorified music in some of his most ardent passages with glowing imagery, and most gentlemen were able to take part at sight in a madrigal, if not to perform on the musical instruments then in vogue. Thus in that side-splitting scene with Malvolio and the roysterers, in *Twelfth Night*, the poet makes Sir Toby Belch to exclaim: “Shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?” Whereupon even the doddering old Sir Andrew Aguecheek replies, “An’ you love me, let’s do’t: I am dog at a catch.” And in the exquisite lyric of the Belmont moonlight, as “young Lorenzo” woos

\*Specially revised for *Once a Month* by the author, with permission of the proprietors of the *Sydney Echo*.

again his "pretty Jessica," while "the sounds of music creep in their ears," does he not observe that

"Nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature?"

Sad that so many of "Greater Britain's" descendants of the grand Elizabethans should deliberately immolate the sweetest, purest, and most elevating of recreations, in favour of the gross materialism of the betting-ring, the racecourse, and the cricket-field unceasingly run mad.

By degrees a school of church and madrigal composers arose in England, which may hold its own against the world, and has exercised an incalculable influence upon all truly indigenous music. Tallis' *Forty Part Song* (which was performed in London a few years ago by Henry Leslie's choir) remains to this day one of the most astonishing efforts of harmonical abilities extant. Few harmonists of the time have surpassed William Bird, his pupil. Bird's pupil, Thomas Morley, has bequeathed a mass of madrigals, canzonets, and ballets, that are as popular now as ever; while the inimitable compositions of Thomas Weelkes, George Kirbye, John Wilbye, and Thomas Benet will live as long as music lasts. Never had we a more just claim to equality with those parts of Europe where vocal music was most successfully cultivated than in the "merrie" days of "Good Queen Bess."

With the Stuarts the love of music *pur et simple* was much less marked than with the house of Tudor; but the performance of masque received a great development under them. Early in the 17th century one Nicholas Laniero had introduced the Italian *stilo recitativo* into England; and he it was who was employed to compose the music for the splendid court masques, and those given by the great nobility during the reigns of James I. and Charles I.; Henry Lawes and others afterwards continuing for a while the same attempt. But during that century whatever was written in the way of musical drama was always sung in English. The gradual change from Catholicism to Puritanism appears to have caused music to fall in public estimation for a time. In 1642 ordi-

nances were in force for doing away with various forms of amusement, and in 1648 the Provost Marshal was appointed, with power to seize upon all ballad-singers and suppress stage plays.

In 1656, however, the date at which our sketchy chronicle begins, Sir William Davenant obtained permission from Oliver Cromwell (who was a great lover of music, and has been even credited with keeping a fiddler on the sly), to open a private theatre in a large room at the back of Rutland House; and here was performed the first real English opera of which we have any account, viz., the *Siege of Rhodes*. This was in five acts or entries, the music of the first and fifth being written by Henry Lawes, that for the second and third by Captain Henry Cook (afterwards master of the children at the Chapel Royal), and that for the fourth by Mathew Lock, the future composer of the "music to *Macbeth*." There is some doubt as to the character of the music of the *Siege of Rhodes*. Pope states, on the one hand, that the whole work was set to music in the Italian manner; but Dr. Burney, on the other, maintains that there was nothing beyond what we should now call introductory music to each entry. Bearing in mind the divergent styles of the three composers engaged upon the work, it is safest, perhaps, to take both statements "with a little salt," and adopt the so frequently useful maxim of Ovid—*in medio tutissimus ibis*.

With the restoration, in 1661, the national taste for music revived. It was encouraged by Charles II., but that king's taste was vitiated by his long residence at the Court of Louis XIV.; and the French music which he introduced and favoured had little or no influence upon our own solid school. While Giacomo Carissimi, Alessandro Stradella, and Arcangelo Corelli were flourishing in Italy, the latter half of the seventeenth century produced, as Anglican church-writers, John Banister, Michael Wise, John Blow, the Rev. Henry Aldrich, and many others, who carried down a century later the salutary influence of the great Elizabethan men. In 1673 Lock, who had been a chorister at Exeter Cathedral, and a pupil of Edward (brother of the great Orlando)

Gibbons, and was the first to publish in the United Kingdom the rules of "thorough-bass," composed the music for Shakspeare's *Tempest*, as altered by Sir William Davenant, and the following year wrote that for *Macbeth*, both of which works were produced at the son's (Dr. Davenant's) new theatre in Dorset Gardens. The music of *Macbeth*, though it unquestionably lacks the intensely goblin-like effect which Weber invented, half a century later, for the casting of the magic bullets in the Incantation Scene of *Der Freischütz*, is yet weird and powerful, skilfully constructed and harmonised for the voices, strikingly dramatic, and intensely melodious. As music *per se* its popularity is deservedly undiminished; and even when indifferently executed (for portions of it are a trifle catchy) it invariably lends an additional charm to a performance of the magnificent Scotch tragedy for all but those who confuse (harmonical?) mania with music, and "too-too-ism" with true art.

The time, however, was now approaching for the rising in the English musical firmament of a star of the first magnitude. Henry Purcell, "the father of English opera" and England's greatest musician, was born in Westminster in 1658. He was the son of one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, who was himself a musician of some note; and naturally becoming a singing boy there, he profited so well by the instructions given him by Dr. John Blow, the organist and a composer of some excellent church music and ballads, that while still quite young he wrote several anthems, which are yet occasionally performed, and was appointed at the age of eighteen organist at Westminster Abbey. But fine as are his compositions for the church, notably his grand *Te Deum*, which held undisputed sway at St. Paul's Cathedral on special occasions, till Handel wrote the great thanksgivings for Utrecht and Dettingen, it was secular and dramatic music that principally attracted his attention and exercised his genius. Here he stands without a rival. Making the acquaintance of a Mr. Priest, who kept a young ladies' boarding school in Leicester Fields, he set to music the words of *Dido and Æneas* by Nahum

Tate (joint author with Brady of the *New Version of the Psalms*), as an opera for the pupils, by whom it was performed in 1677. It is generally surmised that Purcell sang the rôle of Æneas himself; and those who know anything of amateur rehearsals with a bevy of pretty girls, will readily believe that a talented musician and a fine young fellow of nineteen would be delighted to avail himself of an association so agreeable. The work abounds with impassioned melody, splendid choruses, and fine dramatic effects; and its unqualified success encouraged Purcell to become a regular writer for the stage. During the same year he wrote his first opera for public performance, *Abelazar*, composed in 1690, *Diocletian, or the Prophetess*, and in 1691 his *chef d'œuvre*, *King Arthur*. Both were produced at the King's Theatre with all the attention to excellence of every kind that was then possible; but so little did the receipts exceed the expenses that the profits did not suffice to keep the patentees out of a lawsuit that found the Court of Chancery in work for twenty years.

In Purcell's dramatic works (some thirteen in number, besides a quantity of overtures and incidental music) we have the finest exemplars of the genuine true old English opera—racy of the soil, indigenous, English born and bred—a play of sterling merit, with overture and incidental songs, choruses and concerted pieces, teeming with fresh, unhackneyed, and expressive melody, and adapting, whether for mirth or plaint, the glorious contrapuntal beauties of the great church writers. Purcell's operatic music consisted invariably of an overture and from six to twelve "tunes." *Abelazar* contains eight, and *King Arthur* twelve. *The Double Dealer* (produced in 1694) has ten, "Nos. 6 and 9" (says an old catalogue of his works) being "pretty and curious." In 1695, *Bonduca*, a tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher's, was produced within a few months of Purcell's death, and contains, apart from other beauties, two numbers that have become national property, viz., "Britons, strike home," and "To arms." The inimitable Frost Scene



in *King Arthur*, and the fine Incantation in the *Indian Queen*, "Ye twice ten hundred deities," are still occasionally heard in good, though not in fashionable, concerts at home, where also Mr. Sims Reeves' frequent and spirited rendering of "Come if you dare," from the former work, has made it "familiar in our mouths as household words." Writing in 1789, Dr. Burney says of "Fairest Isle, all isles excelling" (*K.A.*) that it is "one of the few airs that time has not the power to injure. It is of all ages and countries." And Bingley, in 1814, asserts of the charming duet, "Two daughters of this aged stream" (*K.A.*), that it "contains not a single passage that the best composers of the present time would reject." Purcell was a century—if not two—in advance of his day, and regenerated English music as no one else has done before or since. Hogarth's criticism of his work is as applicable now as when it was written:—"His dramatic compositions, on which his fame chiefly rests, in variety of character, beauty of melody, truth and force of expression, and nice adaptation to the genius of the English language, are to this hour unparalleled. . . . But the highest quality of his music is its genuine English character. In this respect it remains wholly unrivalled." Purcell was clearly indebted to Carissimi and Stradella for some of his method, but he does not appear to have ever plagiarised from any one. There

is a latent power and force in his expression of English words, whatever the subject treated, that is essentially his own. The energy of his modulations is sometimes bold and sublime, and affects an English listener more than all the elaborate contrivances of foreign or modern music can do. However superior, in many respects, Handel (who lived in a less barbarous age for his art, and with whom alone he can be compared) may have been, still in the accent, passion, and expression of English words Purcell's vocal writing is sometimes as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation.

But Atropos was jealous of the English *maestro's* fame, dealing with him in the zenith of his prime the same as with the bibulous monarch in *Bombastes Furioso*.

Fate cropp'd him short ; for, be it understood,  
He would have lived much longer—if he could.

Purcell died, leaving behind him an imperishable name, in 1695, at the early age of thirty-seven, that strange transitional period of genius, almost at which a Raphael, a Mozart, a Weber, and a Mendelssohn departed from us, all too young. His ashes rest appropriately in Westminster Abbey, where his name is immortalised—if such were necessary—by Dryden's epitaph: "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his own harmony can be exceeded."

(To be continued.)

## THE THISTLE.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the donor,  
Lord of Heaven's unchanging year.

—Wordsworth.

## A NIGHT IN COVENT GARDEN.

By N. S. M.

The consumption of vegetables—that important factor in our well-being—by the great populace of London, from the slender thrifty meal of the toiling artisan to the well-supplied table of the affluent—what a host of reflections does not this subject open up, or become susceptible of exciting, with discursions into general dietetics and vegetarianism?

To form for myself an accurate and independent notion, and to watch the process in its principal phase, of this interesting feature in the laws of demand and supply, I arrived on the ground a little after midnight, and then paraded for four consecutive hours, and truly impressive was the sight which greeted me, sinking into sheer insignificance all previous conceptions.

The night—if I may so term it—is mild, clear and starlit, and already have arrived and taken up position some of the huge well-freighted wagons of comestibles, with others now following at frequent intervals; whilst in the Flower Market—an addition of modern times—the process of unloading is actively going on at 2 a.m. Overhead is the “Plough,” seeming to grace the scene with an appropriate presence, and not far removed are Cassiopæia and her “guards;” while Luna’s gentle radiance—herself unseen—seems to smile propitiously on this practical climax to operations which she has been silently and benignantly watching and fostering from their inchoation.

Little noise is heard save the tramp and ring of the horses’ shodden hoofs as they come advancing in more rapid succession, doing their work honestly, as if conscious of the deep value of their services. Soon are they regaling themselves in the good dimensions of the fragrant nosebag, whilst their directing spirits, the teamsters of the neighbouring counties, betake themselves to the friendly tavern near, whose hospitable doors, by permit of *special license*, yield obediently to their eager

impact; or ensconced in some sequestered doorway, or propped by pillar or other “coign of vantage,” or with only sack or scanty straw to serve as extemporised mattress, submit themselves to the sway of the drowsy god and of tired nature’s sweet restoring influence. And what visions of halcyon bliss may crown their slumbers none may know, if rather they be not so profound and sweet and sheerly oblivious, as most surely are those of the hard and honest toiler. Mountains of the brassic vegetable loom in the darkness, deftly piled with artistic skill, while the air is redolent of thyme and marjoram, onions and sage, etc., suggestive of the appetising dishes to be wrought therewith. The leek, the garlic, all are there, and make one perhaps the more vividly appreciate and sympathize with the sighings of Israel’s old forefathers in the arid and sterile desert as they—however inadvisedly—recriminated and lamented on their Egyptian experiences. (2.30 a.m.) The stars hide their diminished heads and a new light overspreads the heavens; “peep-o’-day” is ushered in. The unpacking and stacking proceed with orderly and quiet measure—piles of succulent carrot, hills of gaudy radish, baskets innumerable of early gooseberries, bundles of homely horse-radish heaps on heaps, gaping hampers of spinach and sorrel leaves, yet wet with their native dew, by this time greet the admiring eye. (3 a.m.) Broad dawn of day; more and more activity prevails around. Other visitors, purchasers, and “loafers” ready for any job, appear upon the scene, and the whole array of “Covent Garden” is displayed to view. Artichokes, asparagus, rhubarb, cucumbers, French beans, currants (a few, and these but green—indicating the effort to provide the earliest sample, which will, doubtless, realise some fancy price), boxes of carefully packed cherries, strawberries (a few), and other delicacies of the opening season—all now ready for business, which, at 3.30 a.m., is duly

proceeding; vendors booking orders and receiving "cash down," from their clients, whose carts at hand will soon begin to reduce the plenteous store. Leaving these now for the Flower Market, I proceed thither. The rule is strict there; business must not commence before 4 a.m., or be continued after 9 a.m.

Flower-girls are already seated at their baskets, making up the contents into "button-holes," etc. Entering, I find the supply is noticeable rather for its magnitude than choice selection—plants, of course, "to suit the market." Glaring reaches of pelargoniums are now beheld the tiny double nasturtium (*Tropæolum*) with its pretty miniature leaf, brilliant calceolarias, fuchsias in fine bloom, the pretty deep blue lobelia, cornflower of lighter hue of the same, the popular "Marguerite" chrysanthemum, roses, pansies, the delicate maiden-hair fern, and handsome foliage of the *Colia*, *Caladium*, and numerous other kinds are here in wondrous profusion, which the duly licensed *women* porters are conveying outwards for delivery to buyers. But "steady," my Pegasus; no dichotomising; the realm of Flora, fascinating and delightful as the goddess is ever, and wielding an influence so potent, irresistible and magical, must not be obtruded upon in any perfunctory manner. The subject is too ample in scope, copious and discursive in detail, for other than an article devoted exclusively to its consideration. Seeing that all is now in train, and noting the

quiet confidence and satisfaction of the vendors at their ability to obtain good remunerative prices for their produce, as it is now 4.15 a.m., I betake me homewards, pleased and impressed by what I have witnessed, and reflecting that the same is repeated thrice weekly the year round. The unladen wagons are also leaving, while now come streaming along vans, carts, and trucks of the large buyers, retailers and petty hucksters, who by 8 a.m. will have pretty well cleared away the huge piles and loads at present clogging the market-place and blocking its several approaches. By this, the "rosy morn" has duly greeted us, and the golden effulgence now spreading around assures me that the great and glorious orb of day once more has risen "to run," rejoicingly, "his race."

Now too, ere the ceaseless traffic starts, the horse-sweepers and water-carts with their attendant troops are seen actively preparing the streets; milk-contractors' vans are proceeding to the several railway termini, there to be freighted with the daily matutinal supplies of this indispensable and therefore inestimable beverage; the letter-carriers, to make their first sorting of letters, already collected from the pillar-boxes, for despatch of mails by the early trains and general breakfastable delivery. Thus this "mighty heart," which for a few hours merely has been "lying still," is again bestirred, once more pulsates, and another round of Life in London is seen to have fairly begun.

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## SLANDER.

———Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,  
This viperous slander enters.

—Shakespeare.

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

## No XI.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

On my second visit to Sydney, I applied for and obtained about sixty blocks of dry back country, intending to undertake another long and arduous journey to examine them; keeping what might be approved of and rejecting the others. In April, 1871, I started by rail for Deniliquin to take the coach thence to Wilcannia. I had my usual outfit with me, and when I took my ticket in Melbourne I offered to pay for my outfit. When I reached Deniliquin, the coach agent refused to send my outfit by the same coach. Thus I had to remain three days in that township for another coach. The coach proprietors, however, afterwards made amends for my detention by the officious agent.

In those days the coach journey to Wilcannia was a severe trial to weak persons. There was only one place—Booligal—where a night's rest could be got; the other nights and days were spent in the coach. It is a comical sight when all a coach load of passengers, except the observer, are asleep. Every one has lost control of his head. Some are wagging them from side to side, whilst others are incessantly nodding.

From Mount Manara onward to Wilcannia is the part known as the seventy-mile track. The country is nearly all level, openly covered with shrubs and small trees. Sand-ridges and wide flats occur alternately. It is very remarkable that such sand-ridges all trend due east and west, as in the great mallee scrub in Victoria, and in the country north of the lower Murray, in New South Wales. There is a small tree very common along the seventy-mile track. It is an acacia; its leaves are long and very narrow, but are in great masses. The wood has a pleasant scent, like violets,

and is what is used by the blacks for making their spears. They call it Neelya; the two final letters being pronounced like a Dutchman's word for *yes*. The blacks use the same termination in their names for many places, and although the white inhabitants absurdly spell such names with an "ia," they are all pronounced as if the termination were "ya." Wilcannia, for example, should have been spelt Wilcanya, as it is pronounced.

On the seventy-mile track the road passes through nine miles of mallee scrub, which grows on a succession of sand-ridges. The road is, in consequence, so heavy, that the coach not only proceeds slowly, but the passengers have generally to dismount and walk. The undergrowth in the scrub consists chiefly of porcupine grass.

At Wilcannia, I took the Bourke coach to the Nelyambo Station. Here again the whites have adopted a native name, misspelling and mispronouncing it. The blacks put the accent on the first syllable, and pronounce it *Nel'iumbo*, a more musical word than Nely-ām'-bo. After some delay at the station, I was provided with three horses and a man to go with me, and we started to go eastward to the Rankin's Hill blocks. There had been no rain, and we could find no water. On the second day we had a shower—hardly enough to wet the surface—yet we were enabled to collect a little water. I mention this, because there have been disputes amongst bushmen in reference to the origin of small round bare spots, which are met with in great numbers on sandy country. Such spots are from one to two feet in diameter, have a slightly depressed surface, and are so hard that a horse's foot, in dry or wet weather, leaves no impression on them. The slightest shower leaves water on these

spots, and it can be collected easily with a sponge. I have heard bushmen offer numerous conjectures as to their origin. They are made by white ants, which have dwellings with numerous galleries in nearly every square foot of the clayey subsoil. Where the surface is sandy, they build their hard clayey structures up into the sand, and they are thus enabled to reach their food—fallen timber—without exposing themselves to the abhorred light. Where their structures have been raised near to the surface nothing will grow over them, and thus the winds sweep away the loose sand. It was rather too early in the winter to expect rain. I therefore determined to travel up to the Queensland boundary, to examine blocks between the Warrego and Culgoa rivers.

Returning to the Darling we travelled up it to Toorale station, where we crossed to the right bank. Toorale homestead, like some others on the Darling, looked like a fortified place. It was surrounded by an embankment from eight to ten feet high, but there was a gap left to be closed in flood time. The Warrego joins the Darling two miles below the Toorale homestead, and from it the Warrego River timber is seen across the plains. Journeying north we reached the Warrego at Carne in ten miles. The general course of the Warrego is from north to south. It has a defined channel, but with few natural waterholes. Above Carne there are forests of *gydia*. This is an *acacia*. The growing timber emits a most offensive smell on a wet day, or when there is a heavy dew. The wood has no scent like many of the other *acacias*, but it is more compact, heavier, and more beautiful than any of them. It is, like many other things in the world, not appreciated because it is not known, but it will be extensively used some day, in cases in which hardness, durability, weight, and beauty, are considered meritorious qualities.

Forty-five miles up the Warrego there is an overseer's station belonging to the Toorale run. It has a long, very musical, native name, which is generally misspelt and mispronounced. This is *Win-la-brinna*—the accent being on

the penultimate syllable. I met here, in the position of a solitary sheep overseer, a very extraordinary character; a man of such great natural ability, and such a cultivated intellect, that he might have been an ornament to the world and a credit to himself, had he not, for some cause or another, drifted into the Australian wilderness to live a solitary life in vain. Our next stage took us past Ford's Bridge, which is on the main track from Bourke to Charlesville, on the Paroo, in Queensland. On a sandhill above Ford's Bridge, I met with a tree I had never seen before. It is called the native Peruvian bark tree. A decoction of the bark is used sometimes by bushmen in the absence of quinine. The tree is small but elegant, with shining, light green leaves. The bark is very thick, and is very bitter in taste. I have recently learned from a young medical gentleman, to whom I had given a piece of the bark, that it contains a large proportion of quinine. Above Winalabrinna we met a flood coming down the Warrego. The track was flooded, and we had to keep back from the river. The Lylla Spring station was then unoccupied by stock, and the homestead was a picture of desolation. On this station, which is about thirty-five miles from the Queensland boundary, I saw for the first time mud springs. A few miles back from the river, and on the main track from Queensland to Bourke there is a wonderful number of these springs, on an open depressed area of about ten acres in extent. Around it the surface is ten or more feet higher, and very rocky. In an active mud spring the upward movement of the thick mud is very slow. The mud thus flows out from the centre, hardens, and in time forms a mound. When a mound has reached the height of about twenty feet, the flow of mud stops, and the whole mound becomes firm. I rode to the top of one, and could count about twenty other mounds. Some of the smaller ones were active, and in riding over the area I could see where new ones were beginning to break through the surface. Such require to be avoided, as they are dangerous bogs. It appears that the upward pressure of the mud is only sufficient to raise it to

the height of about twenty feet ; the mound then becomes solid, and the mud finds a new vent. It is a curious sight to see on such a small area so many high cones, the diameter of whose base is but little more than their elevation. There is usually a water spring near mud springs. The mud is, I think, chiefly kaolin.

The furthest point on the Warrego I required to reach was a place called Erringonia, about twenty miles from the Queensland border. This is the correct native name of the place, but in telegrams it is absurdly called sometimes Ingonia, or Engonia. We found there a public-house and store. A track here goes eastwards to the Culgoa, through some of the blocks to be inspected. We had not got many miles east from the Warrego, when we found that a deluge of rain had recently fallen and that the whole surface of the country was under water. For six or eight miles the plains were covered with water to the depth of six inches, and for some distance before we got to dry land to camp the water was knee-deep. From its surface crowds of whistling ducks were constantly rising. We shot a number of them as they passed overhead, but we did not prize them much—they were dry and tough, like the flesh of a working bullock. Seven of the eleven blocks to be examined were plains sheltered by belts of *gydia* ; a fine sheep country, richly covered with grass and herbs. Two blocks were inferior ; surface undulating and sandy, vegetation coarse, and the whole much covered with *mulga*. On the main public track to the Culgoa there is a fine strong spring, which the Lands Department had very unwisely allowed to be selected. It is the only permanent water between the two rivers ; and, in the public interest, should have been reserved from selection. The country around is very worthless. In going north from the spring to see some blocks near the Queensland boundary, I found the country utterly useless—a succession of high sand-ridges densely covered with scrub. As we emerged again upon the plains, we found them occupied by a herd of cattle. They were travelling from the New England district to the Bulloo River

in Queensland. They were in charge of the late Mr. Thomas Foot, whom I had known as a boy many years before at Elsternwick, Victoria. Our camps being near we exchanged visits—I dining with him at his camp and he having tea at ours. Mr. Foot had with him a number of fine active young fellows, and it was interesting to notice the perfect regularity followed in the management of the two thousand head of cattle, by night especially.

On getting back to the Warrego we found that a party of bushrangers had been at Erringonia. Instead of returning down the Warrego I returned by the track to Bourke, and on reaching West Bourke I was overhauled by a would-be smart trooper. He seemed to have made up his mind that we were the bushrangers. We had just come from Erringonia, and we were armed with one double-barrelled fowling-piece. Very slowly, and seemingly with much misgiving, this bright specimen of a trooper concluded that we were not what he wanted, and so he left us.

West Bourke is on the right bank of the Darling, two miles higher up than Bourke. It has an infinitely better site for a town, as it is high and dry, and never can be flooded ; whereas Bourke itself, situated on a box flat liable to inundation, has a very poor prospect before it in the future, when such floods as have never been hitherto experienced may be expected. A great flood had come down since the time of our crossing at Toorale, and the water was expected to inundate the streets. It was a comical sight to see the townspeople with pick and shovel, throwing up embankments in the streets to keep their shops and houses dry. Whoever placed Bourke on its present site was probably considered quite sane enough for such a job at the time, whatever doubts may arise now or hereafter. It is a great blunder to lay out a town on an unsuitable site, only because a blacksmith, and a shoemaker, and a tailor, and a shanty-keeper, have built their huts there for mutual accommodation.

From West Bourke we crossed to Winalabrinna. The country consists of open plains, and between them and about eight miles of sandy country

covered with mulga scrub on the east side of the Warrego, there are extensive cane-grass claypans. Nothing but cane-grass grows in such swamps on claypans. These are natural depressions, into which storm waters have flowed for ages. The waters carry with them white clay in suspension—hence such claypans are level areas of firm, white clay. Cane-grass grows in tussocks from four to six feet high, resembles bamboo in miniature, and, like it, has a thick external coating of silex.

From the Warrego to the Paroo there is a tract of dry back country a hundred miles wide. At a place called Goonery, belonging to the Toorale station, there are a mud and a water spring, which we passed. The mud spring is active, and is remarkable, although the mound is only a few feet in height. At the base of the small mound are a number of angular pieces of rock, which have apparently come up with the mud. These appear to be masses of schist rock, hardened and almost changed into silica. There are no surface rocks in the locality. Between the Warrego and Paroo we passed over some fine saltbush plains, to the west of which were a succession of small plains sheltered by clumps and belts of timber. We had to camp there without water for the horses; and our rest was disturbed by wild horses, with which the country seemed to be stocked. Had we allowed our horses to get far from the camp, we should doubtless have had them taken away or driven by the wild ones. We were about nearly all night, and we were further disturbed by wild cats (domestic cats gone wild) fighting with each other, or killing birds, near our camp. Further on we passed, in a north and south depression, some small lakes, the dry beds of which consisted of gypsum in small crystals. Our next camp was at the northern end of vast plains, stretching south to the horizon. Every depression was full of water, and the vegetation was most luxuriant. A thunder-shower had watered a small area there some weeks earlier. Our next stage brought us to the Cuttaburly Creek, which, flowing in high floods out of the Warrego, beyond the Queensland boundary,

crosses the back country diagonally to the Paroo. There is no defined channel; it is a valley rather than a creek. At the Cuttaburly we camped under some splendid specimens of the beautiful tree named in honour of Professor Owen. Such trees would be great ornaments in private grounds or public parks, but, unfortunately, it seems the seeds will not germinate. I have tried them several times in vain; the blacks say that they never grow. The roots spread far, and send up shoots which grow into trees. The fruit is about the size of a loquat, of a purple colour, and is extremely sour, but pleasant to eat in hot weather when one is thirsty. I have met with specimens having yellow fruit. The pericarp is thin, and the stone consists of woody fibres, so crossing each other that the stone cannot be broken with a hammer. Three small kernels are in each, placed in cells near the centre of the solid stone. It appears probable that the seeds cannot germinate till the stone decays. I find that about two years are necessary to effect this, and then the seeds or kernels have perished also. There are four varieties of this fruit-bearing tree. I had met with one on the Mackenzie in Queensland.

We reached the Paroo river at that now rather notorious place, Wanaaring, and shortly after the date so often referred to in a case recently before the Supreme Court, and which was absurdly spun out to the glory of the lawyers, and for the lesson that none but wealthy persons should presume to seek for a divorce.

From Wanaaring we went west over some of the Urisina blocks. After a journey of two days out and two back, without finding any water, we were forced to go elsewhere. We then descended the Paroo to Goorimpe, and went thence west to some of the Monolon Peak Downs blocks, but again the want of surface water drove us back. It was now the month of July, but no rain had fallen for a long period on that part of the country. Going still down the Paroo to Tongo, and to Wonko, with the intention of crossing to Yancannia, ninety miles to the westward, at Wonko

we seemed to be again looked upon as bushrangers. We saw the station people peeping at us as we drew near, but when we got up to the buildings no one was to be seen. It is usual on riding up to a station to give your name, and you are then asked to dismount. When some man at last ventured out to see what we wanted, on my giving my name, he politely told me that we should find a waterhole up the Wonko Creek, with plenty of grass about it. On we went. After the sun had gone down, we reached a waterhole, where thousands of sheep watered every day, and there was not a vestige of vegetation in the locality. We could not camp with nothing for our horses to eat. We went back after nightfall to near the station and camped. In travelling up the Wonko Creek we came upon a place where there was an excavation in the bank covered with bark, and a stout sapling placed from bank to bank. Apparently a number of vessels had been suspended over fires by fencing wire. It was just such a spot as might have been selected for illicit distillation, and all the appearances indicated that it had been so used.

Some geological interest is attached to this region. Near where the Wonko Creek flows out (when it runs), upon the flat country towards the Paroo Channel, fossil bones of gigantic size were found by the Messrs. Bonney, of Momba, some years ago. Some of them were sent to Professor Owen, some, I believe, are in the Melbourne Museum, and I have seen some of them at Momba. They were much encrusted with concretionary lime, and had belonged to some gigantic animal now extinct.

At the head of the Wonko creek there is a high rocky range, trending north and south. This is an important geographical watershed. All the waters on its east side flow towards the Paroo channel and the Darling, whilst those on its western side flow north-west towards Torrowoto Swamp and Yantara Lake. Climbing over rocks, we got through a gap, and emerged upon an elevated open tract, much covered with waterworn stones, which made our unshod horses quite lame. After descending through a gap in Cadell's Range,

and crossing many miles of beautiful, open, grassy country on the Yancannia Station, we struck the track to that station from Wilcannia. At Yancannia we were received with kindness and hospitality by Mr. Reid. I here saw one of those dangerous characters that are too often met with in the back country. He had overheard his employer finding fault with him to another person. In an instant he worked himself into a fearful enraged state. I thought that violence would be used, and I tried to sooth the man. Some weeks afterwards I saw him in Wilcannia. He stopped me in the street, and said that if I had not interfered he would have murdered his employer with his axe. On the same occasion I had to assist in reducing a dislocation of the shoulder of one of Mr. Reid's sons, caused by his horse falling with him.

There ought to be a marked tree near the station on the Yancannia Creek, at one of Howitt's camps. This tree is the starting point from which many of the blocks I wished to examine are laid down on the Government map. The tree seemed to have disappeared. Its position was about Lon.  $142^{\circ} 40' E.$ , Lat.  $30^{\circ} 20' S.$  I went east and north-east to some of the highest points of the Yancan Bollo ranges, to take bearings of any remarkable features. The rock on the highest points consists of felspathic porphyry, and contains large crystals of felspar, but many of the highest ranges are covered with waterworn stones, closely packed together. Smaller stones of the same description lie thick upon the flat country, near all the hills and ranges wherever they exist; but such tracts of stony ground are usually on the east or south-east side of these elevations, from which they appear to have been carried. It is a very remarkable fact that all the loose rounded stones, and nearly all the rocks throughout all these regions, have been hardened or metamorphosed by silica. Even rocks retaining traces of their original stratification are as hard as quartz. Metaphorically we speak of people being in hot water, but all the north-west angle of New South Wales seems to have been actually subjected to hot water, containing silica in



solution. All the water-worn stones on the surface of the country are of the same character, and if they belong to the tertiary period, the hot bath to which the country was subjected must have occurred prior to that era. On some stones the silica seems to have dropped like melted wax—one big drop followed by smaller ones—one above another, whilst in many places, pure silica of a cream colour, seems to have been deposited on some perishable substance, which having decayed, the mass of silica forms now a tube several inches in diameter, but very rugged in shape. A number of these often lying together look like a heap of bones.

In about Lat.  $29^{\circ}$  and Lon.  $142^{\circ} 40'$  there is a great surface depression, extending north and south for nearly ninety miles, by a width of from twenty to thirty. The blacks call this depression Bullogurra. It is the basin or lake into which the river Bullo flows from Queensland. When filled by a flood, it forms the greatest sheet of water I have seen in Australia. It is shallow, and the water is white and thick. It is fresh, and is thus an exception to the scientific theory that all lakes and depressions which have no outlet should be salt. On boring to the depth of twelve feet below the fresh water I found that there is water rising to within six feet of the surface, which on testing it I found contained 5760 grains of salt to the gallon—much more than twice as much as sea-water. On the margin of this great basin grows a species of clover or trefoil, which, like red clover, is often fatal to cattle unaccustomed to eat it. A dark-coloured aphid is often found on this trefoil; and horses feeding amongst it are attacked by the aphides, but only where there are white spots on their noses or feet. This, I think, is a new and extraordinary fact in natural history. It seems almost incredible that these small creatures, which live upon vegetables, should become carnivorous.

A slight shower having fallen, I determined to travel eastward, over the blocks I wished to examine. So long as we were on the blocks furthest west, we found enough water for ourselves and horses; but as we went east we could

find none for either for two days and nights, when we reached the Paroo again, and thence travelled to Wilcannia. On our way thither we were often on the edge of the great flood, out from the Darling on the plains, and got as many duck eggs as we could use. About sixty miles north from Wilcannia, we passed Peri Lake, into which the flood waters of the Darling were flowing half-a-mile wide and more than knee deep, covering the badly defined track. The ground, covered with water, was very boggy, but by keeping on the track as well as we could we got safely over. The beautiful white sand in the bed of Peri Lake would be of great value in the manufacture of the finer descriptions of glass, if it could be made available.

In the back country, but never very far from water, we frequently saw flocks of emus. We shot and skinned a number of them. They are easily induced to come within range by a short whistle resembling the call of a young one; but, independently of this, they readily come up to gratify their natural curiosity, and examine any object new to them. At our camps we pegged out the skins on the ground, and sprinkled them with cold ashes. These contain a great deal of potash; this, to some extent, unites with the fat on the skin, and forms a crude soap, which we scraped off in the morning before starting.

Throughout the Darling country old and new burrows exist, the origin of which appears to be generally unknown. A round area, from five to ten yards in diameter, has been so burrowed, and the excavated material so heaped up that it is considerably higher than the general surface, whilst numerous drives descend at a high angle to the chambers below. One evening our camp was near one, and we wished to find out by what animal such burrows are made. By lying down at sunset, with an ear to the ground, a strange commotion was heard below, indicating a large number of animals, some running about and others uttering a low grunt. Retiring to a convenient distance to allow the inhabitants to come out, one emerged from a hole, before it was quite dark, and was

instantly shot. It was an animal I had never seen before. It was larger than a rabbit; reddish brown in colour; head round, with blunt nose; excessively short but broad ears, with round tips; eyes large—for night work; fore-legs very short, but excessively strong; and feet armed with strong bent claws—made expressly for burrowing; hind-legs enormously long; and tail long and smooth. It was a marsupial. I have no doubt it is either the *Betu* or *Yelta* of the blacks—I think the former. As it is a nocturnal animal, it is never seen by day. Judging by the full development of its hind legs, it must jump like the kangaroo, as its balancing tail also indicates, whilst its motion must be extremely swift, like a vision of the night.

The traveller through dry country may always know if water exists within a few miles by the description of animals and birds he meets with. If he sees emus, magpies, parrots or pigeons, he may be certain that there is some water not far away. Kangaroos, dingoes and crows are not to be relied upon. If he sees no living creature except insect-eating birds and snakes, he may be sure that no water exists within reach, and he need not look for it. I have often found small pools of water by noticing the direction in which pigeons and other birds were flying just before sunset, when they usually take a drink before settling for the night. The direction obtained, bush experience comes into use to guide one to success. If he finds a patch of salt-bush or cotton-bush in a flat at the foot of a slope, he will more likely find water there than anywhere else.

There is a very remarkable description of rat in many parts of the back country, between the Warrego and Paroo rivers, and on the country west of the Paroo. It is known as the "stockade rat," because it builds a stockade of sticks, so firmly put together that no enemy can disturb them. The blacks of the Yancannia tribe call this rat *Kolle*—because it builds a house, that being their word for *house*. Some of their houses are three feet in height and four feet in diameter. Within are chambers in stories, with sloping galleries from one to another. There

are usually several entrances, but all on a level with the ground floor, protected by some natural obstructions from attack, and affording cover from view in case the inhabitants have to make their escape. We laid siege to one house, and captured three of the inmates after much trouble, a number of the others inside at the time escaping. We carried them on the pack-horse for some weeks, but discovering that they were infested with parasites, including ticks, we let them go.

We often saw dingoes; some of them were beautiful black and tan, with white mark on chest, and tail with a white tip. There is a bright black ant, which Sir John Lubbock would be glad to study. It is about three-quarters of an inch in length. It is very timid, and when frightened doubles its abdomen underneath its body and runs away. Its great peculiarity, however, consists in its habit of carrying another ant, either for its own amusement or to gratify the individual carried. When one is about to carry another they face each other, and both taking hold with their forceps, one throws himself backwards upon the other's back, when his friend walks off with him. When I first observed this, I thought one ant had found another disabled or sick, and was taking him home. I touched the carrier with a twig. He instantly put down his load, and searched about to find what had interfered, but, as the other did not move, I thought he was ill. They soon took hold of each other, and started again. I touched them a second time, with the same result. They then resumed their journey, and I saw them reach their home. Such a display of kindness by one ant to another, by helping him in his sickness and trouble, excited my admiration; for it was as much as a loud professor amongst men would do for another, if there was a chance of its being reported in the newspapers. On another occasion I saw a whole line of the same ants travelling from one home to another, and every one had another on its back. In order to find out if anything was wrong with those carried, I touched several pairs. They always put down their loads; but, after careful observation, I found that on resuming

the journey the previous carrier often took his position on the back of the other. It seemed, after all, that this remarkable ant is exactly like the loud professor aforesaid, who is always ready to help those not requiring it, or those who can render a similar favour to himself.

Besides the fruit-bearing Owen-tree (*Owenii Oviduli*), there is one known as the native orange. Some specimens grow to the size of trees, but usually it is met with as a large bush. The leaves are dark green, the foliage very dense, and the branches prickly. The fruit grows to the size of a small orange, and is full of seeds. It is not an orange at all. Baron von Mueller informed me that it is a true caper. A useless tree, known as the pepper-and-mustard tree, the taste of its leaves having suggested the name, grows quickly to a height of twenty-five feet, but it is destitute of strong, woody fibre, and is more like an herb than a tree. It is easily broken down by the wind, when fresh shoots spring up from the broken stem.

A tree, known as beefwood, is widely distributed. The wood is dark red, with a purple tinge, coarse-grained, and soft. It is valuable for fencing or building if it is split; but when used unsplit an insect called "the borer" destroys the sap-wood. This tree is a species of banksia or honeysuckle; but, instead of the cone-like seed-vessel of the other honeysuckles, it bears small pods, containing one seed each. The largest trees in the back country are box or bloodwood. The latter is a eucalyptus, but not identical with the tree so named on the east coast of New South Wales. Of box there are two varieties; the most common is the desert-box, with thick rough bark. The other has smooth white thin bark. What is called the ironwood-tree is an acacia. The wood is so hard as to render it useless for fencing. Mulga, box, and beefwood are chiefly used. On the north-west side of the Darling there is not much pine, except on the hills, and this fact is in one respect satisfactory. Where there are pine trees,

as on the opposite side of the river Darling, there is an immediate prospect of the pasture over large areas becoming usurped by dense pine scrubs. Yet such is the ignorance of the powers that be that pine scrub must not be destroyed. An acacia which is deciduous grows in the back country. It is very prickly, and is generally selected by small birds as the safest place for their nests, because crows, hawks, kites, and snakes, cannot get to them there.

It is very remarkable how the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms wait for rain. When the breeding season comes, if no rain has fallen, the gloom of winter remains unbroken. Trees and shrubs attempt to blossom. A few blossoms may be put forth. Then, two or three months afterwards, when abundance of rain falls, the trees, shrubs, and herbs burst into full flower, and every living creature feels bound to begin reproduction, and the whole face of the earth rejoices.

All the blocks I examined were good, but worthless without water. Before starting on this long journey to examine them I had transferred three-fourths to others, without any advantage. On those blocks I retained nothing could prudently be done for several years in consequence of dry seasons, and the high price of everything resulting from the river Darling remaining unnavigable; but during all such delay the lessees of dry back country continued to pay rent—a fact which was easily forgotten when it was convenient to forget it. The result of their experience is that after ten or fourteen years of waiting for better seasons, enduring many hardships, privations and suffering, loss of health, death and destruction to man as well as beast, some of those lessees have reason to regret having had anything to do with the dry back country of New South Wales. When the pioneers of a great and noble colony come to that conclusion, it is no wonder if they sometimes ask whether it has awoken to the "enthusiasm of self-sacrifice," or only to the enthusiasm of sacrificing others?

(To be continued).

## ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

## No XI.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

On my second visit to Sydney, I applied for and obtained about sixty blocks of dry back country, intending to undertake another long and arduous journey to examine them; keeping what might be approved of and rejecting the others. In April, 1871, I started by rail for Deniliquin to take the coach thence to Wilcannia. I had my usual outfit with me, and when I took my ticket in Melbourne I offered to pay for my outfit. When I reached Deniliquin, the coach agent refused to send my outfit by the same coach. Thus I had to remain three days in that township for another coach. The coach proprietors, however, afterwards made amends for my detention by the officious agent.

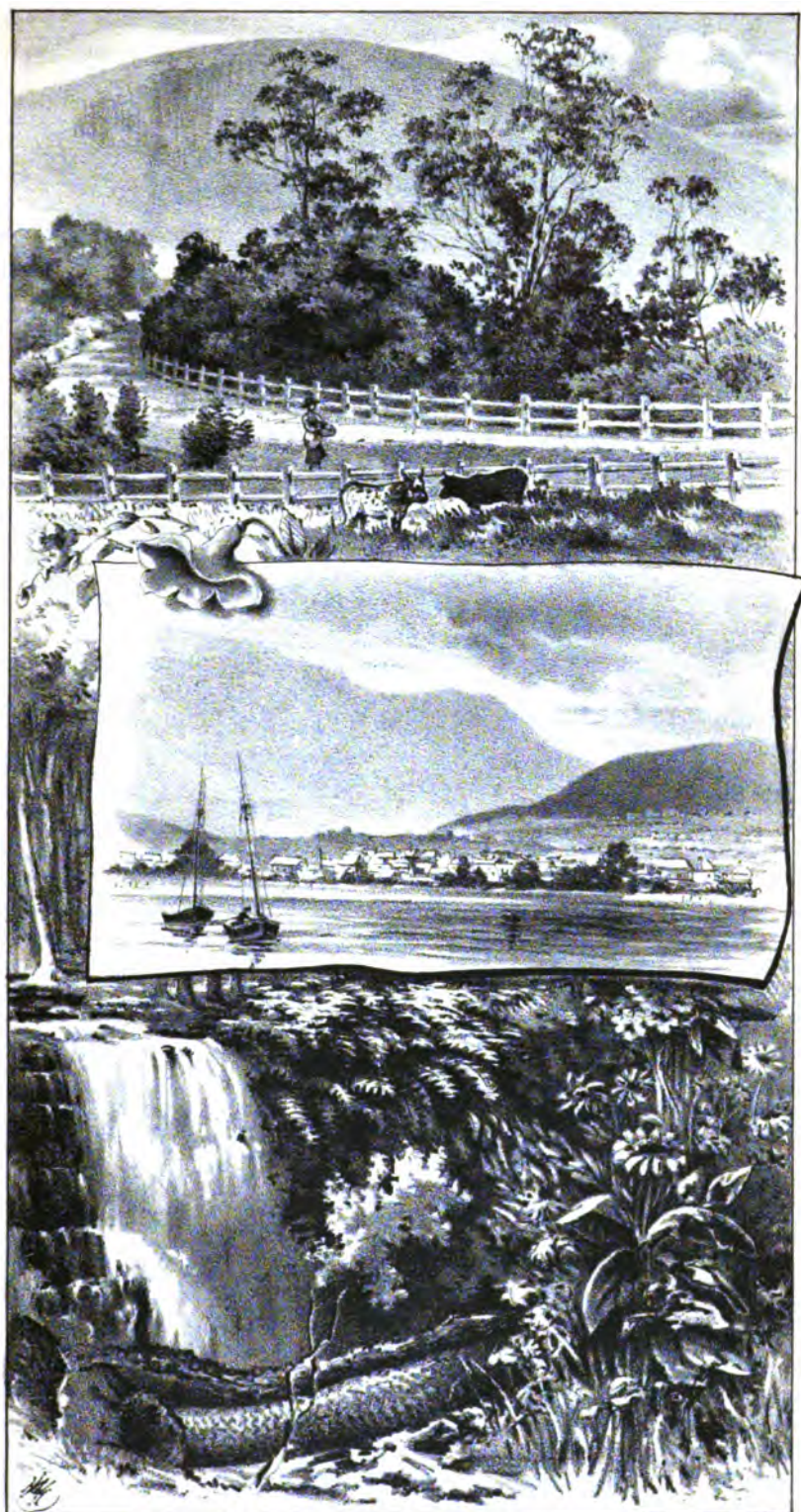
In those days the coach journey to Wilcannia was a severe trial to weak persons. There was only one place—Booligal—where a night's rest could be got; the other nights and days were spent in the coach. It is a comical sight when all a coach load of passengers, except the observer, are asleep. Every one has lost control of his head. Some are wagging them from side to side, whilst others are incessantly nodding.

From Mount Manara onward to Wilcannia is the part known as the seventy-mile track. The country is nearly all level, openly covered with shrubs and small trees. Sand-ridges and wide flats occur alternately. It is very remarkable that such sand-ridges all trend due east and west, as in the great mallee scrub in Victoria, and in the country north of the lower Murray, in New South Wales. There is a small tree very common along the seventy-mile track. It is an acacia; its leaves are long and very narrow, but are in great masses. The wood has a pleasant scent, like violets,

and is what is used by the blacks for making their spears. They call it Neelya; the two final letters being pronounced like a Dutchman's word for *yes*. The blacks use the same termination in their names for many places, and although the white inhabitants absurdly spell such names with an "ia," they are all pronounced as if the termination were "ya." Wilcannia, for example, should have been spelt Wilcanya, as it is pronounced.

On the seventy-mile track the road passes through nine miles of mallee scrub, which grows on a succession of sand-ridges. The road is, in consequence, so heavy, that the coach not only proceeds slowly, but the passengers have generally to dismount and walk. The undergrowth in the scrub consists chiefly of porcupine grass.

At Wilcannia, I took the Bourke coach to the Nelyambo Station. Here again the whites have adopted a native name, misspelling and mispronouncing it. The blacks put the accent on the first syllable, and pronounce it *Nel'umbo*, a more musical word than Nely-ām'-bo. After some delay at the station, I was provided with three horses and a man to go with me, and we started to go eastward to the Rankin's Hill blocks. There had been no rain, and we could find no water. On the second day we had a shower—hardly enough to wet the surface—yet we were enabled to collect a little water. I mention this, because there have been disputes amongst bushmen in reference to the origin of small round bare spots, which are met with in great numbers on sandy country. Such spots are from one to two feet in diameter, have a slightly depressed surface, and are so hard that a horse's foot, in dry or wet weather, leaves no impression on them. The slightest shower leaves water on these



# H O B A R T    *Page 456*

- 1 - M<sup>rs</sup> Wellington from the Huon Road .
- 2 - Silver Falls .                      3 - Sandy Bay .





slight stretch of imagination represents the letters S T. The old legend has it that this signifies spring time is approaching. The explanation, of course, is very simple. In the gullies a few hundred feet from the summit the snow remains longer unexposed to the warmth of a spring sun, and it is in the peculiar formation of these gullies that we get the two letters just referred to. The height of Mount Wellington is estimated at 4195 feet from sea level, but the trigonometrical survey gives it at 4166. There are thirteen other mountains in the colony which are higher, prominent among which may be mentioned Ben Lomond, 5002 ft.; Cradle Mountain, 4700 ft.; Dry's Bluff, on the Western Tier, 4600 ft.; and Barn Bluff, on the same tier, 4590 ft. The ascent may be roughly estimated as 2000 feet from sea level to the Springs, 1200 or 1500 ft. to the old ice house, and 700 or 800 more to the Cairn. On the summit there is a singular assemblage of boulders, which have not been inappropriately designated the "Ploughed Field." To reach the pinnacle the tourist has to step from boulder to boulder, and in doing so he must be careful of his foothold or he might come to grief in the narrow chasms. From the path leading up from the Springs some very fine views can be obtained in clear weather. In front can be seen Hobart and the opposite shores of the Derwent, Storm Bay, the South Arm, the Iron Pot, Betsey Island, Bruny, and away to the right, Brown's River. All this is seen over a middle distance of densely wooded hills. To do justice to the view, or even to give a slight idea of the magnificent scenery, would far outstretch the limits of this article. One can be enchanted with it on each succeeding visit, and then exclaim, as did Mark Antony of Cleopatra's beauty—

———"Age cannot wither it  
Nor custom stale its infinite variety."

In an eloquent tribute to the beauty of the scenery, Mr. James Smith wrote:—"The vastness of the field of vision, the lucid transparency of the atmosphere, and the interchange of mountain, valley, sea, and river, combine to fascinate your

gaze at the time, and to haunt your memory for ever afterwards. And the very clouds, which occasionally blur the scene, confer additional beauties on it; for sometimes as they break away to seaward, they disclose one of the islands in the estuary, so completely detached from the line of the horizon as to appear as if suspended in the heavens, and sometimes a strong sun-beam striking on the valley of the Huon, while all around is mist and purple shadow, kindles the tract of country it illuminates into such a lustre that it appears to be absolutely transfigured, and recalls to your recollection the light which abode upon the Land of Goshen, when impenetrable darkness had settled upon the rest of Egypt. As it flashes in the sunlight, or fades in the shadow, the Derwent gleams like a sheet of burnished silver, or assumes the colour of a turquoise, while the undulating country inland seems to advance towards or recede from you according as it vividly reveals itself in the light, or grows indistinct in transitory gloom. The city itself, sloping towards the water's edge, looks like the collection of the tiniest of toy houses dropped by a child in careless play; and the altitude at which you stand, coupled with the amazing extent of country comprehended in the view, enables you to realise the prospect visible from a balloon."

Of the other views, one, the Silver Waterfall, justly named from its magnificence when seen on a sunny day, is about an hour's walk from the path leading from the Springs. Seen after a heavy fall of rain the effect is beautiful in the extreme. The glimpse we get of Sandy Bay, a pretty sea-side suburb south of Hobart, does not quite embrace all the charming spots to be found in this locality. Sandy Bay is only a short drive from Hobart, on a splendid road. If the tourist cares to extend his journey he can travel for miles; past the Shot Tower, on to Brown's River, over a road like a main street in any of our colonial cities. It has often occurred to casual visitors to Hobart, why some enterprising local resident has not erected a first-class hotel at Sandy Bay. In the "season" Hobart is over-crowded, and a good

hotel in the neighbourhood of the Bay should prove a profitable investment. Easy of access by road or river, a

better site one would imagine could scarcely be selected. But we suppose those on the spot know best.

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## MARY MARSTON,\*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE MORNING.

At Thornwick, Tom had been decried in the yard, by the spying organs of one of the servants—a woman not very young, and not altogether innocent of nightly interviews. Through the small window of her closet she had seen, and having seen she watched—not without hope she might be herself the object of the male presence, which she recognised as that of Tom Helmer, whom almost everybody knew. In a few minutes, however, Letty appeared behind him, and therewith a throb of evil joy shot through her bosom: what a chance! what a good joke! what a thing for her to find out Miss Letty; to surprise her naughty secret! to have her in her power! She would have no choice but tell her everything—and then what privileges would be hers! and what larks they two would have together, helping each other! She had not a thought of betraying her: there would be no fun in that! not the less would she encourage a little the fear that she might, for it would be as a charm in her bosom to work her will withal!—To make sure of Letty and her secret, partly also in pure delight of mischief, and enjoyment of the power to tease, she stole down stairs, and locked the kitchen door—the bolt of which, for reasons of her own, she kept well oiled; then sat down in an old rocking-chair, and

waited—I cannot say watched, for she fell fast asleep. Letty lifted the latch almost too softly for her to have heard had she been awake; but on the doorstep Letty, had she been capable of listening, might have heard her snoring.

When the young woman awoke in the cold grey of the morning, and came to herself, compunction seized her. Opening the door softly, she went out and searched everywhere; then, having discovered no trace of Letty, left the door unlocked, and went to bed, hoping she might yet find her way into the house before Mrs. Wardour was down.

When that lady awoke at the usual hour, and heard no sound of stir, she put on her dressing-gown, and went, in the anger of a housekeeper, to Letty's room; there, to her amazement and horror, she saw the bed had lain all the night expectant. She hurried thence to the room occupied by the girl who was the cause of the mischief. Roused suddenly by the voice of her mistress, she got up half awake, and sleepy-headed; and, assailed by a torrent of questions, answered so, in her confusion, as to give the initiative to others; before she was well awake, she had told all she had seen from the window, but nothing of what she had herself done. Mrs. Wardour hurried to the kitchen, found the door on the latch, believed

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everything and much more, went straight to her son's room, and, in a calm rage, woke him up, and poured into his unwilling ears a torrent of mingled fact and fiction, wherein floated side by side with Letty's name every bad adjective she could bring the lips of propriety to utter. Before he quite came to himself the news had well-nigh driven him mad. There stood his mother, dashing her cold hailstorm of contemptuous wrath on the girl he loved, whom he had gone to bed believing the sweetest creature in creation, and loving himself more than she dared show! He had been dreaming of her with the utmost tenderness, when his mother woke him up with the news that she had gone in the night with Tom Helmer, the poorest creature in the neighbourhood.

"For God's sake, mother," he cried, "go away, and let me get up!"

"What can you do, Godfrey? What is there to be done? Let the jade go to her ruin!" cried Mrs. Wardour, alarmed in the midst of her wrath. "You *can* do nothing now. As she has made her bed so she must lie."

Her words were torture to him. He sprang from his bed, and proceeded to pull on his clothes. Terrified at the wildness of his looks, his mother fled from the room, but only to watch at the door.

Scarcely could Geoffrey dress himself for agitation; brain and heart seemed to mingle in chaotic confusion. Anger strove with unbelief, and indignation at his mother with the sense of bitter wrong from Letty. It was all incredible and shameful, yet not the less utterly miserable. The girl whose Idea lay in the innermost chamber of his heart like the sleeping beauty in her palace! while he loved and ministered to her outward dream-shape which flitted before the eyes of his sense, in the hope that at last the Idea would awake, and come forth and inform it!—he dared not follow the thought! it was madness and suicide! He had been silently worshipping an angel with wings not yet matured to the spreading of themselves to the winds of truth; those wings were a little maimed, and he had been tending them with precious balms and odours, and ointments: all at

once she had turned into a bat, a skin-winged creature that flies by night, and had disappeared in the darkness! Of all possible mockeries, for *her* to steal out at night to the embraces of a fool! a wretched, weak-headed, idle fellow, whom every clown called by his Christian name! an ass that did nothing but ride the country on a horse too good for him, and quarrel with his mother from Sunday to Saturday! For such a man she had left him, Godfrey Wardour! a man who would have lifted her to the height of her nature! whereas the fool Helmer would sink her to the depth of his own merest nothingness! The thing was inconceivable! yet it was! He knew it: they were all the same! Never woman worthy of true man! The poorest show would take them captive, would draw them from reason!

He knew *now* that he loved the girl. Gnashing his teeth with fellest rage, he caught from the wall his heaviest hunting-whip, rushed heedless past his mother where she waited on the landing, and out of the house.

In common with many, he thought worse of Tom Helmer than he yet deserved. He was a characterless fool, a trifler, a poetic babbler, a good-for-nothing good sort of fellow; that was the worst that as yet was true of him; and better things might with equal truth have been said of him, had there been any one that loved him enough to know them.

Godfrey ran to the stable, and to the stall of his fastest horse. As he threw the saddle over his back, he almost wept in the midst of his passion at the sight of the bright stirrups. His hands trembled so that he failed repeatedly in passing the straps through the buckles of the girths. But the moment he felt the horse under him, he was stronger, set his head straight for the village of Warrender, where Tom's mother lived, and went away over everything. His crow-flight led him across the back of the house of Durnmelling. Hesper, who had not slept well, and found the early morning even a worse time to live in than the evening, saw him from her window, going straight as an arrow. The sight arrested her. She called Sepia, who for

a few nights had slept in her room, to the window.

"There now!" she said, "there is a man who looks a man! Good heavens! how recklessly he rides! I don't believe Mr. Redmain could keep on a horse's back if he tried!"

Sepia looked, half asleep. Her eyes grew wider. Her sleepiness vanished.

"Something is wrong with the proud yeoman!" she said. "He is either mad or in love, probably both! We shall hear more of this morning's ride, Hesper, as I hope to die a maid!—That's a man I should like to know now," she added carelessly. "There is some go in him! I have a weakness for the kind of man that *could* shake the life out of me if I offended him."

"Are you so anxious then to make a good submissive wife?" said Hesper.

"I should take the very first opportunity of offending him—mortally, as they call it. It would be worth one's while with a man like that."

"Why? How? For what good?"

"Just to see him look. There is nothing on earth so scrumptious as having a grand burst of passion all to yourself." She drew in her breath like one in pain. "My God!" she said, "to see it come and go! the white and the red! the tugging at the hair! the tears and the oaths, and the cries and the curses! To know that you have the man's heart-strings stretched on your violin, and that with one dash of your bow, one tiniest twist of a peg, you can make him shriek!"

"Sepia!" said Hesper, "I think Darwin must be right, and some of us at least are come from—"

"Tiger-cats? or perhaps the Tasmanian devil?" suggested Sepia, with one of her scornful half-laughs.

But the same instant she turned white as death, and sat softly down on the nearest chair.

"Good heavens, Sepia! what is the matter? I did not mean it," said Hesper, remorsefully, thinking she had wounded her, and that she had broken down in the attempt to conceal the pain.

"It's not that, Hesper, dear. Nothing you could say would hurt me," replied Sepia, drawing breath sharply. "It's a pain that comes sometimes—a

sort of picture drawn in pains—something I saw once."

"A picture?"

"Oh! well!—picture, or what you will!—Where's the difference, once it's gone and done with? Yet it will get the better of me now and then for a moment! Some day, when you are married, and a little more used to men and their ways, I will tell you. My little cousin is much too innocent now."

"But you have not been married, Sepia! What should you know about disgraceful things?"

"I will tell you when you are married, and not until then, Hesper. There's a bribe to make you a good child, and do as you must—that is, as your father and mother and Mr. Redmain would have you!"

While they talked, Godfrey, now seen, now vanishing, had become a speck in the distance. Crossing a wide field, he was now no longer to be distinguished from the grazing cattle, and so was lost to the eyes of the ladies.

By this time he had collected his thoughts a little, and it had grown plain to him that the last and only thing left him to do for Letty, was to compel Tom to marry her at once. "My mother will then have half her own way!" he said to himself bitterly. But, instead of reproaching himself that he had not drawn the poor girl's heart to his own, and saved her by letting her know that he loved her, he tried to congratulate himself on the pride and the self-important delay which had preserved him from yielding his love to one who counted herself of so little value. He did not reflect that, if the value a woman places upon herself be the true estimate of her worth, the world is tolerably provided with utterly inestimable treasures of womankind; yet it is the meek who shall inherit it; and they who make least of themselves are those who shall be led up to the dais at last.

"But the wretch shall marry her at once," he swore. "Her character is nothing now but a withered flower in the hands of that woman. Even were she capable of holding her tongue, by this time a score must have seen them together."

Godfrey hardly knew what he was to gain by riding to Warrender, for how could he expect to find him, Tom, there? and what could any one do with the mother? Only, where else could he go first to learn anything about him? Some hint he might there get, suggesting in what direction to seek them. And he must be doing something, however useless; inaction at such a moment would be hell itself!

Arrived at the house, a well-appointed cottage, with outhouses larger than itself, he gave his horse to a boy to lead up and down, while he went through the gate and rang the bell in a porch covered with ivy. The old woman who opened the door said Master Tom was not up yet, but she would take his message. Returning presently, she asked him to walk in. He declined the hospitality, and remained in front of the house.

Tom was no coward, in the ordinary sense of the word: there was in him a good deal of what goes to the making of a gentleman; but he confessed to being "in a bit of a funk" when he heard who was below: there was but one thing it could mean, he thought—that Letty had been found out, and here was her cousin come to make a row. But what did it matter, so long as Letty was true to him? The world should know that Wardour nor Platt—his mother's maiden name—nor any power on earth should keep from him the woman of his choice! As soon as he was of age he would marry her in spite of them all. But he could not help being a little afraid of Godfrey Wardour, for he admired him.

For Godfrey, he would have rather liked Tom Helmer, had he ever seen down into the best of him; but Tom's carelessness had so often misrepresented him, that Godfrey had too huge a contempt for him. And now the miserable creature had not merely grown dangerous, but had of a sudden done him the greatest possible hurt! It was all Godfrey could do to keep his contempt and hate within what he would have called the bounds of reason, as he waited for "the miserable mongrel." He kept walking up and down the little lawn, which a high shrubbery protected from the road, making a futile attempt,

as often as he thought of the policy of it, to look unconcerned, and the next moment striking fierce, objectless blows with his whip. Catching sight of him from a window on the stairs, Tom was so little reassured by his demeanour, that, crossing the hall, he chose from the stand a thick oak stick—poor odds against a hunting-whip in the hands of one like Godfrey, with the steel of ten years of manhood in him.

Tom's long legs came doubling carelessly down the two steps from the door, as, with a gracious wave of the hand, and swinging his cudgel as if he were just going out for a stroll, he coolly greeted his visitor. But the other, instead of returning the salutation, stepped quickly up to him.

"Mr. Helmer, where is Miss Lovel?" he said, in a low voice.

Tom turned pale, for a pang of undefined fear shot through him, and his voice betrayed genuine anxiety as he answered,—

"I do not know. What has happened?"

Wardour's fingers gripped convulsively his whip-handle, and the word *liar* had almost escaped his lips; but through the darkness of the tempest raging in him, he yet read truth in Tom's scared face and trembling words.

"You were with her last night," he said, grinding it out between his teeth.

"I was," answered Tom, looking more scared still.

"Where is she now?" demanded Godfrey again.

"I hope to God you know," answered Tom, "for I don't."

"Where did you leave her?" asked Wardour, in the tone of an avenger rather than a judge.

Tom, without a moment's hesitation, described the place with precision—a spot not more than a hundred yards from the house.

"What right had you to come sneaking about the place?" hissed Godfrey, a vain attempt to master an involuntary movement of the muscles of his face at once clenching and showing his teeth. At the same moment he raised his whip unconsciously.

Tom instinctively stepped back and raised his stick in attitude of defence. Godfrey burst into a scornful laugh.

"You fool!" he said; "you need not be afraid; I can see you are speaking the truth. You dare not tell me a lie!"

"It is enough," returned Tom with dignity, "that I do not tell lies. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Wardour. What I dare or dare not do, is neither for you nor me to say. You are the older and stronger and every-way better man, but that gives you no right to bully me."

This answer brought Godfrey to a better sense of what became himself, if not of what Helmer could claim of him. Using positive violence over himself, he spoke next in a tone calm even to iciness.

"Mr. Helmer," he said, "I will gladly address you as a gentleman, if you will show me how it can be the part of a gentleman to go prowling about his neighbour's property after nightfall."

"Love acknowledges no law but itself, Mr. Wardour," answered Tom, inspired by the dignity of his honest affection for Letty. "Miss Lovell is not your property. I love her, and she loves me. I would do my best to see her, if Thornwick were the castle of Giant Blunderbore."

"Why not walk up to the house, like a man, in the daylight, and say you wanted to see her?"

"Should I have been welcome, Mr. Wardour?" said Tom, significantly. "You know very well what my reception would have been; and I know better than to throw difficulties in my own path. To do as you say would have been to make it next to impossible to see her."

"Well, we must find her now anyhow; and you must marry her off hand."

"Must!" echoed Tom, his eyes flashing, at once with anger at the word and with pleasure at the proposal. "Must?" he repeated, "when there is nothing in the world I desire or care for but to marry her! Tell me what it all means, Mr. Wardour; for, by heaven! I am utterly in the dark."

"It means just this—and I don't know but I am making a fool of myself to tell you—that the girl was seen in your company late last night, and

has been neither seen nor heard of since."

"My God!" cried Tom, now first laying hold of the fact; and with the word, he turned and started for the stable. His run, however, broke down, and with a look of scared bewilderment he came back to Godfrey.

"Mr. Wardour," he said, "what am I to do? Please advise me. If we raise a hue and cry, it will set people saying all manner of things, pleasant neither for you nor for us!"

"That is your business, Mr. Helmer," answered Godfrey, bitterly. "It is you who have brought this shame on her."

"You are a cold-hearted man," said Tom. "But there is no shame in the matter. I will soon make that clear—if only I knew where to go after her. The thing is to me utterly mysterious: there are neither robbers nor wild beasts about Thornwick. What *can* have happened to her?"

He turned his back on Godfrey for a moment, then suddenly wheeling, broke out,—

"I will tell you what it is; I see it all now: she found out that she had been seen, and was too terrified to go into the house again;—Mr. Wardour," he continued, with a new look in his eyes, "I have more reason to be suspicious of you and your mother than you have to suspect me. Your treatment of Letty has not been of the kindest."

So Letty had been accusing him of unkindness! Ready as he now was to hear anything to her disadvantage, it was yet a fresh stab to the heart of him. Was this the girl for whom, in all honesty and affection, he had sought to do so much? How could she say he was unkind to her?—and say it to a fellow like this! It was humiliating indeed! But he would not defend himself. Not to Tom, not to his mother, not to any living soul, would he utter a word even resembling blame of the girl! He at least would carry himself generously! Everything, though she had plunged his heart in a pitcher of gall, should be done for her sake! She should go to her lover, and leave blame behind her with him! His sole care should be that the wind-

bag should not collapse, and slip out of it, that he should actually marry her; and as soon as he had handed him over to her in safety, he would have done with her, and with all women for ever, except his mother! Not once more would he speak to one of them in tone of friendship!

He looked at Tom, full in the eyes, and made him no answer.

"If I don't find Letty this very morning," said Tom, "I shall apply for a warrant to search your house: my uncle Rendall will give me one."

Godfrey smiled a smile of scorn, turned from him as a wise man turns from a fool, and went out of the gate.

He had just taken his horse from the boy and sent him off, when he saw a

young woman coming hurriedly across the road, from the direction of Test-bridge. Plainly she was on business of pressing import. She came nearer, and he saw it was Mary Marston. The moment she recognized Godfrey, she began to run to him; but when she came near enough to take notice of his mien, as he stood with his foot in the stirrup, with no word of greeting or look of reception, and inquiry only in every feature, her haste suddenly dropped, her flushed face turned pale, and she stood still, panting. Not a word could she utter, and was but just able to force a faint smile, with intent to reassure him.

(*To be continued.*)

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## "OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

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### SLEEPLESSNESS.

The most common malady of colonial life is, without doubt, sleeplessness—technically insomnia. Our Doctor, therefore, has chosen this subject for his preliminary paper, with the conviction that a few practical remarks as to the nature and treatment of the malady will prove acceptable to the readers of *Once a Month*.

Sleeplessness may be due to one or more of several different causes. In a popular paper it would be impossible to enumerate the whole of the causes. The following are the chief, however:—Mental worry and anxiety, dyspepsia, diseases of the heart and lungs, excessive muscular exertion, jaundice, many acute diseases; medicinal doses of strychnia, nux vomica, iron, and phosphorus, late in the day, will often cause bad nights to be passed. Sleeplessness is often a premonitory symptom of insanity, and almost invariably is present in mania, causing very considerable aggravation of the symptoms. The desire for sleep is often banished in those actually insane because of the frightful dreams and visions which

haunt them when they do sleep. It is of the greatest importance to remember that sleeplessness is only a symptom—a forewarning that some one or more of Nature's physical laws have been violated. It then becomes a matter of the first importance to discover the cause. The old aphorism, "Remove the cause and the effect will cease," is especially true in this connection.

The special disease of modern life is *worry*. The special result of worry is sleeplessness—"the brain, exhausted with assiduous toil, deranging the nerves, vitiating the digestive powers, disordering its own machinery, and breaking the calm of sleep by that previous state of excitement."

Sleeplessness from this cause is probably the most difficult form to treat, because its cause is most difficult to remove. The only effectual method of treatment, under such circumstances, is a spare diet of such food as will not tend to the production of acidity and flatulence—green vegetables, soups, tea and beer in excess, are especially to be avoided. Dinner should be taken at

one or two o'clock in the afternoon. A light supper is usually advisable; it should be taken an hour and a half to two hours before going to bed. Tea and coffee should be avoided in the after part of the day. The bed-room should be quiet and well-ventilated without being draughty. The bed should consist of a mattress, and there should not be too many blankets over it. It is a matter of the utmost importance that plenty of out-door exercise be taken during the day. In cases of this kind an invaluable agent for procuring sleep is a moderately warm bath taken immediately before retiring to rest. By this means a more equable blood-pressure becomes established, promoting a decrease in the heart's action, and relaxation of the blood-vessels. A sharp walk of about twenty minutes' duration before going to bed is also often very serviceable. In those cases of sleeplessness characterized by hotness of the head and coldness of the feet, a cold compress applied above the eyes, and a hot-water bottle to the feet, will often prove the means of procuring sound, refreshing sleep; or the feet may be plunged into cold water immediately before going to bed and then rubbed with a rough towel until they glow. Again, sleeplessness is often due to a disordered stomach. No food should then be taken within at least an hour of bed-time. It cannot be too generally realised that the presence of undigested food in the stomach is one of the most prevailing causes of sleeplessness.

Persons suffering from either functional or organic disease are peculiarly liable to sleeplessness. When insomnia persists, and cannot be referred to any perverted mode of life or nutrition, there is generally good reason for surmising that some malady lurking in the system is the cause of the distressing condition. In such a case it is of the first importance that a medical man be consulted early.

When sleeplessness seems to be due to mere debility, a "night cap" of whiskey and water, wine and water, or negus, is often of great value. A pipe of mild tobacco at the same time also often does good. In those cases

of sleeplessness in which "heartburn" is complained of, and in which the skin gets hot and dry, half a tumblerful of soda-water on going to bed will prove advantageous.

Of late years the dangerous and lamentable habit of taking sleeping-draughts has unfortunately become very prevalent, entailing misery and ill-health to a terrible degree. Most persons addicted to the practice of taking these draughts are of opinion that it is much better to procure sleep at any cost than to lie awake. A greater mistake could scarcely be made. The popular hypnotics seem to be chloral, and opiates such as laudanum, chlorodyne and morphia. All opiates occasion more or less mischief, and even the state of stupefaction induced by them utterly fails to bring about the revitalisation which results from natural sleep. The physiological effects of sleeping-draughts upon the system are much the same as those of excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquors. The nerve-centres are paralyzed, the stomach disordered, vomiting and loss of appetite common. Then all these sleep-producers have life-destroying properties in a low degree—an overdose often proving fatal. The state they produce is not sleep, but a counterfeit condition of unconsciousness. Chloral, above all other sleep-producers, is popularly supposed to procure a quiet night's rest without any of the disagreeable after-effects—headache, languor, sickness—produced by an opiate draught. Now chloral is *cumulative* in its action—that is, if the same dose is persistently taken night after night, for a certain time, death may ensue. Of all the hypnotics, chloral is the most deadly, and should never, under any circumstances, be taken, except under medical supervision.

In conclusion, let me reiterate that sleeplessness should never be neglected, as it acts disastrously both on the mental and physical forces. Its rational cure should be arrived at in each individual case by seeking out the cause, and then removing the morbid action, of which it is but a natural sequence. *Above all things avoid narcotics.*

## OUR GARDENER.

By D. A. CRICHTON.

In order to make a flower-garden as attractive as possible during the winter and spring months, such families of plants as are then in bloom should always be well represented. There are a large number of very attractive plants belonging to this class, many of which take up but a small amount of space, that should always find a place in a garden, whether it be large or small. Prominent among these are Violets, Primroses, Polyanthus, Daisies, and many of our most beautiful hardy annuals. The Violet is one of our most familiar flowers, and is a general favourite, as it will adapt itself to almost any soil or locality, and can be grown with little trouble. There are a number of species included in the family, the most popular being the common Sweet Violet (*Viola odorata*), the Horned Violet (*Viola cornuta*), and the Pansy (*Viola tricolor*). There are many improved varieties of the Sweet Violet in cultivation; including various shades of colour, and with both single and double flowers. The varieties known as Neapolitan and Russian Violets have long been appreciated for their fine, strongly-perfumed flowers. There are also a number of handsome florists' varieties, including the Giant, King, Queen, The Czar, Victoria Regina, and others, which are much superior to the original species. Though but little known in this part of the world the *Viola cornuta* section is well worth cultivating. There are a number of both single and double varieties, with flowers of various shades of blue and white, which are produced in the greatest profusion for several months in succession. In the Primrose family there are several very popular favourites which are invaluable as winter and spring flowering plants. The family is a large one, and embraces a great many species and varieties, a considerable proportion of which are almost unknown to Australian gardens.

First and foremost comes *Primula vulgaris* (the English Primrose) whose pale yellow delightfully-perfumed flowers are familiar to those of our readers who hail from the mother country. Though the flowers of the original species are yellow, this section also includes a number of beautiful varieties, embracing every shade of white, yellow, red, crimson, purple, and violet, both single and double, all of which are deserving of attention. *Primula elatior polyantha* is the botanic name of the well-known and popular Polyanthus, which originated from the Oxslip, an English species somewhat similar in appearance to the Cowslip. There are a large number of beautiful varieties in cultivation, including a great variety of colours. *Primula veris* is the English Cowslip, which, like the Primrose, is a favourite with many from old associations. There are several varieties in cultivation, with flowers of various shades of yellow, white, red, crimson, and purple. Among the many other species of the Primrose family the following, though but little known in this part of the world, will prove desirable acquisitions to the garden :—*P. Japonica* (Japan Primrose) a species including varieties with large masses of pale red, white, and striped red and purple flowers; *P. cortusoides*, a Siberian species, including several varieties bearing umbels of large showy white, crimson, and purple flowers; *P. Munroi*, a very robust species from Northern India, with large white flowers, produced in compact umbels. Those who intend to cultivate either Violets or Primroses should lose no time in getting the plants into the ground. If not already planted the various spring flowering bulbs must be got in at once, in order to give them a fair start. Early flowering Cape Bulbs should also be planted as soon as possible. *Liliums* and the *Amaryllis* family should be

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planted out at once in fairly dry soils, but in low-lying ground that gets sodden during the winter it will be advisable to delay for a few weeks. The planting out of Pinks, Carnations, Perennial Phloxes, and all kinds of herbaceous plants, should be completed as soon as circumstances will permit. If possible, the planting of Roses should be finished before the end of the month, as the sooner they are in their places the better. All the plants of this family are strong feeders, and when the soil is not naturally rich they should be well supplied with manure. Seeds of Mignonnette, Stocks, Wall-flowers, and the various hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials, may be sown if a stock of plants has not been already provided for. Annuals should be thinned out as soon as they are large enough to handle, allowing sufficient space between for the free development of the plants. Most of the hardy annuals will bear transplanting, and if desirable the thinnings may be utilized. The planting of deciduous trees and shrubs may be proceeded with, but unless there is a necessity for completing the work at once there need be no hurry, as the plants will do as well if shifted in July or August, when there will be less risk. Slugs at this time of the year are apt to be troublesome, and it will be advisable to keep them down by the use of powdered lime or soot when they are numerous.

At this time of the year pot plants require special attention, whether they are the occupants of a well appointed conservatory or greenhouse, or are cultivated in a more humble way. Water must, as a rule, be supplied less liberally than hitherto, giving no more than the plants actually require. In watering, plants must be treated according to their individual requirements, which will necessarily vary considerably. Those that are well established in their pots, and others that are making strong growth, will require far more water than plants that are in a comparative state of rest, or recently shifted. Plants of strong habit that are making growth will, as a rule, derive benefit from the use of liquid manure about twice a week, but no stimulant is required by

those that are inactive, or weakly ones. Any plants that are making strong growth may be repotted if they require it, but it is not advisable to disturb the roots when they are not active. In repotting plants the shifts should be regulated to a great extent by the state of the roots, and it is not advisable to give greater shifts than are actually required. As a general rule plants that have but small roots, or those of weakly habit, should have smaller shifts than those that are more vigorous. Fuchsias should have their branches neatly tied, and the points of the shoots stopped occasionally, if compact, well furnished specimens are required. Strong growth will be promoted by the use of liquid manure once or twice a week, and the plants should be frequently syringed. Pelargoniums must also have their shoots pinched back when requisite, and their branches carefully staked and tied to induce compact and symmetrical growth, and the most forward plants may now be shifted into the pots they are to flower in. Chinese Primulas and Cyclamens should have plenty of light and air, and as soon as they are in full bloom the flowers ought to be carefully shaded from the sun in the middle of the day, in order to prolong the flowering period as long as possible. Where a greenhouse or conservatory is at command, and more especially if they are fitted with heating appliances, those charming summer blooming plants the Allamandas, Aphelandras, Clerodendrons, Eranthemums, Ixoras, and Stephanotus may be grown with little difficulty. All these plants are strong feeders, and require a rich compost with free drainage to the pots. These plants may be started at once, cutting them back when growth is straggling, as the cultivator should encourage the production of a few strong shoots rather than a great number of thin weakly ones. Alocasias, Anthuriums, Crotons, Dracenas, Marantas, and many similar plants may also be grown without difficulty where a glass house is available. These plants all like liberal treatment, and their requirements are very similar. Cinerarias and Calceolarias should be well supplied with air, and kept as near the glass as possible, in order to prevent

a drawn and weakly growth. Ferns, either under glass or in the hardy fernery, should be kept moderately moist at their roots, and decayed fronds and those badly affected by insects ought to be removed from time to time.

Those who intend to plant fruit trees should be careful to make a good selection, so as not only to have the best and most profitable sorts of each kind, but also a proper proportion of early, medium, and late varieties, in order to keep up the supply of fruit for as long a period as possible. This is more especially desirable for amateur fruit growers, who cultivate exclusively for home use. In selecting young fruit trees a preference should be given to those that are well shaped, healthy and robust in growth, with straight main stems. Those that are weakly in growth, or show signs of disease or insects, should be refused, as being less likely to thrive than strong, healthy plants. Deciduous trees may be planted as soon as they have cast their leaves, but no advantage is gained by early planting, and they will do just as well if shifted at the end of next month, when there will be less risk. When trees are shifted the roots are always injured more or less, and when they lie inactive in cold wet soil for some weeks they are apt to rot or become cankered. On the other hand, when the roots become active immediately after transplanting, the plants soon recover from the check they have received. In the case of oranges, loquats, and other evergreen trees, it will be advisable to delay transplanting till August, if practicable, as they are apt to suffer severely if shifted at this time of the year. If, however, the plants have been grown in pots, there will be no danger in planting them out, as their roots will not be injured. Apple trees affected with the American blight may with advantage be washed with a weak solution of bluestone or soft soap, with a little kerosene oil mixed. Though these remedies are not absolute cures for this troublesome complaint, yet they materially assist in keeping it down. There should be no further delay in planting Strawberries, and established plantations should re-

ceive their winter dressing with manure. It is not advisable to allow strawberry beds to stand more than two, or at the most three seasons, as better results can be obtained from younger plants.

In the vegetable garden there will now be plenty of work in getting the ground prepared for seasonable crops, and attending to the wants of those that are growing. Cabbages and Cauliflowers should be planted out according to probable requirements, and a small sowing of each made for successive crops. Peas may be sown in localities where the frosts are not very severe, choosing, when practicable, ground that is not likely to get soddened with the winter rains. Growing crops of Peas should be supported by sticks when they are five or six inches above ground, in order to prevent injury from high winds and heavy rains. Even the dwarf kinds require support to prevent the stems from lying on the ground, and not only do they, as a rule, yield better crops when attended to in this respect, but are less liable to injury from frosts. This is a very good time for getting in a crop of Broad Beans in all localities where the frosts are not very severe. Asparagus beds should receive their winter dressing with manure as soon as possible, and new plantations may be made. This plant is a very strong feeder, and can only be grown to perfection in well manured ground. The old style of cultivation in raised beds, as practised in England, is not so suitable to the climatic conditions of this part of the world, as the plan of growing the plants in rows on a flat surface. Moderate sowings of Radishes, Lettuces, Mustard, and Cress should be made in order to keep up a regular supply of these popular salad plants. Globe Artichokes should be divided and replanted without delay, using plenty of manure, as strong growth is essential to these plants. The transplanting of the various culinary herbs should be no longer delayed. Carrots, Parsnips, Red Beet, Jerusalem Artichokes, and other esculent root crops, when their growth is matured, should, when the soil is very wet, be lifted and stored away for use, packing them in dry earth or sand. Those who require early Cucumbers may now

begin their preparations by making a hot-bed with some steadily fermenting material. The common way of preparing hot-beds is to get fresh stable manure, which is thoroughly mixed and turned frequently till it is brought into the required condition. When ready for use, a bed is made of the required dimensions, and the frame placed in

position, leaving it uncovered for a few days to allow the rank vapours to escape. Soil is then placed in the frame to the depth of five or six inches, into be plunged. The temperature of these which pots containing the seed should hot-beds is afterwards kept up by linings of fresh fermenting material from time to time, as required.

## THE HUMOURIST.

### PLANTS AFTER THEIR KIND.

Meissonier had a gardener who was a good botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants, and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him. "I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner-party, and he showed them a package of the roe of dried herrings. Then he sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled. The gardener arrived.

"Do you know these seeds?" Meissonier asked.

The gardener examined them with great attention, and at length replied: "Oh yes, that is the seed of the *polpus fluximus*, a very rare tropical plant."

A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier.

"How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked.

"Fifteen days," said the gardener.

At the end of fifteen days the guests were once more at table. After dinner the gardener was announced.

"M. Meissonier," he said, "the plants are above the ground."

"Oh, this is a little too much," said the great painter, and all went out into the garden to behold the botanical wonder.

The gardener lifted up a glass bell, under which was a little bed carefully made, and from which protruded three rows of red herrings, only just the heads appearing. The laugh was against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but re-engaged him next day.

### BOTH IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT.

A German citizen approached the window of a bank, and requested that a cheque payable to the order of Schweitzercase be cashed. "*Ja* dot's me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of inquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzercase. You must get yourself identified," said the teller. "How *vas* dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look. "You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer. "I don't know you." Ah *ja*," cried John, much relieved. "Dot's all right. *I don't know you neither.*"

### NOT A CASE IN POINT.

"Gentlemen," said the professor to his medical students assembled in clinic, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us, we have a well-marked development of lung disease; and I was not surprised to find, on questioning the patient, that he is a member of a brass band. "Now, sir," continued the professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I blays der drum," said the sick man.

### A PERFECT CHARACTER.

Talleyrand, being asked whether a certain authoress of his acquaintance was not a little tiresome, replied, "No; she is altogether tiresome."

## SEEKING KNOWLEDGE.

Western Congressman—"Say, Jim, have you a dictionary?"

Eastern Congressman—"No, Bill. What do you want of a dictionary?"

"You know I have received a lot of letters from my constituents lately."

"Yes; I have noticed that you had a big mail."

"Well, nearly all of them were urgent requests that I should make a big speech—the greatest effort of my life."

"A speech, but what on?"

"On the tariff."

"Well?"

"Well, I haven't any dictionary."

"But why do you need a dictionary?"

"I want to find out what the word means."

## LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

In recent elections at Brussels, the wives of members of the Conservative party entered freely into the contest. One of these ladies, after expending in buying what she did not need a considerable sum of money in a store, said to the mistress, "Your husband will, of course, vote for M. —?" The proprietress, with eyes cast down, replied, "Alas, Mme. la Baronne, I am a widow."

## MAL-A-PROPOS.

When the King of Portugal was in England, Queen Victoria presented Sir Edwin Landseer to His Majesty, as a painter whose works she had been collecting. "Ah, Sir Edwin," exclaimed the king; "delighted to make your acquaintance. I was always very fond of beasts."

## JUST AS USUAL.

An acquaintance, disputing with Porson, got the worst of the argument and lost his temper. "Professor," said he, "my opinion of you is most contemptible." "Sir," returned Porson, "I never met with any of your opinions that was not contemptible."

## THE REASON WHY SHE LIKED IT.

The Duchess de Maine said to Mdme. de Staël, "I am very fond of conversation; everybody listens to me, and I listen to nobody."

## A MODEL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says: In an old paper, worn with age and now unknown, I came across Abraham Lincoln's only autobiography. It was written in 1848 at the request of Charles Lanman, who was then making up his Dictionary of Congress and had asked Mr. Lincoln for a sketch of his life. The following is Abraham Lincoln's written reply:

"Born February 12, 1809, in Hard-  
ing county, Kentucky.

"Education, defective.

"Profession, lawyer.

"Have been a captain of volunteers  
in the Black Hawk war.

"Postmaster at a very small office.

"Four times a member of the  
Illinois Legislature.

"And was a member of the Lower  
House of Congress. Yours, etc.

A. LINCOLN."

## HE KNEW THE REASON.

When the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's, he testily answered, "Because I haven't a *mind* to do it."

## NO DOUBT OF IT.

*Smith*.—I notice that milkmen as a rule wear very heavy shoes. *Brown*.—Yes. They do it on purpose, I guess. *Smith*.—Why? *Brown*.—Because, you know, it would be rather suggestive if you could say they used pumps.

## A PASQUINADE.

Pope Innocent XI. was the son of a banker. He was elected on St. Matthew's day, and in the evening Pasquin exhibited the text, "They found a man sitting at the receipt of custom."

## THE TIME WHEN.

"It is now settled," says an exchange, "that a newly married lady ceases to be a bride and simply becomes a wife when she has sewed a button on her husband's clothes." It is this fact that makes us such happy people. The country is full of brides.

## MONTHLY NOTES.

## SCIENCE

By R. L. J. Ellery.

**SATURN.**—A story was once told by, I believe, Arago the French astronomer, to this effect. Once at a brilliant assemblage in Paris an inquisitive duchess asked a well-known savant and prominent member of the French Academy of Sciences, "What are the rings of Saturn composed of, Professor?" "I don't know, your Grace," was the reply. "What is the value of being so renowned a member of the Academy if you cannot tell me so simple a thing about one of our largest planets?" enquired the Duchess. "The value of being a member of the Academy of Sciences is, it enables me to say to such a question *I don't know.*" This is stated to have occurred over half a century ago, and those who know most about Saturn to-day would answer the same question the same way. Most of our readers at all interested in astronomy will be familiar with the appearance of this most beautiful and wonderful of our planets, either by having seen it through a good telescope, or from the excellent illustrations of it in many popular scientific works. The idea formed of its appearance from the latter source, however, must be a little modified, as most good drawings of the planet are slightly overdone. Here we have a grand globe nine times as large as our earth, surrounded by a flat ring, which is quite distinct and separated from the planet itself. The diameter of the ring is 145,000 miles, and its breadth is nearly 30,000. It is found to be divided by dark spaces, showing it to be separated into two principal rings. Another fainter dark space is seen in the outer half, as if that also were divided. The inner half is seen to have traces of division, and its inner portion is much fainter than the rest, giving the idea of a *gauzy* or *crape-like* texture as if it were translucent; this is indeed called the *crape ring*, or  *dusky veil*. The body of the planet itself is crossed by belts of a darker hue than the rest of the surface. The eight attendant moons, named in the order of proximity to the planet, are Mimas, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, Hyperion, and Iapetus. The orbits of these all lie closely in the same plane as that of the ring, and that of the outside one, or Iapetus, is nearly 2,500,000 miles from the centre of the planet itself, altogether making up the most gorgeous planetary aggregation in our system.

The ring presents to us different aspects according to its position in its orbit, and the relative positions of it to the earth and the sun, so that sometimes the ring, which must be extremely thin, appears *edge on*, and disappears from our sight, although it can even then sometimes be seen with powerful telescopes as a very faint luminous line. Again, the unillu-

minated face of the ring may be turned towards us, when the planet appears to be without this appendage, while at other times either the north or south face of the ring is presented to us with more or less obliquity, and at its greatest opening shows the face of the ring pretty full. Many years often elapse between these different stages; from 1876 to 1879 the ring was nearly edgewise to us, and from 1879 it has gradually opened out till, at the beginning of this year, it presented one of its most open appearances, and afforded an excellent opportunity for testing the powers of many grand telescopes which have come into operation since the last great opening out of the ring in 1866.

The many speculations as to the structure and constitution of the ring have never reached beyond mere hypothesis, for the actual evidence in favour of either one or the other has been so meagre as to strengthen none of them. Whether it be fluid or solid, or as more recent physicists conjecture, a dense congeries of exceedingly small satellites or meteors, or a vapour mass, even after all the recent observations have been summed up, can only be answered in the words of the French academician—"We don't know." Numerous observations and careful scrutiny with giant telescopes are constantly being made, with the view of obtaining the smallest item of knowledge in this direction, but the immense distance of the planet from us—being eight times the sun's distance at its nearest approach—has hitherto baffled the keenest observers with the best telescopes, although on every occasion like the present some new knowledge is gained and substantial progress made. While astronomers have this difficult problem yet to solve, the knowledge of the Saturnian system, the orbits, motions, masses and measures of its glorious following of satellites, is now very accurate, and astronomers are discussing small apparent discrepancies in their orbital motions with almost as much confidence as they do in the case of the planets themselves. It must be remarked, however, that astronomers are constantly calling attention to appearances they have witnessed in the planet or ring, generally, however, confined to colour or markings on one or the other, to signs of new dividing spaces in the ring itself, or to shadows. But in the examination of so distant and difficult a telescopic object, a wide margin must be left to personality, and a little allowance also made for differences of telescopes. Nothing, however, has been yet discovered which enables astronomers to say there is evidence in favour of any one of the hypotheses as regards the constitution of Saturn's ring.

## ART.

SYDNEY.

By J. G. De Libra.

The National Art Gallery of New South Wales has lately received some very important additions. Foremost must be placed—if only as a matter of courtesy—"The Satyr's Family" by L. Prion, a work which attracted considerable attention in the Paris *Salon* of 1879, and the acquisition of which is now due to the munificence of Mr. Henry Wallis, of the French Gallery in London, who has generously presented the picture to the colony, to commemorate the initial construction of the new Art Gallery building in the Domain. The painting represents a forest glade in deepening summer light, in which is seated the swarthy-bearded, uncouth, lecherous satyr, full of rampageous rustic life and Pan-like merriment, lustily snapping the time with his fingers, as the shock-headed, carrot young urchin on his knee plays small gehenna on the pipes. At his side reclines, half kneeling, half sitting, a child-woman of voluptuous mien and pose, with desire imprinted on her countenance, and skin of snowy whiteness, which is increased by the contrast of the immediate surroundings. The satyr himself possesses a distinct individuality quite different from that of the *Fauni* or the *Panes*, and would appear to have received his incarnation at the artist's hand from the celebrated *Satyrus* of Praxiteles at Athens, mentioned by Pausanias. The design and general treatment of the picture are excellent. There are points about the fore-shortening which appear to be defective as the work is now seen—right over the spectator's head—but we have every reason to believe that when it assumes a proper position on the line in its new home, it will prove to be a masterpiece of anatomical drawing.

A painful and shocking contrast is afforded by "Les Enervés de Jumièges," a large and masterly painting—now the largest but one in the collection—by E. L. Luminais, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and recipient of many medals at International Exhibitions. The subject is a very distressing one, and represents the rebellious sons of Clovis II., whom the monarch had conquered, and "enervated" by the most barbarous cautery of the ham-strings, lying side by side upon a barge, in the last stage of tortureful emaciation, and floating "down the dark waters of the silent Seine," fevered, starving, abandoned in pitiless solitude and desolation, to bide

"The doom that soon shall end their lingering pain."

The conception, the design, the treatment, and the execution of the work are all so masterful that we cannot quarrel with the trustees for having purchased it. At the same time we hope that its acquisition will not become a precedent for the addition of many examples of this morbid and ghastly phase of the otherwise fine French school. The "Execution in a Moorish Palace," exhibited at the London International Exhibition in 1871, was simply

astounding as a piece of realistic brush-work, but horrible enough to haunt and give one night-mares for a month.

In "Hermione," the artist, T. F. Dicksee, has portrayed with rare and skillful excellence, the single, beauteous figure, on which hangs the *dénouement* of the exquisite idyllic play, wherein the profoundest poet of the human heart, after he had passed through the struggles, the buffetings, the passions of the busy world, summed up in restful calm, within Paulina's chapel in the "Winter's Tale," the greatest teachings of his unapproached experience in the God-sent word, FORGIVENESS. The "living statue" stands within a niche, shaded by rich crimson curtains. The classic pose, the queenly dignity, the refined, chaste loveliness, and the natural grace of the figure—some years too young, perhaps—are exquisitely beautiful; and the introduction of just such tender colour as so startled England in Gibson's celebrated "Tinted Venus," overcomes, most happily, the difficulty of the natural flesh. Not the least remarkable feature of the painting is the perfect texture of the polished marble, with its fluted columns and panelled arabesques; and certainly the injured queen herself is such that the contrite Leontes might well exclaim

"Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her."

A splendid landscape, by Carl Heffner, completes this noble set of oils. It is called "Desolation," and represents the pestilent lagoon and vast extent of waste around the castle and ruins of Ostia in the Roman Campagna. The view appears to be taken on a late winter's afternoon, in which the peculiar effect of light may be almost described in the words which Portia applies to the moonlight at Belmont:—

"—Methinks 'tis but the daylight sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

The sun, however, is not hid, though it assumes so pallid a complexion that it might well be mistaken for the moon, but for the diffused light over the scene, and the deep orange hue that stains the Orb of Helios on its lower edge, as it sinks into the angry clouds that are lowering above Ostia. These are again reflected in the water of the stagnant fen, smooth as a mirror, except where, here and there, some little ripple gives a half discoverable line of shimmering light. "Desolation" is indeed a happy title for the scene; the crumbling columns of apparently an ancient aqueduct lending it an additional aspect of deathful dreariness, malaria, and decay. The work is the finest effort of this artist's we can call to mind.

But the trustees of the gallery have not been unmindful of the water-colour interest, and have added an extremely characteristic drawing by T. B. Hardy, called "Clearing a Wreck, Coast of Picardy." The centre of the picture is occupied by the big copper-bottomed hulk that lies lop-sided at the junction of the greyish sand and rippling tide. The mast and bowsprit

have been snapped in two, though some of the spars and rigging still remain, and stout rope ladders are hanging from the port holes. The softly clouded sky is of the delicate grey so often seen about the English and adjoining coasts; and the now bequipped waves assume the neutral, light blue aspect which such a sky invariably gives to shallow waters with a sandy bottom. Sea and shore are studded with fishing craft, casks and other articles of wreckage encumber the beach, and groups of sturdy Picard fishermen and fishwives complete a scene of animation thoroughly instinct with marine French life.

Miss Bell's fine portrait of Sir James Martin, K.C.M.G., the Chief Justice of New South Wales, is now completed, and figures staunchly for a short time in the Art Gallery, prior to assuming its destined position in the Supreme Court. Though the presentment of His Honour in no way resembles the exceedingly quaint yet dignified representation of the five judges of the Queen's Bench, that reverts to our memory in an old illuminated MS. in, we believe, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, he is nevertheless portrayed in all his much-loved toggery of scarlet and ermine. The artist has most skilfully caught Sir James' self-complacent expression; and the not too self-controlled or intellectual features are limned to the life. The difficult task of handling so large a mass of scarlet is admirably accomplished, and the portrait is altogether one that Sydney may be proud to own.

Our space forbids us to deal at much length with the fresh pabulum that the art-repositories afford. We cannot, however, entirely omit from notice some of the novelties at Mr. John Sands' gallery in George-street. Before these lines are issued to the public a *replica* of Miss Elizabeth Thompson's "Roll Call" will be on view there—the work which first made the artist's singular reputation (for a lady) as a military painter, and which is still, in the opinion of many, her finest effort. An extremely effective oil painting by Vély has recently been added to the stock, and was known in the Paris *Salon* of 1877 by the suggestive title of "Le premier pas." A young cavalier of warm Italian mien is chaperoning a dainty daughter of fair France—we are bound to speak the truth, in spite of the Egyptian question—as they are about to cross a brook together upon stepping stones. The manly, sheltering arm is round the lady's shoulders, apparently unchecked, as she gathers up her flowing skirts; and the expression on both faces bespeaks a mutual sentiment that one can hardly call platonic. The mediæval costumes are effectively treated, and the work has all the power and vigour that we usually associate with French figure subjects. An excellent work from the "tight little island" is David James' "High Tide on the Cornish Coast—a "portrait" of the sea as it changes from the ocean blue of the Atlantic to the warmish green of the English Channel, and which, in the picture, is seen stirred, by a smart, fresh breeze, and washing against a jutting crag of serpentine. Two other large and good sea-pieces are by George Knight; and J. R. Miles is represented by several

stormy seascapes that are not unknown to the Manchester Art Gallery, and particularly by his "Stormy Weather, Deal" (with a fishing smack just putting off from the beach), which was exhibited in the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool. Still more interesting are the two splendid Oswald Brierleys—"The Spanish Armada leaving Ferrol" and "The Decisive Action off Gravelines"—which have been so finely etched by David Law. These original water-colours are no less remarkable for their bold and powerful colouring than for the picturesque and nervous vigour of the drawing. And then again there are two original works that have a special interest in connection with the well-known engravings of them—viz., "The Old House at Home," and "He won't hurt you." The first is the water-colour by Helena Maguire, in which there is a touch of genuine pathos about the splendid hound as he returns to find his one-time easy kennel choked with weed and thorn.

The other is the exquisitely finished chalk drawing by Edward Havelle, which acted as interpreter between the painter, Heywood Hardy, and the engraver George II. Every. As to engravings it is sufficient to mention the masterful reproduction in "pure line," by A. Blanchard, of L. Alma Tadema, R.A.'s classical "Parting Kiss," so highly eulogised in the March number of the *Art Journal*; while, by way of the greatest possible contrast, are to be seen some of Melton Prior's original pencil sketches in Egypt, done for the *Illustrated London News*, which give a vivid impression of the dash and courage imperative to a war-artist. Many fresh etchings of artistic excellence, and numerous charming water-colour drawings, from simple little sketches upwards, by S. Bowers, W. Duncan, James Macbeth, W. Boulton, James E. Grace, and others, alone repay a visit to Sands' Art Gallery, and some effective reproductions by Goupil's facsimile process of several of Munkacsy's bright domestic scenes can hardly fail to attract the notice of those who seek for something between the stupendous creation of Michael Angelo and the "cheap" (?) and nauseating "oleos," which are the joy and glory of the tintinabulating auction shops.

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MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

Several pleasing water-colour views of the beautiful Tasmanian scenery are some of the results of Mrs. Irvine-Robertson's late visit to that island, amongst them may be named the following:—"Behind Government House," showing Mount Direction in the distance; to the right the land runs out into a point, and on the sloping bank are some well-delineated gum-trees; overhead the gathering clouds tell of a coming thunderstorm, though a gleam of sunshine beyond just touches here and there the water already rippling with the freshening breeze, then throws into stronger contrast the dark, sullen hue of that portion over which the most threatening storm-cloud hangs; in the



foreground are some rough boulders—a few yachts may be noticed practising for their approaching regatta.

"Battery Point" shows a good amount of delicate work and great naturalness of effect; Sandy Bay is seen on the right, and St. George's Church is also visible. The view is an extremely pretty one, and, like the others taken in the same island, capable of being so enlarged as to form a charming painting.

A good study of rocks and water has been made at Kangaroo Point, and a scene at New Norfolk is full of quiet beauty; in the background rise well-wooded heights, whilst along the winding river-path, and at the rustic bridge, are seen groups of pleasure-seekers about to enter the little boats lying tranquilly on the broad Derwent. The atmospheric effects in this work are well treated.

A large four-leaf screen is also in this studio; one panel bearing a view of Worksworth Castle, showing the grand old building surrounded by masses of the beautiful and rich foliage only to be seen in England; whilst lower down is the village belonging to it—in the compartment beneath are some well-executed roses. The second leaf is filled by a view of Government House in Melbourne, with a lawn stretching down to the Yarra, and looking as it is to be hoped that portion of the ground *will* appear at some future time; a branch of exquisitely-painted wattle fills up the remainder of the space. Castle Turim (Drycastle), Argyshire, forms a pretty scene for the third panel, with crimson and white fox-gloves as its floral decoration; and Liebnach on Rhine, with the appropriate device of a bunch of fine grapes, is chosen for the fourth leaf. The mounting is simple but handsome, and is the work of Messrs. Rocke and Co.

An engraving, which none will pass by with a cursory glance, is to be remarked amongst the few decorations visible in Mrs. Irvine-Robertson's thoroughly work-a-day studio (into which, happily, the craze for Japanese oddities, fans, etc., has not as yet entered). The work alluded to is an artists' proof engraving of Sir Noel Paton's "Light in Darkness;" the dignity and majesty combined with tenderness in our Master's face, is expressed with wonderful power, as is also the awe and terror of the girl's look which is calming down beneath the loving, protecting gaze that meets her own wildly beseeching one. Infinite love and strength and finite weakness stand side by side, illustrating the Divine promise and injunction:—"Be not afraid; lo, I am with you always." "Light in Darkness" teaches many an eloquent lesson besides those in art, to any who will open their hearts to its silent teaching.

A visit to the studio of M. Carabain-Moraint takes us into quite another region, for reminiscences of sunny Italy meet us on almost every side. This artist's forte is evidently the delineation of figures; they are full of life and energy, and are made the principal attraction of the painting and not put in "just for the sake of effect," as is so often done in similar works. A scene at Capri and "Near Rome" both evince this, and are specially charming, the former in particular being admirably treated in all respects.

"San Ferno's Church at Verona is an interesting study of various kinds of architecture, the church itself having been probably built as far back as 1200, with after additions of Byzantine, Gothic, and other styles. M. C. Moraint is also very successful in his portraits, one or two of which are to be seen upon the easel. That of the little daughter of Mr. A. Way, headmaster of Wesley College, promises very well, the dark velvety eyes, with an older look in them than belongs to such tender years; the golden hair, the transparently fair complexion, enhanced by the dress of two shades of purple, are all being treated by the skilful hand of one who surely loves to represent childish beauty on his canvas. Another portrait is a striking likeness of the popular station-master at South Yarra.

Some fine examples of water-colour drawings are on view at Mr. Fletcher's Art Gallery. "Herring Boats, Scarborough," by Hardy, is a good specimen of this artist's style. On the pier stand groups of people watching the boats that are tossing somewhat on the sullen, leaden-coloured waves, just curled with foam by the rising wind which is covering the sky with clouds. Great harmoniousness of colour is to be noticed in the torn and weather-stained sails of the boats, and in the various costumes of the fishermen, giving the requisite warmth to the scene. R. A. K. Marshall forwards one of the rural English landscapes which he so delights to portray. Broad pasture-lands stretch away in the distance and on every side, whilst in the foreground winds a country-road, with a shepherd guiding his flock of sheep, and oaks and elms throwing out their sheltering branches. The artist is in one of his happiest moods, and his work sends the English visitor away more than ever in love with the beauty of the old country. A charming river scene is from the pencil of Thomas Pyne.

The versatile genius of Senhor Louriero has been mentioned more than once in these notes, and he has lately given another proof of it by discovering a most ingenious way of placing on velvet and similar fabrics colours of all kinds, including gold and silver. Most successful copies have in this way been obtained of Barye's tigers which are now in the Luxembourg, modelled in bas relief. This sculptor is, with justice, considered in France as their best in all animal subjects, and Senhor Louriero has been thoroughly successful in his endeavour to reproduce them, and in the clever way in which he has rendered the exact shadows by leaving the velvet untouched. The effect of this work is very rich, and as at a little distance it might easily pass for tapestry, it will doubtless ere long supersede the paintings intended to represent the latter, and which, at their best, have always a somewhat hard appearance. Its favourable reception by art-decorators will be the more likely as the process is very simple, and ordinary wear will not in any way destroy the beauty of the work by detaching from the velvet or other material the colours or metals employed in its production.

The figure of our Master, mentioned in previous "Art Notes" as being painted for a Roman Catholic Church at St. Kilda is now

finished, and quite equals the expectations formed of it, though the effect of the heart shining with brilliant radiancy through the mantle of rich purple may not be quite pleasing to all who see it. Senhor Louriero gives the impression in this work of having entered into the sacredness of feeling that belongs to his subject, and has given us, in the three-quarter length and life-size figure, an ideal of the Saviour that must touch most hearts. It could be almost imagined that the fifty-third of Isaiah had been in the artist's mind as he traced those care and grief-worn features, and the eyes that look out so tenderly yet sadly upon the world whose sorrows He came to bear, and for whose sins He was about to lay down His own life in atonement, whilst "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden" is the unspoken invitation given by the "nail-pierced," outstretched hands of the Master, as He stands in the open air, as though addressing some unseen hearers.

The modelling of the figure is excellent, and every detail carried out with the Senhor's now generally-acknowledged artistic genius, but to the sympathetic visitor the artist's skill, great as it is, is lost in the higher thoughts suggested by those pleading hands, those sorrowful, loving eyes.

Mr. R. Dowling, who has recently been on a visit to Tasmania, shows a very life-like and almost completed portrait of the late Sir Richard Dry. Though taken from a photograph, the artist's own recollections of the first speaker of the Tasmanian House of Parliament have enabled him to delineate the strongly-marked features with great fidelity, and the look of almost cadaverous paleness is said, by those competent to pronounce upon the subject, to be just the aspect of ill-health worn by Sir Richard for some time previous to his death. Two other portraits are on the

easel, those of Mr. and Miss Robertson of Colac. "A bit of Cairo," is one of John Varley's charming exhibits shown in the same studio, where may be also seen a picture of an old violinist and "Impudent Kitten," both full of life. The intent look of the player as he stops to ascertain the cause of some inaccuracy in his loved instrument, and the pleased expression of the aged woman as she momentarily ceases in her homely occupation of peeling apples to watch the graceful movements of the pet kitten lying in her lap, are brought out with great skill, and the various details are worked up in a finished style. They are sent out from London by Miss Connolly, a former pupil of Mr. Dowling.

Two cabinet pictures by Mr. Curtis are now on view at Messrs. Inglis and Co., "Twilight" and "A bit of Bush near Mordialloc." This artist comes nearest M. Buvelot in his delineation of Australian foliage of all following Art in this colony, and is particularly successful in this respect in the second-named of the above works. The fading gleams denote how vivid have been the hues attending the sinking to rest of the glowing orb of day, and tell of past hours of intense heat. This simple bit of scenery may rank amongst Mr. Curtis' happiest efforts in that line.

An Art Exhibition is being arranged in connection with the Howe Crescent Independent Church, by the members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society belonging to that place of worship. A prize for the best painting in oils is promised by Mr. A. J. Kitchen, of Messrs. Kitchen and Sons, Melbourne; the idea, if carried out rightly, will doubtless be another step in the right direction, to which the South Melbourne Society of Arts gave the first impetus by holding the creditable exhibition of water-colour drawings, etc., already mentioned in these columns.

## LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

The autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor, which was privately printed some years ago, and recently published, has been generally reviewed favourably, and has already excited much interest.

Among the new books announced by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., there is one on "The Metaphors in the Gospels," by the well-known London Presbyterian minister, Dr. Donald Fraser.

Under the title of "From Under the Dust of Ages," Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall announce a volume containing a series of six lectures on the history and antiquity of Assyria and Babylonia. The lectures were recently delivered at the British Museum by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, F.R.H.S.

A catalogue of the books in the Library of the British Museum, printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, down to the year 1640, has

just been published in three volumes, by order of the Trustees.

The death is announced of a well-known literary lady, Miss Susan Warner, the author of the once extremely popular volume "The Wide, Wide World," which commanded for many years an extensive sale. Many other volumes by the same lady attained a great circulation, and afforded instruction and pleasure to many. After a laborious and useful career, Miss Warner died of paralysis, on the 18th March, at Highland Falls, New York.

The fifth volume of Professor Mommenson's "History of Rome," which has just been published, and which treats of "The Provinces from Cæsar to Diocletian," is to be translated into English by Professor Dickson, in accordance with the wish of the author.

Last year 4083 new books were issued in the United States, or 607 more than in the

previous year. Of these 943 are classed under the head of fiction, 380 of theology and religion, and 358 juvenile.

The Rev. John S. Moffat has completed the memoir of his father, the famous African missionary, Rev. Dr. Robert Moffat. The volume will contain portraits of Dr. Moffat, taken at different periods of his life.

The works of a remarkable lady journalist, the late Mary Clemmer, of Washington, including the best of her brilliant sketches of social and political life in that city, which were written mainly for the New York *Independent*, are soon to be published in a collected form.

The April number of the *Expositor* contains the first part of a defence of Professor Drummond's popular volume, which has of late been somewhat severely criticised. Notwithstanding all the adverse criticism, perhaps partly in consequence of it, the volume has still an extensive sale.

The April number of the *Interpreter* has several good articles, including one on the "Site of Paradise," by Canon Rawlinson.

The English papers state that the Messrs. Blackwood have, in a few months, made a profit of not less than £8000 on their life of George Eliot, and the Boston *Literary World* is glad to hear that the success of the Harper editions in America has been very satisfactory.

The eminent New York publishers, Messrs. Scribner's Sons, announce as in preparation a biography of the great anti-slavery advocate and lecturer, William Lloyd Garrison. The work will be published in two volumes, and will bring the narrative down to the year 1840.

The Hon. Eugene Schuyler, late U.S. Minister in Greece, has presented to Cornell University Library a collection of 500 valuable volumes, consisting mainly of the authorities used by him in writing his "Life of Peter the Great."

Readers of the *Century Illustrated Monthly*, who have been interested in the articles which have recently appeared above the signature of General Ex-President Grant, will be pleased to know that his literary labour was paid for at the rate of £100 for each article.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, to whom clergymen and theological students are so much indebted for putting within their reach many valuable translations from the German, announce that this year's issue of the Foreign Theological Library will include the second and concluding volume of Professor Rabiger's "Encyclopædia of Theology," Arell's "Old Testament Prophecy Regarding the Consummation of the Kingdom of God," and Professor Schurer's "History of the Times of Christ." To these probably will be added Professor Lechler's "History of the Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Times."

The "Life of Emerson" by Dr. Holmes, which was published in Boston in December, has been so highly appreciated that in a little over two months it was in its eighth thousand.

The second volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography" was issued in May. The volumes will appear at intervals of three months, and will extend to at least fifty, the work thus requiring over twelve years for its completion.

Mr. Joseph Thomson's delightful volume of travel, entitled "Through Masai Land," has attracted much attention, and has obtained a wide circulation. Few works have been more favourably reviewed, or more deservedly commended.

Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co., announce the eagerly expected work of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, as now ready. The full title is "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State: a story of work and exploration." The work is published in two volumes, and is profusely illustrated, there being over a hundred full-page and smaller illustrations. It is cause of regret that the price, two guineas, places the work out of the reach of thousands.

The New York publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., announce a new novel by a writer who is becoming widely known, Mrs. Amelia A. Barr. The title of the story is "Jan Vedder's Wife," and the scene is laid in the Shetland Islands. Mrs. Barr is a regular contributor to several American journals, and her stories are capital reading.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, have commenced the issue, in monthly parts at one shilling, of Professor Eber's great work entitled "Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque." The text is illustrated with fine engravings, which, when the work is completed, will number about eight hundred.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, of London, have just published two volumes, entitled "The Women of Europe in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." The work will extend over several additional volumes. The present instalment is devoted to the first half of the fifteenth century. The writer, Mrs. Napier Higgins, is said to be a distinguished linguist, and the volumes are the result of her researches in mediæval Russian, Polish, and German Latin.

The readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are familiar with the striking and entertaining stories bearing the signature Charles Egbert Craddock. Much excitement was recently caused in literary circles in the United States by the discovery that the popular writer is a young lady, Miss M. Murfree. It is stated that even the publishers had no suspicion of the sex of their contributor.

The Rev. J. A. Beet, whose commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians have attained great favour among theologians, has just added another volume to the series. The new volume is a very able commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, and is uniform with those previously issued.

The April number of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* contains many articles of great excellence, several being on topics of present-day interest. Among such may be named those on "The Relation of the Gospels and the Pentateuch," "The Certainty of Endless Punishment," and "The Attitude of the Historic Creeds towards Heresy." The other articles on various topics are well written, and the reviews of new books are as usual full and satisfactory.

The eminent German scholar, Dr. Delitzsch, is still at work on his version of the Hebrew

New Testament, being in constant exchange of thought with a great many Hebrew students, and carefully weighing all their suggestions. The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have resolved to print an edition in 8vo., to match their 8vo. Old Testament, and to bind the two together if desired, thus forming a complete and beautiful Hebrew Bible.

"Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley: a criticism of the Critical Philosophy," is the title of a small volume by the well known Dr. James McCosh, of Princeton College, U.S. The work forms part of a series of pamphlets in what is named "The Philosophic Series." It is hardly necessary to say that the work is marked by great power of argument and clearness of style. An American reviewer says:—"The value of this series can hardly be estimated, for here, in the clearest manner possible, great systems of thought are stated, errors noted, and combated, from the standpoint of the Princeton Scholar."

The first part of Lord Lytton's new poem, entitled "Glenaveril," recently published by Mr. John Murray, has been favourably received in England. It is said in the *Literary World* to be written in the metre of "Don Juan," and in some other respects resembles Byron's masterpiece. The poem is to be completed in six parts. The story in the poem is stated by the reviewer to be interesting; the side issues, and especially the diversions into descriptions of political and social life, have a freshness and vigour that are bound to enlist attention.

A new periodical has just been commenced in the United States under the title of "The American Journal of Archæology." The periodical is to be the official organ of the Archæological Institute of America. The managing editor is Dr. A. L. Frothingham, Jun., of the John Hopkins University. His assistants are gentlemen of acknowledged ability and scholarship, and the list of contributors includes many distinguished names. The first number is noticed in terms of high commendation in many of the leading journals.

It is announced that during the present year Mr. Alfred Brothers, of Manchester, proposes to reproduce the Gutenberg (or, as it is sometimes called, the Mazarin) Bible, by means of photo-lithography. This is regarded as the first printed edition of the Bible, and as the earliest book printed with metal types by the inventor of printing. The copy to be reproduced by *fac simile* is that in the library of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, at Haigh Hall, Wigan.

Two small volumes, recently published, have attained in a few weeks a very large circulation in Great Britain. The first is entitled "Letters from Khartoum," written during the siege by the late Frank Power, correspondent of the *London Times*. The second volume is by Mr. Marvin, and has for its taking title, "The Russians at the Gates of Herat." Of this small volume the first large edition was sold immediately on publication. A further edition, making the twentieth thousand, was issued at the beginning of April.

Under the title of "The Ancient Empires of the East" a very instructive and interesting

volume was recently published by the London Religious Tract Society. The author, the Rev. A. H. Sayce, is well qualified for writing on such a theme, and has evidently given much time and labour to the preparation of his really valuable volume. When we add that within the compass of less than 300 pages the story of six great Empires of the East is told, it will be understood that information is given in a greatly condensed form. To all whose time for reading is limited, or whose pecuniary circumstances forbid a large expenditure on books, Mr. Sayce's volume may be commended. It is small, and may be read at a few brief sittings, and it is published at a moderate price.

In the *North American Review* for April there are two articles which are sure to arrest attention. The first is by the well known English poet and novelist, Mr. Robert Buchanan, who, in an article on "Free Thought in America," lays the lash with terrible severity on Colonel Robert Ingersoll, and criticises with more gentleness the writings of another free thought writer and lecturer, Mr. O. Frothingham. The second article, which is deeply interesting, is on the "Characteristics of Persian Poetry." It is a finely written article by Mr. A. R. Spofford, and is enriched with many beautiful quotations from the poetry of Firdusi, Khokani, Nizami, Hafiz, Sadi, and others. To the lovers of poetry the reading of this article will afford great gratification.

The attention of the lovers of music may be directed to the article in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "George Frederick Handel," in which there are a biographical sketch of the great composer's life and very instructive notices of his principal works. In the same number there is an article on "Professional Poetry," in which the writer criticizes Browning's "Ferishta's Fancies." Swinburne's "Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems," and Lord Alfred Tennyson's "Becket." The article is well written and interesting.

The April number of *Harper's Monthly* is one of great value. The illustrations are not only numerous, but many of them are of exceeding beauty. Among the articles supplying a great amount of information may be named as worthy of special attention, "A Wild Goose Chase," by Mr. F. D. Millett, which describes the ancient town of Lubeck on Trave and other old Hanseatic towns; some of the illustrations are very fine. The article "The Prince of Wales at Sandringham" is a fine bit of descriptive writing by a master in the art, Mr. W. H. Russell. Another article, entitled "A Collection of Chinese Porcelains," is crowded with curious and interesting information, and many of the illustrations are gems.

Of the *Century Illustrated Monthly* an edition of 225,000 copies of the April number was issued. This must be regarded as a marvel in periodical literature. The chief attraction which has so wonderfully increased the former large circulation is the series of war papers by distinguished officers of the United States army and navy. In addition to numerous valuable and interesting articles, the April number contains a long and important

article by Commander David Douglas Porter, on "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi in 1862," and another article by Mr. G. W. Cable on "New Orleans before the Capture." To many readers the most interesting paper will be that by E. V. Smalley, giving an account of a trip "From Puget Sound to the Upper Columbia."

"The Life of N. P. Willis" is announced as forming one of the series of volumes now in course of publication under the general title of "American Men of Letters." Not many years ago, Mr. Willis was one of the most popular writers in America. The story of his life has been written by Professor H. A. Beers, of Yale College. It is stated that the volume will not only describe the life and writings of Mr. Willis, but deal also with the literary

development and features of his time. Of the same series of volumes, the publishers announce as in course of preparation "The Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by James Russell Lowell; "William Cullen Bryant," by John Bigelow; and "Bayard Taylor," by John R. G. Hassard. Some eight or ten volumes of the series have been issued. All are worthy of a place in every well-selected library, and may be placed on the same shelves with the series entitled "English Men of Letters." The admirers and readers of good, instructive, and interesting books, may well be glad that such are now placed within their reach on moderate terms. The volumes are uniform in size, binding, and price. The American series is more costly than the English, still both are moderate.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

Some time since the idea of a Temperance Hospital was mooted in Melbourne, and on the 10th of May a meeting was held for the purpose of carrying it out. The chairman was Dr. J. M. Rose, M.L.A., well known for his warm advocacy of all religious and philanthropic movements. In his address, he spoke of the difficulty of getting any aid from Government, and informed the audience that the Committee had very wisely determined to face the matter in a practical way, and see if the Hospital could not be started at once on a smaller scale by taking a house in some suitable neighbourhood, and so making a beginning, however small. Letters had been already exchanged between them and the Rev. D. Burns and Dr. J. J. Ridge of the London Temperance Hospital, who had warmly approved of the scheme, and sent various pamphlets, etc., bearing upon the subject. The Committee had therefore resolved on securing a house, issuing a prospectus, and arranging for the obtaining of subscriptions, and when the Temperance Hospital was once *un fait accompli*, he trusted Government would no longer refuse its aid in that direction.

The necessity for such an hospital can scarcely be denied, for it is a patent fact that many a woman, at any rate, has obtained, whilst in the other institutions, a liking for spirits which has, on her dismissal as cured, developed into a life-long craving for drink. The writer spoke with one patient in the Women's Hospital at Carlton, who, though married and a mother, was but just of age, and was told that this was her second stay there. Whilst speaking in high terms of the kindness she received, she alluded regretfully to the amount of spirits allowed to each patient, confessing that she had, during her first visit, contracted a strong liking for brandy, and adding that she feared, if she was again given it, that she would in time become a victim to the love of it.

This was told the writer some time since, but if such a practice continues to be followed with these results in our hospitals, who will refuse to give a hearty "God speed" to the proposed institution?

\* \* \*

Happily for the common-sense of our community, the Victorian Women's Suffrage Society's very far from a success. At the recent one held early last month, only about fifty persons were present, and the proceedings were of a very tame nature. The members however, in spite of all adverse appearances, declared themselves quite confident of future success!

\* \* \*

The Melbourne Shakspeare Society gave a reading of the "Merchant of Venice," by invitation, at Government House last month, about two hundred persons being present. Amongst the readers were Miss G. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mr. W. Vernon, and Rev. J. Reid. An interesting evening was spent, as after the readings were over, musical selections were given by Mrs. L. L. Lewis, and some vocal solos charmingly rendered by Miss Christie Fuller.

\* \* \*

The musical world has had a great treat in listening to the first-class performances of some members of the Adelaide Liedertafel who came to assist at the recent Turn Verein demonstration at the Exhibition. The concert given by the Misses Christian was also a great success, Miss E. Christian winning golden opinions as to her powers as a pianiste, whilst her sister's exquisite voice exercised its usual sway over those who heard it on that occasion.

\* \* \*

The first meeting of the Australian Health Society for wives and daughters, was held last month at the Foresters' Hall, Richmond. A fair attendance was gathered and short opening addresses were given by Mesdames

Hamer-Jones, Young, and the Misses Niven and Gill. Meetings on various "Health" subjects will be held weekly for the next three months at the same place and hour.

A very pleasant reception was given by the Mayoress of Prahran, at the local Town Hall, on the first of this month (June). It was numerously attended, and the freedom from all formality and the gracious, social manner of the hostess made a very favourable impression on all the visitors.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AUSTRALASIA.

The first general meeting of the Geological Society of Australasia was recently held at the offices of the Society, Phoenix Chambers, Market-street. Mr. R. T. Litton, F.R.S., was elected to the chair, and there was a large

number of members present. The following gentlemen were elected to office:—Hon. J. F. Levien, Minister of Mines, President; Professor M'Coy, F.R.S., Vice-President; Messrs. A. W. Howitt, F.R.G.S., Hon. J. Madden, LL.D., Hon. L. L. Smith, Mr. Justice Williams, A. C. Macdonald, Professor Elkington, J. Lake, M.A., Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., and F. Bride, LL.D., as the first Council of the Society. The meeting wished Mr. Litton to accept office as the second Vice-President, but he stated that he could find many gentlemen whose qualifications for the office were infinitely superior to his, and it therefore was better to offer the post to Mr. R. Murray, the Government Geologist, and after some discussion it was resolved that the Hon. Sec. be requested to write to Mr. Murray. After a vote of thanks to the chair the meeting then terminated.

## C H E S S .

By G. H. D. GOSSIP,

*Author of "Theory of the Chess Openings," "The Chess Player's Manual," etc.*

*Solutions of Problems, applications for the "International Chess Magazine," and all communications on Chess should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

### OUR GAMES WITH THE GREAT MASTERS.

—"ἔτι καὶ πρῶτοι μετὰ Τρῶεσσι μαχεσθαι."

The following game was played in 1868 at Purcell's, Cornhill, London. We republish it from the *Illustrated London News*. The notes and prefatory remarks are by the late Mr. Staunton, who, at that time, was the Chess Editor of that paper:—

An instructive *partie* just played between Messrs. Steinitz and Gossip.

(Allgaier—Kieseritzky Gambit.)

- | WHITE.<br>(Mr. Gossip.) | BLACK.<br>(Mr. Steinitz.) |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4             | 1. P to K 4               |
| 2. P to K B 4           | 2. P tk P                 |
| 3. Kt to K B 3          | 3. P to K Kt 4            |
| 4. P to K R 4           | 4. P to Kt 5              |
| 5. K to K 5             | 5. Kt to K B 3            |

Many players now give the preference to Mr. L. Paulsen's move of B to K Kt 2, which is certainly a strong line of defence; but the move in the text is also a very good one,\* and it leads to more interesting combinations than the other play.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 6. B to Q B 4 | 6. P to Q 4    |
| 7. P tk P     | 7. B to Q 3    |
| 8. P to Q 4   | 8. Kt to K R 4 |

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 9. Kt to Q B 3    | 9. Castles        |
| 10. Q Kt to K 2   | 10. P to K B 3    |
| 11. Kt to Q 3     | 11. Q to K sq     |
| 12. Castles       | 12. P to K B 6    |
| 13. Q Kt to K B 4 | 13. Kt to Kt 6    |
| 14. R to K sq     | 14. Kt to K 7 ch. |
| 15. Kt tk Kt      | 15. P tk Kt       |
| 16. Q tk P        | 16. Q to K R 4    |
| 17. B to K B 4    | 17. Q tk R P      |
| 18. P to K Kt 3   | 18. Q to K R 4    |
| 19. B tk B        | 19. P tk B        |
| 20. Kt to K B 4   |                   |

From this point White has very much the better position.

- |               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 21. Kt to K 6 | 20. Q to K Kt 4 |
|---------------|-----------------|

Mr. Gossip played too impetuously here. He would have done better, perhaps, by moving his King to Kt 2, with the object of opening an attack through his K R file. It must be admitted, however, that he did tolerably well by the move made, inasmuch as he shortly obtained a position where winning to him was a certainty with moderate skill and care.

- |                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 22. P tk B              | 21. B tk Kt       |
| 23. P to K 7 (dis. ch.) | 22. R to K sq     |
| 24. Q to K 6            | 23. K to Kt 2     |
| 25. Q tk Q P            | 24. Kt to Q B 3   |
| 26. R to K 6            | 25. P to K R 4    |
| 27. Q R to K B sq       | 26. Q R to Q B sq |
|                         | 27. Q to Q 7      |

Bad; but he had no good move left.

28. B to Q 3

(Here, as was shown in a back game played by Messrs. G. and L., White had a sure and easy road to victory:—

\* It was most absurdly condemned by Mr. Walker in the "Westminster Papers."

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| 28. Q R tk P                             | 28. Q tk Q P ch (best) |
| 29. Q tk Q                               | 29. Kt tk Q            |
| 30. Q R to Kt 6 (ch.)                    | 30. K to B 2           |
| 31. K R to B 6 (dbl.ch.)                 | 31. K tk P             |
| 32. K R to B 7 (ch.) and mate next move) |                        |
|  | 28. Q to Q Kt 5        |
| 29. Q tk Q                               | 29. Kt tk Q            |
| 30. B to Q Kt 5                          | 30. Kt to Q B 3        |
| 31. P to Q 5                             | 31. R tk P             |
| 32. B tk Kt                              | 32. R tk R             |
| 33. B tk P                               | 33. R to Q B 2         |
| 34. P tk R                               | 34. R tk B             |
| 35. R to Q sq                            | 35. K to B sq          |
| 36. P to Q Kt 3                          | 36. K to K 2           |
| 37. R to Q 5                             | 37. K tk P             |
| 38. R tk R P                             | 38. P to K B 4         |
| 39. K to B 2                             | 39. R to Q B 2         |
| 40. P to Q B 4                           | 40. R to Q 2           |

And the game was ultimately drawn. Duration: Four hours.

### THE CHESS WORLD.

We notice, under the above heading, in the *Melbourne University Review* of 25th April, an article which is merely a tissue of misrepresentations. It commences by a reference to the *International Chess Magazine*, which it gravely declares "appears to be conducted on much the same lines as the *Chess Monthly*." No one, we are sure, will be more astonished than Mr. Steinitz at such a comparison. We give an extract from the *International Chess Magazine* for March last (pp. 82 and 83), from the pen of Mr. Steinitz, which will amuse our readers and at the same time prove the ignorance of the anonymous chess editor of the *Melbourne University Review*, whose choice of a heading to his article is singularly infelicitous, since it is obvious that he knows next to nothing of the chess world. We may take this opportunity to assure him that the *Chess Monthly* is not conducted on much the same lines as the *International Chess Magazine*; and in order to refute his statement, which is calculated to be most prejudicial to Mr. Steinitz and the circulation of his magazine, we shall extract from it the interesting analysis of one of the great Morphy's best blindfold games. We are averse to personalities; but the animus of the article in the *Melbourne University Review* is so palpable, that in justice to Mr. Steinitz and ourselves we feel bound to expose its unfairness. Secondly, we are accused of making an unprovoked attack on the chess editor of the *Australasian*, because that journal advocated the capture of the third pawn in the Danish Gambit. We have already sufficiently disproved this unfounded accusation in our last number, and we may add that were all discussion and enquiry in a chess column as to the demerits of any defence prohibited, merely because a great player erroneously advocated it, there would be an end to all analysis and theoretical research. Thirdly—with reference to our article headed "Mr. Wisker, as a Player, Theorist and Critic"—our contemporary questions the taste of it as calculated to be prejudicial to the

memory of the lately deceased chess player, and declares it to be manifestly unfair. Availing ourselves of our right of reply, we would point out that in an impartial review of the career of any deceased chess player, the reviewer is bound to notice his shortcomings. The chess career of the late Mr. Staunton (whose claims to the British Chess Championship were infinitely greater than those of Mr. Wisker) was reviewed very severely in several English periodicals—notably, with reference to his shabby treatment of Morphy, who, he declared in the *Illustrated London News*, "had come to England unprovided with the necessary stakes for a match with him," although Morphy was in a good position, and played solely for the honour of the game, as was proved by his chivalrous and generous conduct towards Harrwitz, Löwenthal and Anderssen, whom he successively defeated; for he refused to accept the stakes won of Harrwitz, and made handsome presents as a *solatium* to his other two vanquished opponents; and Morphy's appeal against Staunton to Lord Lyttelton, as President of the British Chess Association and the Mæcenæ of English chess, is now chess history. The fact is that Staunton acted in a very mean and paltry manner towards Morphy in order to evade a match with him, and no impartial reviewer of his chess career could avoid making some severe remarks, which were fully as prejudicial to Mr. Staunton's memory as those we made were to that of Mr. Wisker. We might add that Mr. Staunton published many of our games in the *Illustrated London News* with very flattering notes, and we were on speaking terms with him; yet we must reluctantly admit the justice of the severe but impartial comments on his conduct after his death. Now, Mr. Wisker's reviews were unfortunately characterised by extreme malevolence, and one in particular was so calumnious and defamatory that the paper in which it appeared narrowly escaped an action for libel, and he had to make a retraction. We would have refrained from alluding to these matters, but it is important to the public to take note when the bounds of criticism and common courtesy are disregarded. Fourthly, the editor of the *Melbourne University Review* speaks of our "rushing into print," leading Australian chess-players to suppose that we had never been in print before. We may inform him that our analytical articles, letters, and games, have frequently been published during the last twenty years in the *Chess Players' Chronicle*, *La Nuova Rivista degli Scacchi*, *La Stratégie*, *La Revue des Jeux*, the *Schachzeitung*, *Field*, *Illustrated London News*, *Era*, and *Turf Field and Farm*, besides which we have conducted two chess columns. Fifthly, he asserts "that in the Handicap Tourney of the British Chess Association in 1872, Mr. Wisker conceded the large odds of pawn and two moves to Mr. Thorold." The fact is that he only conceded the comparatively slight odds of pawn and move on this occasion and was easily beaten. Sixthly, we dispute his assertion "that most chess players are prepared to admit that Messrs. Wisker and Blackburne are the

best players that have ever fought over the board in this country," as we consider Messrs. Burns and Fisher (who both defeated Mr. Wisker) to be very superior to him. Lest it should be thought that we are alone in our estimate of Mr. Wisker's play, or that we were partial or unfair in the opinion we expressed, that although he twice won the Challenge Cup of the British Chess Association, Mr. Burn was at that time the *real* Chess Champion of England, we extract the following paragraph from the *City of London Chess Magazine*, which, referring to Mr. Burns, says:—"It is only setting forth an acknowledged fact to state that *there is no British player of such undoubted superiority over his fellows as to entitle him to be considered as the champion of this country.*" This was from the pen of Mr. Potter, an acknowledged first rate player, who, with Herr Steinitz, won the celebrated correspondence match for London against Vienna. The editor of the *Melbourne University Review* next absurdly styles Mr. Wisker a *rapid* player. Mr. Horwitz—the Nestor of chess—declared his play to be heavy and dull, and he certainly was without exception the slowest player we ever encountered. We recollect hearing a well-known barrister in London remark that whilst it was a pleasure to witness Mr. Bird's rapid and brilliant play, nothing was more tedious and wearisome than to look on at Mr. Wisker's dull slow games.

Lastly, with regard to the game won by Wisker of Zukertort, and published in the *Melbourne University Review*, it was played about fifteen years ago, when Zukertort was a much weaker player than he is at present. It is obviously, therefore, as unfair to assume that by winning this stray game Wisker was the equal of Zukertort as it is absurd and unjust to

style the latter the "Chess Champion of the world," and to confer on him the title of "Dr." The *Australasian* rightly places Steinitz on a higher level. Zukertort has not the slightest claim to the chess championship. When a champion draughts or billiard player refuses to play a match for the championship when challenged; he at once forfeits his claim to the title of champion. Now this is precisely the case here; for Zukertort has been repeatedly challenged—both in America and England—by Steinitz, yet has always refused to play. Therefore he has long since forfeited whatever claims he might have had previously to the title of chess champion. As to his assumed title of "Dr." (?) it is well known in the chess world that it was not recognised by the committees of the Paris, Berlin and Vienna tournaments, in which his name appeared on the official lists as simple *Herr* or *Mr.*, whereas the title of "Dr." was freely recognised in the case of other players who competed in the aforesaid tournaments, and whose claim to the title was indisputable—Dr. Noa and Dr. Berger, for instance. The omission, moreover, of Mr. Zukertort's name from their publications by certain eminent German chess editors, already noticed by one of the leading organs of the English chess press, is remarkable. We would therefore recommend the editor of the *Melbourne University Review* to be more cautious in future in making such glaring misstatements, inasmuch as they are not only at direct variance with facts, but are calculated to mislead Australian players in every way.

Want of space prevents the insertion in the present number of the promised extract from the *International Chess Magazine*, which will appear in our next.

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## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

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### TO ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS.

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A PRIZE OF £25 will be given by the Proprietors of "ONCE A MONTH" for the best and most ornamental design for a Children's Play House, to be forwarded on or before the 1st October.

Full particulars in our next issue.

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END OF VOLUME II.

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